Licensed,

Octob. 11. 1678.

Roger L'Estrange.

Licensed,

Octob. 11. 1678.

Roger L'Estrange.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE.

The most Famed

ROMANCE.

Written in *French* by the Greatest Wits of *France.*

Rendred into *English* by a Person of Quality, at the Request of some Friends.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes* in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, 1688.

THE PRINCESS

OR

CLIVE

A ROMANCE

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE.

GRandeur and Gallantry never appeared In greater ſplendor in *France*, than in the Declenſion of the Reign of *Henry* the Second. To the Perſon and Bravery of this Prince, Nature had added warm Inclinations to maintain the amorous Fire ſhe had originally kindled in him: that the Paſſion he had for *Diana* of *Poictiers*, Ducheſs of *Valentinois*, under which he had labour'd upwards of twenty years, was ſo far from being able to abate of its Violence, it rather ſeem'd to add Fewel to the Flame.

He had the happineſs to excel in all thoſe noble Exerciſes, he judg'd might merit a place in his Royal Thoughts, amongſt the number of which he was particularly devoted to

Hunting, Tennis-Balls, Running at the Ring, and ſuch other generous Divertiſements as might ſuit with the Honour of his Preſence.

Their Appointments were ſeldom made, but colourably to give the King an opportunity to recruit his Paſſion the Ducheſſes Beauty had ſo many years ſince created in him. She ſeem'd to parallel, if not exceed, the fair Model of Madam *de la March*, her Daughter, then unmarried, in thoſe Graces Nature had been prodigal of to them both. The Queens Preſence ſtill ſeem'd to authoriſe hers.

This Princeſs, though ſhe had out-worn her youthful years, her Face yet ſeem'd to retain the Ruines of a Noble Beauty. She was pleas'd to ſet a value on State, Magnificence, and her Pleaſures; but to ſuch only ſhe allow'd the Honour of her Preſence, as might not contribute to any diminution of her Greatneſs. She was married to the King when he was Duke of *Orleans*: The Dauphin, his elder Brother, being then living, and who ſince died at *Tournon*, a Prince whoſe Birth and Merit had deſign'd him for the Succeſſion of *Francis* the Firſt, his Royal Father.

The ambitious Humour of the Queen made him keep a ſtraiter Rein upon the Government. He thought ſhe would not ſo far expreſs

preſs her Reſentment of his Paſſion for the Ducheſs, that the Symptoms of her Jealouſie might fall under his Notice. She was ſo well read in the practice of Diſſimulation, that it was impoſſible to pierce further into the Cabinet of her Heart, than ſhe was pleas'd to allow the Inquiſitor. Policy oblig'd her to interpoſe the Perſon of this Ducheſs, that ſhe might the more eaſily inſinuate her ſelf into that of the King. This Prince was pleas'd to divert himſelf in the Converſation of Ladies, and not always of thoſe for whom he had a Kindneſs. He was ever ready to wait upon the Queen at the uſual Hour, they took the *Tour*, which was always honour'd with the preſence of the greateſt and moſt deſerving.

Never was a Court furniſh'd with a fairer Stock of either Sex. Nature ſeem'd to have taken pleaſure to be moſt laviſh of her greateſt Graces to the greateſt Perſons. The Princeſs *Elizabeth*, who had the honour to marry with the King of *Spain*, was pleas'd to expoſe to the admiration of the Court that incomparable Beauty that prov'd afterwards ſo fatal to her. The Lady *Mary Steward*, Queen of *Scotland*, who being deſign'd to marry the Dauphin, had the honour to wear the Title of the Dauphin-Queen. Nature

had made her fair Model inferior in no part to that of the Princeſs; ſhe receiv'd her Education in *France*, and had taken up an Ambition from her Infancy, that (in deſpite of her green years) ſhe was reſolved not only to love, but to underſtand all ſuch things as might contribute to her Improvement. The Queen her Mother-in-law, and the Princeſs the King's Siſter, were much devoted to Muſick and Poetry. The veneration King *Francis* had for thoſe Sciences, was not yet extinguiſht in *France*; and the King, who affected all Exerciſes of the Body, made the Court the Theatre he perform'd them in. But that which render'd it ſo ſplendid, was the Preſence of ſo many great Princes and Perſons of Merit. Thoſe I ſhall preſume to name here, were equally its Ornament and its Admiration.

The King of *Navarre* had ingroſs'd the greateſt Reſpect, as pretending to the greateſt Rank, which, join'd to the Merit of his Perſon, juſtly allow'd him the Honour of it. He was ſo great a General, that the Duke of *Guiſe* had an ambition to ſerve under him in the Quality of a Private Volunteer. 'Tis truth, the Duke had given ſo great Proofs of his Valour and Conduct, that there was not a great Captain that could allow his Merit its due Character without Envy. His Courage was bound up with other great Vertues; he

he had a Soul as brave as generous, and a Capacity ſo great, as if Nature had fitted him *tam Marti quam Mercurio*, either for War or Counſel. The Cardinal of *Lorain*, his Brother, brought into the World ſo inſatiable an Ambition with him, he ſeem'd to have a Deſign wholly to ingroſs her to himſelf. Nature had added to it, for its advantage, a Tongue whoſe Eloquence was made up of Charms. His Studies and Sedulity had furniſht him with a ſtupendous Stock of Learning, which he was not wanting on all occaſions to imploy in the defence of the Church. The Chevalier of *Guiſe*, afterwards called the *Grand Prior*, was a Prince whoſe Affability and Sweetneſs had juſtly purchas'd him the reſpect of all that had the happineſs to know him. The Prince of *Conde*, under the ſmall Dimenſion Nature had molded him, by which ſhe teſtified the little regard ſhe had for his Perſon, had a Soul as haughty as great; and the briskneſs of his Wit had amply ſupply'd Natures unkind uſage; which could not, with all her envy, rob him of the Honour that was due to his Merit and Quality. The Duke of *Nevers*, who had rendred his Age venerable by the Honour of his Actions. Theſe compos'd the Nobler part of the glorious Train of the Court: He had three Sons as equally as nobly accompliſht;

the ſecond was call'd the Prince of *Cleve*, a Gentleman that truly deſerv'd to ſupport the Greatneſs of his Family; he was as good as great, and he had ſo large a ſtock of Prudence and Diſcretion, ſuch as Nature ſeldom lodges in green Heads. The Viſcount of *Chartres*, deſcended from the Illuſtrious Family of *Vendome* (whoſe Name the Princes of the Blood think no diſhonour to wear) preſum'd to ſhare in their Gallantry with them: He was inferiour to none, either in his Perſon or his Courage, or any other rich Endowment that can render a Gentleman truly Noble; by which he had purchas'd himſelf ſo great an eſteem in the Court, that they thought he might deſerve the Honour (if any Man might preſume to it) of having his Merit thrown into the Ballance with that of the Duke of *Nemours*. This Prince ſeem'd to have been the chief Work of Nature; that which was the leaſt to be admir'd in him was his Perſon, than which the World could not produce a nobler. That which lodg'd him above the common Sphere of others, was not only his Courage, which had not its equal, but the ſweet Harmony that was obſerv'd in all his other Vertues; they ſeem'd to have conſpir'd together to render him the Worlds Wonder. The ſweetneſs of his Converſe made him equally the Ambition of both Sexes; and he

was

was pleas'd to expreſs that Majeſty in all his Exerciſes, that it ſtill purchas'd him the admiration of his Beholders. The Gaiety of his Habit had made him the Mode of the Court, though all his Followers had the misfortune to fall ſhort of their Pattern. In fine, there was that contexture of Worth and Honour in the rich Frame, that whereſoever he came, he had the happineſs to ingroſs to himſelf the Reſpect of the whole Company. There was not a Lady in the Court whoſe Coyneſs would not abate upon his approach; neither was there any could boaſt her Heart proof againſt his Charms; and as few that could forbear to diſcover a Paſſion for him, though he had not the Inclination to interchange the Flame. He had ſo great a Paſſion for Honour, he thought the greateſt Toils the nobleſt Steps to mount up to her. He had his choice of Miſtreſſes, but only a Prophet could divine which of them had the happy fate to entertain his Heart. He was often obſerv'd to make his Viſits to the Dauphin-Queen. The Beauty of this Princeſs, the Sweetneſs of her Diſpoſition, and the Induſtry ſhe ſeem'd to uſe to keep up the Honour and Eſteem the Court had for her, join'd with the Reſpect ſhe was pleas'd to ſhew this Prince, gave a ſuſpicion to ſome, that he might as well love as admire ſo deſer-

ving a Lady. The Duke of *Guiſe*, whoſe Niece ſhe was, had ſo far advanc'd the Reputation of his Family by the Honour of this Match, that his Ambition prompted him to rival it with the Princes of the Blood, and ſhare in the Power and Authority of the Conſtable *Montmorency*. The Management of great Affairs the King left to the Conduct of the Conſtable, and was pleas'd to treat the Duke of *Guiſe* and the Marſhal of St. *Andre* as his Favourites; but as for that Grace and Favour they were to expect from his Royal Bounty, he never granted them with that pleaſure and content, as when they came recommended from the Ducheſs of *Valentinois*; and notwithſtanding Age had robb'd her of her Youth, which ſhould maintain the Charms that firſt captivated him, ſhe yet retain'd that abſolute Empire over his Heart, ſhe might ſtill be ſaid to be Miſtreſs both of his Royal Perſon and his Fortune.

The King had ſo great a kindneſs for the Conſtable, that the firſt moment of his Reign enlarg'd him from that Exile to which *Francis* the Firſt had condemn'd him. The Court was divided between the Duke of *Guiſe* and the Conſtable, who was ſupported by the Princes of the Blood: Both Parties made it their ambition to purchaſe an Intereſt in the Ducheſs of *Valentinois*. The Duke of

of *Aumale*, Brother to the Duke of *Guiſe*, had married one of her Daughters, the Conſtable ſeem'd to aſpire at the ſame Alliance. He was not ſatisfied that his eldeſt Son had married Madam *Diana*, the King's Daughter by a Lady of *Piedmont*, who had no ſooner diſburthen'd her ſelf of that mutual Pledge between his Majeſty and her, but was pleas'd to retire into a Cloiſter. This Marriage meets with ſeveral Difficulties, occaſioned by a Promiſe Monſieur *Montmorency* had made to Madam *de Piennes*, one of her Majeſties Maids of Honour. And notwithſtanding the King was pleas'd to carry himſelf with an Indifferency between them, the Conſtable thought himſelf not ſufficiently propp'd without the favour of the Ducheſs, whereby he might divide the Intereſt the Houſe of *Guiſe* ſeem'd by that Alliance to ingroſs to it ſelf. Their Greatneſs had already given ſome diſquiet and uneaſineſs to her; ſhe endeavour'd to retard the Dauphin's Marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*. The Beauty and Diſcretion of this young Queen, with the advantage this Match muſt give the Family of *Guiſe*, ſhe knew not how to reliſh: She had an inveteracy for the Cardinal of *Lorain*, who had taken the liberty to diſcourſe her in a Dialect ſhe could by no means underſtand, by which ſhe perceiv'd he had poſſeſs'd the

Queen

Queen to her diſadvantage. By this the Conſtable diſcover'd a Diſpoſition in her, which gave him an opportunity of making an Alliance by a Marriage of Madam *la March* her Daughter with Monſieur *d' Anvile* his ſecond Son, who ſucceeded him in his Government under *Charles* the Ninth. The Conſtable hop'd he ſhould not meet the ſame *Remora* in his ſecond, he had unhappily found in his eldeſt; but, alas! he was miſtaken: The Duke *d' Anvile* was paſſionately in love with the Dauphin-Queen; but what hopes he might have that ſhe would vouchſafe to entertain the Flame, outſoar'd the Conſtable's apprehenſion. The Marſhal of St. *Andre* was the only Perſon in the Court that ſeem'd to lean to neither ſide: He was a Favourite whoſe Intereſt ſeldom regarded any thing above his own advantage. The King lov'd him from the time he was Dauphin; and ſince he has been pleas'd to make him a Marſhal of *France*, in an Age ſo raw, it could ſcarce intitle another to the meaneſt Dignity. The Kings Favour gave him a great Luſtre, which he was not wanting to improve on all occaſions, to endear both his Merit and his Perſon; which he had the happineſs to do, under the advantages of a ſplendid Table, to which his Majeſty was a conſtant Gueſt; the richneſs of his Furniture, and gaiety of his Equipage,

Equipage, to the ſplendor whereof his Majeſties Royal Bounty was ever contributary. This Prince would paſſionately eſpouſe the Intereſt of thoſe he lov'd: And notwithſtanding he was not enrich'd with the nobleſt Qualities, he was not yet barren in them all. As he was a great Lover of Arms, he was no Novice in them; Fortune ſtill waited on him with Succeſs, and barring the Battel of St. *Quintine*, his Reign was no other than a continued Series of Victory. By his Perſonal Courage he ſhared in the Honour of the Battel of *Renty*, *Piedmont* ſubmitted to his Arms, to which he added the greateſt luſtre in chaſing the *Engliſh* out of *France*.

The Emperor *Charles* the Fifth found a Declenſion in his Fortune at the Siege of *Metz*, before which he brought the Strength both of the Empire and *Spain*: But the Diſgrace he receiv'd at St. *Quintine* had put ſo great a ſtop to his glorious Career, he was inforc'd to ſuffer his Rival to ſhare his Fortune with him, and treat a Peace.

The Ducheſs Dowager of *Lorain* had made the firſt Overture at the Dauphin's Marriage, ſince which there has been held a ſecret Negotiation. In fine, *Cercan* in *Artois* was the Place appointed for the Treaty. The Cardinal of *Lorain*, the Conſtable of *Montmorency*, and the Marſhal of St. *Andre*, were Pleni-

Plenipotentiaries for the King; the Duke of *Alva*, and the Prince of *Orange*, for *Philip* the Second; the Duke and Ducheſs of *Orleans* were the Mediators. The principal Articles were, the Marriage of the Princeſs *Elizabeth* of *France* with *Don Carlos* the Infanta of *Spain*, and his Majeſties Siſter with the Monſieur of *Savoy*.

The King, during the Treaty, continued upon the Frontiers, where he receiv'd the firſt News of the Death of Queen *Mary* of *England*. His Majeſty forthwith diſpatch'd the Earl of *Randan* to Queen *Elizabeth*, to congratulate with her Majeſty her Aſſumption to the Crown; ſhe receiv'd him honourably: her Affairs were in ſo ill a poſture at that time, ſhe was not a little ſatisfied that ſo great a Prince was pleas'd to pay his firſt Reſpects to her. The Court diſcours'd ſhe was well read in the Intereſt of the Court of *France*, and the Merit of thoſe that had the honour to compoſe it. But for none ſhe ſeem'd to expreſs ſo great a value, as the Duke of *Nemours*; ſhe was pleas'd to ſpeak with that Honour of this Prince, that the Ambaſſador upon his return took the liberty to declare, he thought no Perſon more valuable in her eſteem than the Duke; and did not queſtion, upon his Addreſſes, the Queen might do him the Honour to entertain a Paſſion for him.

The

The King the ſame Evening communicated it to the Prince, where he commanded the Count *de Randan* to give him the Relation, to confirm the Duke in the reſpect the Queen had for him; which he was pleas'd to conclude with his Advice, not to neglect the favourable Opportunity that ſeem'd to court him to ſo much Happineſs. The Duke receiv'd it at firſt as a piece of Raillery, till his Majeſty was pleas'd to undeceive him. *If, Sir,* (ſays the Duke) *in obedience to your Majeſties Commands, and for your Service, I ſhall embark my ſelf upon ſo extravagant a Deſign, as to preſume a Princeſs (whom I have never yet had the Honour to know) ſhould admit me to her Royal Bed, I hope your Majeſty will be pleas'd not to divulge the Vanity of the Attempt, till the Succeſs may juſtifie me to the Publick.* The King was pleas'd to give him his Royal Word, that he would depoſe it in the knowledge of no other Breaſt but the Conſtable's, concluding with the Duke, that Secreſie might facilitate the Deſign. The Count advis'd the Duke to take a Journey for *England*, which he refus'd, and diſpatch'd Monſieur *Lignerolle*, a ſpritely Gentleman, his Favourite, to ſound the Queens Inclinations, and to endeavour to fix ſome Obligation upon her. In the interim he takes a Journey for *Bruxels*, to give a Viſit to the Duke

of

of *Savoy*, who was there with the King of *Spain*. The death of Queen *Mary* gave ſeveral Difficulties to the Treaty, which about the end of *November* broke up, and his Majeſty return'd to *Paris*.

At laſt there brake forth a Beauty in the Court, which drew all its Eyes upon her, and I cannot without Injuſtice rank her amongſt the Indifferent, that could purchaſe ſuch admiration in a place that was ſo richly ſtor'd. She was of the Family of the Viſcount *de Chartres*, and one of the greateſt Heireſſes of *France*. She had the misfortune to bury her Father in her Infancy, by which unhappy accident ſhe was left to the Guardianſhip of Madam *de Chartres* her Mother. She was a Lady of thoſe great Accompliſhments, that Fortune, Vertue, and Merit ſeem'd to have conſpir'd to compleat her fair Model. After her Husband's death, ſhe had for ſome years made her Receſs from Court. During her Retirement ſhe was not wanting to give her Daughter an Education ſuitable to her Quality, in which ſhe did not ſo much labour to improve her Perſon as her better Part, which ſhe endeavour'd to embelliſh with Vertue, which renders a Lady truly Noble. The generality of Mothers imagine it ſufficient to forbear to diſcourſe of the Vanity of Love, leſt their Children ſhould be invited to ſtray out of

of the Paths of Vertue. Madam *de Chartres* was of a contrary opinion. She was pleas'd to paint out Love to her Daughter in all its Shapes, that ſhe might be the better able to diſcern that Part of her which might be the moſt dangerous. She informs her of the little Sincerity and Candor there is in Man; their Devices, their Infidelity, and the Domeſtick Diſcontents Marriage often plunges thoſe into, that alter their Condition. On the other ſide ſhe declares the Happineſs and Tranquillity that attends a Vertuous Wife, and what Luſtre and Eſteem Piety in a Perſon of Birth and Beauty may purchaſe her; and concludes in acquainting her with the difficulty to preſerve it, which cannot be better ſecur'd than by a diffidence in our ſelves, and a ſerious application to thoſe things that can beſt contribute to our Happineſs, which is to love our Husbands, and to merit a Return.

This Lady was at that time one of the greateſt Matches of *France*; and notwithſtanding ſhe was but in her greener years, ſhe wanted not her choice of Propoſals. Madam *de Chartres*, who was an ambitious Lady, ſcarce thought the nobleſt worthy her conſideration. She having now arriv'd to the ſixteenth year of her Age, ſhe brought her to Court. The firſt that paid his Reſpects to her,

upon

upon her arrival, was the Viſcount, who was not a little ſurpris'd, and you cannot blame him, at the Beauty of the fair Lady. The delicacy of her Meen (in which *York* and *Lancaſter* ſeem'd to have contended which of the two ſhould be the moſt prodigal of his Charms) was the Subject of his admiration.

The day following the young Lady went to a famous *Italian* to purchaſe a Set of Jewels. This Gentleman came along with the Queen from *Florence*, and he had rais'd himſelf to that prodigious Wealth by his Induſtry, that his Houſe appear'd rather to be the Palace of a Prince, than the Being of a Merchant. When ſhe was there, in comes the Prince of *Cleve*: He was ſo tranſported at the ſight of this young Lady, that he could not diſſemble his ſurpriſe. Madam *de Chartres* could not forbear to anſwer the Princes diſcompoſure with a Bluſh; after ſhe had a little compos'd her ſelf, ſhe pays her Civility to the Prince, ſuitable to the Character ſhe apprehended he might bear. The Prince beheld her with admiration; but he was not able to judge who this Lady ſhould be, having never had the honour to ſee her before. He perceived by her Perſon, and the numerous Retinue that waited on her, that ſhe muſt be of eminent Quality. Her Youth perſwaded him ſhe might be a Maid, but ſeeing no Mo-

ther

ther with her, and the *Italian* giving her the Title of *Madam*, he knew not what to think. She ſeem'd to receive his Addreſſes with a diſorder more than uſual with young Ladies, who take no ſmall Vanity in the Impreſſion their Beauty may haply make upon a Stranger. The Prince's Applications to her, gave her ſome impatience to retire; which ſhe ſuddenly did. Monſieur *de Cleve* was pleas'd, notwithſtanding her abſence, to ſolace himſelf with the hopes to have the happineſs to retrieve her again, when he ſhould know who ſhe was: But upon the Queſtion put to the *Italian*, he could receive no ſatisfaction. He was notwithſtanding ſo ſtrangely captivated with her Beauty, and that Grace and Sweetneſs that attended it, that from that moment he entertain'd a Paſſion for her that was not ordinary. In the Evening he went to kiſs the Hands of his Majeſty's Siſter.

The Princeſs was a Lady of great value, for the Intereſt ſhe had in the King, which was ſo powerful with him, that his Majeſty, upon the Peace, was pleas'd to reſtore *Piedmont* to the Duke of *Savoy* for her ſake. And notwithſtanding ſhe had a diſpoſition to marry, yet her Ambition would never ſtoop to any thing below a Sovereign; which was the reaſon ſhe refus'd the King of *Navarre*, when he was Duke of *Vendome*. The Inter-

view at *Nice*, between *Francis* the Firſt and *Paul* the Third, gave birth to her Inclinations for the *Savoyard*; ſhe was a Perſon of great Ingenuity, and a great Judge of the Ingenious; ſo that her Apartment was the Theatre of the Virtuoſo's, and the Court was pleas'd to ſpend ſome Hours there for its Divertiſement.

The Prince of *Cleve* was of the number of the Viſitants: He was ſo ſwell'd with the admiration of young Madam *de Chartres*, that he could diſcourſe upon no other Subject. He made a publick Narrative of his Adventure, and could not forbear to be laviſh of his Praiſes of the Lady (though *incognita.*) Madam was pleas'd to tell him, that ſhe believ'd there was no ſuch Creature in being; for if there were, ſhe muſt needs be known. Madam *Dampier*, one of the Princeſſes Ladies of Honour, and an Intimate of Madam *de Chartres*, took the liberty to whiſper her Highneſs in the Ear, that it might be young Madam *de Chartres* whom the Prince had ſeen. Madam, turning to the Prince, told him, if he would afford her his Company the day following, ſhe would endeavour to give him a ſight of the fair Lady he ſeem'd to have ſo great a Paſſion for. The next day the young Lady came; ſhe had ſo obliging a Reception from both Queens,

Queens, that it ſufficiently demonſtrated the value they had for her; neither were there wanting to attend it, both the Admiration and the Praiſe of the whole Court. She receiv'd their Grace and Favour with ſo ſweet a Modeſty, 'twas hard to diſtinguiſh whether ſhe ſeem'd to take notice of them or value them moſt. This young Lady was pleas'd to put her ſelf amongſt Madams Train. The Princeſs, after ſhe had given a fair Character of her Perſon, could not forbear to acquaint her with the Impreſſions it had made upon the Prince of *Cleve*; ſhe had no ſooner concluded, but enters the Prince. *Come hither* (ſays Madam) *behold I have made good my Word to you; and ſatisfie me, if in preſenting Madam* de Chartres to you, *I have not given you a ſight of the fair Lady you are in queſt of: I expect your thanks for ſhewing you a Leſſon by which you may learn the more to admire it.*

The Prince was overjoy'd when he found the Lady, for whom he had ſo great a Paſſion, was of a Quality adequate with her Perſon. He made his Addreſſes to her, and humbly begg'd ſhe would vouchſafe to remember he was the firſt that laid his Heart at her Feet, and before he had the happineſs to be known to her, he had an Honour and Reſpect for her ſuitable to her Merit.

The Chevalier of *Guiſe*, and the Prince, two Boſom-friends, took their leave of Madam together. They were no ſooner out, but they began afreſh to lanch forth into the admiration of this fair Lady. At laſt, having waſted their Stock of Praiſe, they were forc'd to take up. The whole day following they gave themſelves the looſe Rein again: This freſh Beauty continu'd a long Subject for the Courts Diſcourſe. The Queen was pleas'd to rank her ſelf amongſt the number of her Admirers, which ſhe ſufficiently evidenc'd by the kindneſs ſhe was pleas'd to ſhew her.

The Dauphin-Queen made her her Favourite, laying her Commands upon Madam *de Chartres*, her Mother, that ſhe ſhould often make her Viſits to her: And the Princeſſes, the King's Daughters, to declare the Honour they had for her, there was not any Divertiſement they thought worthy their Royal Preſence, in which they made her not a Sharer. In fine, ſhe had purchas'd all the Hearts of the Court, except that of Madam *de Valentinois*: Not that this young Lady gave her any Jealouſie, too long an Experience had confirm'd her, that ſhe was not to be ſupplanted. She had ſo great an inveteracy againſt the Viſcount *de Chartres*, that ſhe wiſh'd ſhe could intail it upon him by a Marriage with one of her Daughters. She had already

ready poſſeſt the Queen, that ſhe could not look kindly upon a Perſon that bore his Name, nor any for whom he had a kindneſs.

The Prince became a paſſionate Admirer of Madam *de Chartres*, and purſu'd his Suit with all the Zeal imaginable; but he fear'd the Haughtineſs of Madam *de Chartres* her Mother would never diſpenſe with her Daughters Marriage with a Gentleman that was not the Head of his Family. This Houſe was yet ſo noble, that the Count *d' Eu*, who was its Capital, had the Honour to marry with a Lady that was nearly related to the Blood Royal: ſo that this ſeem'd rather the timidity of Love, than any juſt Subject for his Jealouſie. He had ſeveral Rivals: The Chevalier *de Guiſe*, whoſe Birth, Merit, and the Luſtre the Royal Favour gave him, rendred him the moſt conſiderable. This Princes Heart became her Priſoner alſo at the firſt ſight. Theſe two had diſcover'd each others Paſſion. The diſtance Pretenſions of this nature creates in Rivals, had interrupted their uſual Converſation; their Friendſhip began to grow chill, and they had ſcarce the Power to diſguiſe their ſeveral Reſentments. The Happineſs the Prince of *Cleve* had to be her firſt Admirer, appear'd to be no ill preſage; it ſeem'd to give him ſome advantage over the reſt. The Duke was ſtrongly leagu'd

with the Ducheſs of *Valentinois*; ſhe was a mortal Enemy to the Viſcount, and this was a ſufficient Reaſon to divert the Duke of *Nevers* conſent to the Marriage of his Son with a Niece of his.

Madam *de Chartres*, who had apply'd her ſelf with ſo much Zeal to infuſe Virtue into her Daughter, was not wanting to contrive it here, where it was ſo neceſſary, and where there were ſo many dangerous Examples. Ambition and Gallantry were the Soul of this Court; they had equally diffus'd themſelves amongſt both Sexes. There were ſo many ſeveral Intereſts, and different Cabals, in which the Women bore a part, that Affairs ſeem'd to mix with Love, and Love with Buſineſs. No Man muſt be impartial or indifferent: Their thoughts were either taken up how to riſe, to pleaſe, to ſerve, or to offend: They knew not what it was to be dull or lazy: They were either diverted with Pleaſures or Intrigues. The Ladies ſtudied how they might rivet themſelves into the favour of the Queen, the Dauphin-Queen, the Queen of *Navarre*, Madam the King's Siſter, or the Ducheſs of *Valentinois*; their Inclinations, their Deportment, and their Humours made their Applications different. Thoſe who had taken leave of their Youth, to embrace an auſterer Retirement, made their Addreſſes to her

her Majeſty; thoſe that had not yet diveſted themſelves of their airy Spritefulneſs, to the Dauphin-Queen. The Queen of *Navarre* wanted not her Favourites alſo; ſhe was young, and had a power over the King her Husband, whoſe Intereſt was embark'd in the ſame Bottom with the Conſtables, which gave him a Vogue. The Beauty of Madam the King's Siſter was a Loadſtone that had not loſt its Vertue; ſhe attracted alſo on her ſide her number of Admirers. The Ducheſs of *Valentinois* receiv'd none but thoſe ſhe thought worthy her regard; few were welcome to her, and only ſuch with whom ſhe could converſe with freedom and confidence, and who ſympathized with her Humour; ſhe took a vanity to ſee her Court could in its Luſtre rival with the Queens. The different Cabals had their ſeveral Emulations and Envy; neither were the Ladies that compos'd them exempted from their Jealouſies, either for their Love or Favour. The Intereſt of Greatneſs, and the ambition to riſe, ſometimes vouchſaf'd to interfere with Concerns of little importance. There were ſome Motions in this Court without diſorder, which rendred it graceful, though dangerous to Youth. Madam *de Chartres* was ſenſible of the peril, and made it her care to find out an Expedient to divert her Daughter from it.

She deſir'd her, not as a Mother, but a Friend, that ſhe would impart to her all the little Gallantries ſhe could meet withal, promiſing her in return to afford her her Conduct to carry her through all thoſe Difficulties which imbarraſs Youth.

The Chevalier of *Guiſe* had ſo far divulg'd his Affection for this Lady, that none could pretend to be ignorant of it; but he finds the way to compaſs her was not ſo even, but there were ſome Rubs he might unluckily ſtumble at: He was ſenſible that the narrowneſs of his Fortune, which was not able to ſupport the Honour of his Quality, could not render him ſo agreeable to this Lady, as the Perſons that were conſiderable; and he was farther conſcious to himſelf, that his Friends would never conſent to this Match, when they conſider'd, that the Marriage of younger Brothers muſt needs debaſe great Families. The Cardinal of *Lorain* ſoon took an occaſion to undeceive him; he was pleas'd to expreſs his Reſentment, and that with no little heat neither: He would rather have been conſented to any other Alliance than that with the Viſcount; and he did ſo far publiſh his Antipathy againſt it, that Madam *de Chartres* was ſenſibly offended at it. She made it her care to convince the Cardinal, that it was not her intention. The Viſcount follow'd her example,

ple, but ſeem'd more to reſent the Cardinal's Carriage, being ſenſible of the Cauſe.

The Prince of *Cleve* was not backward to make known his Paſſion to the World, as well as the Chevalier *de Guiſe* had done before him. The Duke of *Nevers* receiv'd the news of this Addreſs not without ſome tokens that diſcover'd how unwelcom it was to him. He thought to remind his Son but of his Error, would oblige him to alter his Inclination; but he was miſtaken, his Son had fix'd ſo ſtrong a Reſolution upon this Match, no Admonitions could make any Impreſſion on him: He condemns the Deſign, and was ſo far tranſported with paſſion at it, that his diſorder at laſt reach'd the knowledge of the Court, and amongſt the reſt, that of Madam *de Chartres*. She doubted not but that the Duke of *Nevers* would not think this Marriage ſufficiently advantageous for his Son; but, on the other ſide, ſhe could not forbear to wonder that the Houſes of *Cleve* and *Guiſe* ſhould rather ſeem to fear than covet her Alliance. The Indignation ſhe conceiv'd at this Affront, put her upon a Reſolution to find out a Perſon that might exalt her Daughter above thoſe that thought her ſo much below them. After ſhe had conſulted her thoughts, ſhe fixes upon the Prince Dauphin, Son to the Duke of *Montpenſier*. This was a Gentleman that held

one

one of the primeſt Ranks in the Court. Madam *de Chartres* was a Lady of Parts; ſhe was aſſiſted by the Viſcount, who was a Perſon of great Abilities, and her Daughter a Lady conſiderable. She manag'd her deſign with that dexterity and ſucceſs, and Monſieur had ſo far embrac'd the Motion ſhe ſeem'd almoſt to have ſurmounted all its Difficulties.

The Viſcount, knowing the power the Dauphin-Queen had over Monſieur *d' Anvile*, thought it not amiſs to employ the Intereſt of that Princeſs to engage him to ſerve *Mademoiſelle de Chartres*, both with his Majeſty and the Prince of *Montpenſier*, whoſe intimate Friend he was. Madam *de Chartres* imparts it to her Majeſty; ſhe was pleas'd to receive it with a great deal of content and ſatisfaction, when ſhe underſtood it would contribute towards the advancement of a Perſon ſhe had ſo great a kindneſs for. She aſſured the Viſcount, that notwithſtanding ſhe was ſenſible it might diſoblige the Cardinal her Uncle, ſhe was yet reſolv'd to make good her Royal Promiſe; upon this juſt provocation, that ſhe obſerv'd the Cardinal ſeem'd daily to be more inclinable to the Intereſt of the Queen than hers.

Perſons that are truly honourable, think themſelves happy in any opportunity that can enable them to ſerve their Friends. The Viſcount

Viſcount had no ſooner taken his leave, but ſhe immediately diſpatches Monſieur *Caſtelart*, a Favourite of Monſieur *d'Anvile*, and who was privy to the Paſſion he had for her, to ſignifie to him, that ſhe expected him that night at Court. *Caſtelart* receiv'd her Commands with joy and reſpect. This Gentleman was of a good Family in the *Dauphin*, but had a Soul and Spirit too great for his Birth: He was well receiv'd by all the Grandees of the Court; and the intimacy that was between the Families of *Montmorency* and *d'Anvile* had its birth from him. He was a Perſon well accompliſh'd, and graceful in his Actions: In Muſick and Poetry he did not the leaſt excel: He had a Humour ſo ſweet and debonair, and it had ſo far indeared him in the eſteem of Monſieur *d'Anvile*, that he made him the Confident of his Amours between the Dauphin-Queen and him. This Confidence recommended him to this Princeſs; and here it was, by his often Viſits, that ſhe took up that unfortunate Paſſion for him, that in the end robb'd her both of her Reaſon and her Life.

Monſieur *d'Anvile* fail'd not to obey her Majeſties Commands; he thought himſelf happy that Madam *le Dauphin* had vouchſaf'd to impoſe the thing upon him he ſo much coveted. He gave her Majeſty his word

to

to ſerve her in it. Madam *de Valentinois*, having diſcover'd the Deſign, was not wanting to throw all the Rubs imaginable in the way. She had ſo prepoſſeſt the King, that when Monſieur *d'Anvile* came to ſpeak to him in it, he was pleas'd to let him underſtand how little he approv'd of it. He commands him to ſignifie as much to the Prince of *Montpenſier*. You may eaſily judge how poor Madam *de Chartres* reſented this ſudden Rupture, whoſe unfortunate ſucceſs gave ſo great an advantage to her Enemies, and ſo much prejudice to her Daughter.

The Dauphin-Queen was pleas'd to declare to Madam *de Chartres* the diſcontent ſhe had that ſhe could not ſerve her. *You ſee, Madam,* (ſays the Queen) *that my Intereſt is but ſmall. I ſtand upon ſo ill Terms with the Queen and Madam* Valentinois, *that it is no wonder that either they or their Dependents endeavour to diſappoint all my Deſires. I have made it my Endeavours to pleaſe them. 'Tis true, they hate me not for my own ſake, but my Mothers; ſhe has formerly given them ſome jealouſie and diſquiet. The King had his Paſſions before he fixt them on the Ducheſs of* Valentinois; *and in the firſt Years of his Marriage, when he had no Iſſue, and notwithſtanding he lov'd the Ducheſs, he was almoſt reſolv'd to be divorc'd from the Queen, to make room for*

for the Queen my Mother. Madam de Valentinois, *who was jealous of a Lady whom he had formerly lov'd, whoſe Wit and Beauty were able to leſſen her Favour, joins her Intereſt with that of the Conſtable, who never wiſh'd it (as well as ſhe) that his Majeſty ſhould marry with the Siſter of the Duke of* Guiſe. *They poſſeſt his Majeſty deceas'd with their Sentiments; and notwithſtanding that he mortally hated the Ducheſs of* Valentinois, *and lov'd the Queen, yet he labour'd with them in the prevention of the Divorce. But to divert all his thoughts of my Mother, they married her into* Scotland: *They did it as being neareſt a Concluſion; by which means they diſappointed the King of* England, *who the moſt coveted it. This precipitation of theirs had like to have made a Rupture between the two Crowns.* Henry *the Eighth was unſatisfied that he was diſappointed of the Queen my Mother, or ſome other* French *Princeſs they had propounded to him: He has been heard to ſay, that the Worth and Beauty of this Lady was ſo firmly riveted in his Royal Heart, the Faireſt of the Sex muſt deſpair ever to remove it thence. 'Tis true, the Queen my Mother was a great, but an unfortunate Beauty; and that which rendred it the more remarkable, was, That the Widow of the Duke of* Longuevile *had been the Ambition of Three Crowns; but her unhappy Fate had*

appointed

appointed her the meaneſt Lot. She had plac'd her in a Kingdom where ſhe converſt with nothing but Miſery and trouble. They are pleas'd to ſay that I reſemble her, but I fear in nothing but her unhappy Deſtiny; for what Good Fortune has prepar'd for me, I have not Faith to believe I ſhall enjoy. Mademoiſelle de Chartres was pleas'd to reply to the Queen, *That theſe ſad Sentiments were ill grounded, that ſhe muſt not too long dwell upon them, but that ſhe ought to hope that it would one day anſwer its appearances.*

No Man durſt further purſue the thoughts of Madam *de Chartres*, either fearing to incur his Majeſties Diſpleaſure, or deſpairing of Succeſs in the Affair a Prince of the Blood had miſcarried in. The Death of the Duke of *Nevers* his Father, which immediately followed, gave him an intire liberty to gratifie his own Inclinations; for as ſoon as he could with modeſty diſpenſe with his appearance in publick, he was reſolv'd to reſign up all his thoughts towards the accompliſhment of this Marriage. He thought himſelf happy that he could make his Propoſals in a ſeaſon that had given opportunities of diſincouragement to others, and ſome aſſurance to himſelf. But that which diſcompos'd his Joy, was, that he fear'd that his Perſon had not Merit enough to recommend him to her; and

and he was reſolv'd to prefer her Happineſs before his own.

The Chevalier of *Guiſe* had given him ſome Jealouſie; but when he conſider'd that it was rather grounded upon the Merit of that Prince, than any Action of *Mademoiſelle de Chartres*, he reſolv'd to endeavour to diſcover, if he were ſo happy but to know whether ſhe was pleas'd to allow the Paſſion he had for her. He had not the happineſs to ſee her but in the Queens Apartment, or ſome publick Place; ſo that he found it difficult to have the liberty of a free Converſation. At laſt he found out the Means; he diſcover'd to her his Deſign, and the Paſſion that oblig'd him firſt to take it up. He preſt her to let him have the happineſs to know her Sentiments of him; aſſuring her, that thoſe he had for her were of that nature, they would render him eternally miſerable, if ſhe was reſolv'd wholly to reſign up her Obedience to her Mothers Will.

The young Lady had a generous Soul, ſhe was ſenſibly touch'd with the Paſſion of the Prince of *Cleve*: This Acknowledgment added ſo great a Sweetneſs to her Words and Anſwers, that it gave him hopes, and he began to flatter himſelf with the Succeſs he ſo much wiſht for.

She gave an Account of it to her Mother:

Madam

Madam *de Chartres* was pleas'd to tell her, that there was that Grandeur and Worth in that Prince, and he demonſtrated that Prudence and Diſcretion in all his Actions, that in caſe ſhe had an Inclination for him, ſhe ſhould not want her Conſent. *Mademoiſelle de Chartres* anſwer'd her Mother, That ſhe was of the number of the Admirers of his eminent Qualities, that ſhe could marry him with leſs reluctancy than another, but confeſt the Inclination ſhe had for him was not ſingular.

The day following the Prince ſignified his Intentions to Madam *de Chartres*; ſhe was pleas'd to conſent, and told him ſhe did not doubt but that ſhe gave her Daughter a Huſband that would love her, when ſhe beſtow'd her upon him. The Articles were concluded, the King acquainted, and the Match made publick.

The Prince of *Cleve* thought himſelf happy, but not content; it troubled him to ſee that the Sentiments of *Mademoiſelle de Chartres* were no other than the common Returns due to Civility and Reſpect. He had not (as it is uſual with the Enamour'd) the vanity to flatter himſelf, that ſhe might have reſerv'd the more obliging for a better ſeaſon. He only conſiders the Terms upon which he ſtands with her, and thinks they may juſtly diſpenſe

diſpence with the liberty to diſcover them without prejudice to her Modeſty. Within few days he finds an opportunity to acquaint her with his Reſentment. *Is it poſſible* ſays the Prince) *I may be once ſo happy as to be yours? At preſent I cannot preſume to think my ſelf ſo fortunate. You are pleas'd to treat me with a ſort of Kindneſs, it neither gives me ſatisfaction nor content: I cannot diſcover thoſe convincing Paſſions of Impatience, Diſquiet, or Diſorder, to confirm a Lover's ſtaggering Faith: You ſeem to be as inſenſible of my Love, as you would vouchſafe his, whoſe Affection's only grounded upon the advantages of your Fortune, not your Perſon. You will think it ſome injuſtice* (replies Mademoiſelle de Chartres) *ſhould I chide you now; I know not what further Proofs you can deſire to receive, or me to give, than thoſe I have already done. Methinks you ſhould believe, as well as I, my Modeſty ought to allow no greater. I own it* (ſays the Prince) *that you are pleas'd to give me ſome little Symptoms, with which I could reſt ſatisfied, would greater but enſue: But in lieu of thoſe, you are pleas'd to interpoſe a Coyneſs, which prompts you to this Cruelty: I have not the happineſs to make any Impreſſion either upon your Inclination or your Heart, and my Company ſeems to be indifferently divided between your Trouble and Content. You*

ought not to queſtion it (replies Mademoiſelle de Chartres) *thoſe often Bluſhes I cannot hide from you, ought to be a ſufficient Evidence of the value I have ſet upon it. As for your Bluſhes, Madam,* (ſays the Prince) *they ſurprize me not; they are but Modeſties baſhful Diſcoverers, not the Hearts; but I aſſure you, I ſhall preſume to take no other advantage by them than what I juſtly may.*

The young Lady was non-pluſs'd, ſhe underſtood not the diſtinctions the Prince had made. Monſieur *de Cleve*, on the other ſide, perceived too well how far ſhe was eſtranged from any Sentiment to his ſatisfaction. His Paſſion was ſo unhappy, it could make no alteration in her.

The Chevalier of *Guiſe* return'd from a Journey ſome days before the Wedding; he, having been made ſenſible of thoſe inſuperable difficulties that attended his Deſign upon *Mademoiſelle de Chartres*, reſolved to flatter himſelf no longer with the vanity of any ſucceſs in it; yet at the ſame time he could not forbear to be ſenſibly toucht to ſee her in another's Arms. His Regret was ſo far from extinguiſhing his Paſſion, it rather enflamed it more. *Mademoiſelle de Chartres* was not ignorant of the reſpect this Prince had for her; he could not forbear at his return to let her know ſhe was the unhappy Subject of his torment,

torment, though he knew ſhe was a perſon of that worth and honour, ſhe could not conſent to make him miſerable without ſome pity for him, which he believed ſhe could ſcarce avoid, though he was conſcious to himſelf her compaſſion could prompt him no other thoughts, but that he was ſo. She could not conceal from Madam *de Chartres* her Mother, the trouble this Prince's Paſſion gave her: Madam *de Chartres* admired (and that juſtly too) the virtue of her Daughter, for never Lady had either a greater or a more natural; but her admiration did not exceed her wonder, that the paſſion of the Prince of *Cleve* could make no deeper an impreſſion in her than others ſeem'd to do. This made Madam *de Chartres* the more zealous to endear her Husband to her, that ſhe might make her ſenſible what returns ſhe ought to make the affection he had for her, even when he knew her not; and to the paſſion he had ſince declared, in preferring her before the whole number of her Sex, and that when no other durſt harbour a thought for her.

This Marriage was ſolemnized at the *Louvre*; at night, his Majeſty and the two Queens, attended with the whole Court, were pleaſed to take a Treat from Madam *de Chartres*. I need not tell you, its ſplendor and magnificence was proportioned to the

honour of their Royal Gueſts. The Chevalier of *Guiſe* durſt as little venture to diſtinguiſh himſelf from the reſt, as not to afford his aſſiſtance at the Ceremony. But, alas, he could ſo little diſguiſe his trouble and diſorder, it fell under the notice of all the Company.

Monſieur *de Cleve* diſcovered, that *Mademoiſelle de Chartres* had not changed her humour with her name. He was ſenſible the quality of an Husband had given him the greater privilege, but not the greater place in his Ladies heart. This obliged him (though a Husband, to treat her as a Servant, for he ſtill ſeem'd to wiſh for ſomething beyond the bare enjoyment of her: And though he ſeem'd to live perfectly contented, yet he could not think himſelf entirely happy with her. The paſſion he had for her was ſo violent and troubleſome, it diſturbed his Joy; though he was yet happy in this, that his jealouſie had no ſhare in his diſquiet. Never was Husband ſo far from taking, nor Wife ſo far from giving it. Notwithſtanding ſhe viſited the Courts of both the Queens, and that of Madam: where, and at her Brother-in-law's, the Duke of *Nevers*, whoſe Houſe was the general Rendezvous, ſhe was expoſed to the admiration of all the brisk and noble Youth of the Town: She had a Meen that created her

her ſo great a reſpect, and which ſeem'd ſo much a ſtranger to all manner of Courtſhip, that the Marſhal of St. *Andre*, who had a paſſion for her, (notwithſtanding he was the moſt confident, and indeed the beſt propt with his Majeſties Grace and Favour) durſt not preſume to ſhew it farther than by his Services. Many others lay under the ſame unhappineſs; for Madam *de Chartres* had added to her Daughters diſcretion, ſo exact a conduct in all her Actions and Deportment, that ſhe convinc'd the Court, that that young Lady had a Soul ſo virtuous, it would allow of no ill tincture.

The Ducheſs of *Lorain*, as ſhe was pleaſed to employ her intereſt for the concluſion of this Peace, ſhe was not wanting to contribute her endeavours for the advantage of her Son. There was a Marriage concluded between him and Madam *Claude*, the King's ſecond Daughter, and the Month of *February* appointed for the Nuptials.

In the interim the Duke of *Nemours* ſtays at *Bruxels*, wholly taken up with his great deſign for *England*, Diſpatches and Couriers paſs and re-paſs daily; his hopes begin more and more to ſwell upon him. In fine, Monſieur *Lignerolles* adviſes him, it was now time that his preſence ſhould endeavour to accompliſh the thing he had ſo happily be-

gun: He received the News with all the joy a young ambitious Soul was capable of, that ſaw himſelf ſo nigh being handed up into a Throne upon a ſingle Merit. His Heart was ſo immoveably fixt upon the Grandeur of this Fortune, that he would not as much as vouchſafe to allow a thought towards the difficulties that might interpoſe between it and him.

He ſends immediately to *Paris* his neceſſary Orders for a ſplendid Equipage, that he might appear in the Court of *England* in a luſtre ſuitable to the greatneſs of his deſign. Not long after he follows himſelf, that he might have the honour to be preſent at the Wedding of the Duke of *Lorain*.

He came the day before, and aſſoon as he arrived, he went to pay his reſpects to the King, to give him an account of this Affair, and receive his Majeſties Order and Commands how to govern himſelf in it; he went alſo to wait upon her Majeſty; Madam *Cleve* not being there, ſhe had not the happineſs either to ſee him or know of his arrival. Report (which had been in every perſons mouth, ſo laviſh of his praiſes, as of one who was the mirrour of the Court, both in his merit and his perſon) had amongſt the reſt reach'd her Ear. Madam the Dauphin had ſpoken of him at that rate, and ſo often

to

to her, ſhe had enflamed the Princeſs of *Cleve*'s curioſity, even to a degree of impatience to have the honour to ſee him.

She employed the Wedding-day in dreſſing her ſelf to her advantage, that ſhe might appear with the greater luſter at the Royal Ball and Banquet that was to be made that Night at the *Louvre*: When ſhe came in, the Company paid their uſual admiration to her perſon and her habit; the Ball began, and as ſhe was dancing with Monſieur *de Guiſe*, there was a noiſe heard at the Door, which ſeem'd to make room for the entrance of ſome great perſon. Madam *de Cleve* was juſt diſengaged from the Duke of *Guiſe*, and was caſting her Eye about the noble Company, where to ſingle out one to ſupply his place, when the King was pleaſed to oblige her to take him that came in laſt; ſhe turned upon him, & beheld his perſon, which at firſt ſight ſhe knew to be Monſieur *de Nemours*; he was forc'd to walk over ſome Chairs before he came to her. This Prince was caſt in ſo fair a Mold, that 'twas impoſſible not to be ſurprized with it at the firſt ſight: The Induſtry he had uſed to ſet himſelf forth, very much contributed to the graceſulneſs of his perſon; and 'twas as hard to look on Madam *de Cleve* without an equal admiration.

Monſieur *de Nemours* was ſo ſtrangely cap-

tivated with her Beauty, that upon his approaches to her, and the return ſhe paid the reſpects he gave her, he could not forbear to ſhew ſome tokens of his admiration; a ſoft murmur of praiſes ſtole through the whole Company; the King and the two Queens were all ſurprized, and their wonder was not ſmall, to ſee two perſons dance with that grace and frankneſs together, and yet were ſtrangers to each other. They had no ſooner done, but they were called; where they were pleaſed to ask them if they had not a reciprocal ambition to know each other. *Madam, for my part* (ſays the Duke of *Nemours*) *I am ſatisfied; but if Madam* de Cleve *finds not thoſe fair Marks about me, as I have diſcovered in her, to know her by, I beſeech your Majeſty to do me the honour to inform her. I believe* (ſays Madam *le Dauphin*) *you can divine as well as he. I aſſure you, Madam* (replies Madam *de Cleve*) *who ſeem'd to be a little diſordered, I am not ſo good a Prophet as you are pleaſed to think me. You gueſs well* (ſays Madam *le Dauphin*) *you have certainly ſome regard more than ordinary for the Prince, that you are not pleaſed to acknowledge that you can gueſs as well at him as he has done at you.* The Queen was pleaſed to interrupt their diſcourſe for the advantage of the Ball; Monſieur *de Nemours* took out the Dauphin-Queen; this Princeſs

was

was a perfect Beauty, and ſuch ſhe did appear in the Prince's Eye before his Journey into *Flanders*, yet for all this he could not but allow the whole night to the admiration of this Lady.

The Chevalier of *Guiſe* that did yet adore her, ſate at her Feet; there was not the leaſt thing paſt there which gave him not ſome diſquiet: He look'd upon it as ominous, that Fortune ſhould deſtine Monſieur *de Nemours* to have a paſſion for Madam *de Cleve*, he could ſcarce diſguiſe his regret from being diſcovered in his looks, and was as little able to reſtrain his jealouſie from reflections upon her Honour. He thought ſhe might be ſenſibly touch'd with the merit of this Prince; and he could not forbear to let her know, that Monſieur *de Nemours* was a happy man, that could recommend himſelf to her knowledge by an adventure, which, with ſo much gracefulneſs and gallantry, had initiated him into her acquaintance.

Madam *de Cleve* returns home ſwell'd with the entertainment ſhe had received at Court; and, notwithſtanding 'twas late, ſhe took the liberty to diſturb her Mother, to give her the Relation of it. She was pleaſed to ſpeak of Monſieur *de Nemours* with a Countenance, that gave Madam *de Chartres* the ſame jealouſie the Chevalier *de Guiſe* had entertain'd before. The

The day following the Ceremony of the Nuptials was performed. There ſhe ſaw him with thoſe advantages of Perſon and Gallantry, that they added to her former ſurprize.

The day after, ſhe ſaw him at the Dauphin-Queens, ſhe ſaw him play a Set at Tennis with the King, ſhe ſaw him run at the Ring, and ſhe heard him diſcourſe; but ſhe obſerved that he ſo far ſurpaſt all the reſt, that he ingroſt the whole Company to himſelf, by the gracefulneſs of his Perſon and the briskneſs of his Wit; this in a ſhort time made no ſmall impreſſion in her.

'Tis certain that Monſieur *Nemours* had an inclination for her equally violent with hers, which gave him that ſweetneſs and delight that inſpire deſires to oblige. He endeavour'd to render himſelf more lovely and amiable than he was uſed to do; inſomuch, that by often interviews they did diſcover ſomething in each other that was the moſt accompliſht in the Court, ſo that it was hard if they ſhould not delight infinitely in each other.

The Ducheſs of *Valentinois* was the ambition of all parties; and the King had as great a care and fondneſs of her, as in the infancy of his Paſſion: Madam *de Cleve*, that was in an Age which thinks Women no longer amiable than under the years of five and twenty, was not a little ſurprized at the kindneſs his Majeſty

Majeſty was pleaſed to have for the Ducheſs, who was a Grand-mother, and now deſigning the Marriage of her youngeſt Daughter: Madam *de Cleve* did often diſcourſe with her mother of this Subject. 'How is it poſſible (ſays ſhe) Madam, that his Majeſty 'ſhould yet retain a paſſion for the Ducheſs; 'tis ſtrange that he ſhould fix his Heart upon a Lady ſuperior to him in years, who 'has been the Miſtreſs of his Father, and,(if 'we may preſume to credit Report)of others 'too. 'Tis true(replies Madam *de Chartres*) 'twas neither the Merit, nor yet the Conſtancy of Madam *de Valentinois*, that gave birth to his Majeſties paſſion, nor yet conſerves it; and it is in this his Majeſty is the 'leſs excuſable; for had this Lady had Beauty or Youth ſuitable to her Birth, or had 'ſhe had ſo much worth as to have loved no 'other, or that her love to his Majeſty, had 'kept within the limits of Fidelity, or her 'Affection had had no other regard than his 'Royal Perſon,abſtracted from the intereſt of 'Grandeur and Fortune,and without imploying that power but for things that were juſt 'and honourable for the King, 'tis confeſt a 'perſon could not (without ſome injuſtice 'have blamed the paſſion of this Prince. If I 'did believe I ſhould not lie under the unhappy cenſure of Women of my years, undeſervedly

'vedly do, which take pleaſure to relate the 'paſſages of the Age they dwell in; I would 'give you the Relation of their Amours, and 'ſeveral other intrigues of the Court of the 'deceaſed King, which do not a little ſympa-'thize with thoſe practicable at preſent. I am 'ſo far from thoſe reflections (repli'd Madam '*de Cleve*) that I am ſorry, Madam, that you 'have not been pleaſed to inſtruct me in the 'preſent, and that you have not learnt me the 'diſtinct Intereſts and Cabals of the Court. I 'am ſo ill read in them, that I believ'd there 'was not a day wherein the Conſtable was 'not in her Majeſties Favour. Your Opinion 'is infinitely remote from the truth of it (an-'ſwers M. *de Chartres*) the Queen has a per-'fect hatred for the Conſtable, and if ever ſhe 'has a power, he will be ſure both to know 'and feel it. She is ſenſible that he has often 'informed the King, that of all his Children, 'none reſemble him more than his natural 'ones. I never ſuſpected a miſunderſtanding 'here (replies Madam *de Cleve*) after I had 'been an Eye-witneſs of the care her Majeſty 'took to ſolace him in his Confinement; the 'joy ſhe was pleaſed to expreſs at his enlarge-'ment; and eſpecially after ſhe had treated 'him in the familiar phraſe of Goſſip with 'the King. If you ſhall meaſure (ſays Ma-'dam *de Chartres*) things by their appearan-

'ces.

'ces, you will often lie under a Miſtake; 'you muſt know, that Hearts and Tongues 'keep here no correſpondence together.

'Give me leave to aſſume my ſtory of the 'Ducheſs (ſays Madam *de Chartres*) and 'proceed; You muſt underſtand that ſhe is 'called, *The Diana* of Poictiers; her Fami- 'ly is noble; ſhe is deſcended from the an- 'cient Dukes of *Aquitain*; her Grandfa- 'ther was the Natural Son of *Lewis* the Ele- 'venth; in fine, her whole compoſition is 'made up of Greatneſs; her Father had un- "fortunately engaged in the Quarrel of the 'Conſtable of *Bourbon*, of which you have 'ſo often heard; he was condemned to loſe 'his Head, and in order to it, was conducted 'to the Scaffold; his Daughter, who had a 'charming Beauty, and which had already 'kindled a Flame in the King's Breaſt, inter- 'poſed her Intereſt, and obtained his par- 'don. 'Twas brought him in the fatal mo- 'ment he expected the bloody ſtroak; the 'fear and terror he lay under, had ſo far diſ- 'ordered his thoughts, he was not ſenſible 'of his Majeſties Grace and Favour, ſo that 'the day following put a period to his life. 'His Daughter appeared at Court as the 'King's Miſtreſs: the Expedition for *Italy*, 'and the King's Impriſonment, gave ſome 'diverſion to this Paſſion. After his Majeſties

'return

'return from *Spain*, and that Madam the 'Queen Regent went to meet him at *Bayonne*, 'ſhe took all her daughters with her, amongſt 'which number was *Mademoiſelle de Piſſeleu*, 'afterwards Ducheſs *d'Eſtampes*. The 'King ſaw her, and became her Prize; ſhe 'was much inferiour, both in her Quality, 'Wit and Beauty, to Madam *de Valentinois*, 'and ſhe had nothing but her Youth to re-'commend her to his Majeſties Favour: I 'have often heard her ſay, that ſhe was born 'the ſame Day the *Diana* of *Poictiers* was 'married; but her Malice, not the Truth, 'obliged her to ſpeak it: For, if I am not 'miſtaken, the Ducheſs of *Valentinois* mar-'ried Monſieur *de Breze*, Grand-Preſident of '*Normandy*, at the ſame time the King had 'firſt a Paſſion for Madam *d'Eſtampes*. There 'was never a greater Picque in Nature than 'between theſe two Ladies: The Ducheſs of '*Valentinois* could not in her heart pardon 'Madam *d'Eſtampes*, notwithſtanding ſhe 'had diveſted her of the Title of *The King's* '*Miſtreſs*. Madam *d'Eſtampes* had an inve-'teracy againſt the Ducheſs, becauſe the 'King ſtill kept her Company. This Prince 'was not always conſtant to his Miſtreſſes; 'there was one, 'tis true, which wore the 'Title and the Honour of it, but the Ladies 'of the leſſer Faction, as they ſtile them,

'had

'had the happineſs ſometimes to take their 'turns in his Favour. The Death of the 'Dauphin, who died at *Tournon*, and not 'without a ſuſpition of poyſon, gave him no 'ſmall Diſquiet: He had not that tenderneſs 'and affection for his ſecond Son, our preſent 'King: He diſcover'd not in him thoſe incli-'nations to Vigour and Courage: He was 'pleaſed to complain to Madam *Valentinois*, 'and told her, he would endeavour to create 'a paſſion in him for her, that ſhe might in-'fuſe into him ſomething more noble and 'generous. It had the ſucceſs, you ſee, 'tis up-'wards of twenty years this Paſſion had its 'Birth, and yet has ſtood the ſhock of all 'difficulties and alterations.

'His deceas'd Majeſty endeavour'd to op-'poſe it in its infancy, and notwithſtanding 'he had a kindneſs for the Ducheſs, either 'prompted by his Jealouſie, or Madam *de* '*Eſtampes* (who was now upon the point of 'deſpair, ſeeing her Enemy in the Dauphin's 'Arms, was pleas'd to look upon this Paſ-'ſion with ſome indignation; of which he 'was not wanting to give his Symptomes; 'his Son neither regarded his Anger, nor his 'Hatred; nothing could oblige him either 'to leſſen the value he had for her, nor yet 'hide it: At laſt his Majeſty was forc'd to 'connive; the Dauphin's ſtubbornneſs much 'abated

'abated of his Royal Favour, which he con-
'ferr'd in a greater meaſure upon the Duke
'of *Orleans*, his third Son: He was a Prince
'on whom Nature had been laviſh of her
'Grace; but he was ſwell'd with ſo much
'Heat and Ambition, and of a Spirit ſo fierce,
'that it wanted a Curb. He had been a Prince
'of great worth & honour, had his Age been
'ſo kind as to have ripen'd his underſtanding.

'The Quality the Dauphin held, and the
'Favour the King was pleas'd to ſhew the
'Duke of *Orleans*, had created ſo great an
'Envy between them, it almoſt amounted to
'a degree of Hatred: It took its being from
'their Infancy, and has continu'd to this
'day. The Emperor, when he came through
'*France*, gave the Precedency to the Duke
'of *Orleans*, which ſo much incens'd the
'Dauphin, that he would have oblig'd the
'Conſtable to arreſt him without his Maje-
'ſties Command. The Conſtable durſt not
'obey; the King blam'd him that he took
'not his Sons Advice, and when he baniſh'd
'him the Court, his Reaſons for it wanted
'not their different Interpreters.

'The Difference between theſe two Bro-
'thers, gave freſh thoughts to the Ducheſs
'*d'Eſtampes*, to endeavour to prop her ſelf
'with the Intereſt of the Duke of *Orleans* a-
'gainſt the Ducheſs. It had its ſucceſs: This

'Prince,

'Prince, without having the leaſt Paſſion for 'her, did as zealouſly eſpouſe her Quarrel, 'as the Dauphin had done the Ducheſs. This 'created two Cabals in the Court, ſuch as 'you may eaſily imagine. Theſe Intrigues 'were not limited within the management 'of the weaker Sex.

'The Emperor, who had a great reſpect 'for the Duke of *Orleans*, had often offer'd 'him the Duchy of *Millan*; and in the Arti-'cles of the Peace that was afterwards con-'cluded, he gave him the hopes of the Se-'venteen Provinces, and his Daughter in 'Marriage with them: The Dauphin neither 'inclined to the Match nor it; he employ'd 'the Conſtable, whom he ever lov'd to make 'the King ſenſible of what importance it 'would be, to leave his Succeſſor a Brother 'ſo powerful as the Duke of *Orleans* muſt be, 'with the advantage of the Imperial Alli-'ance and theſe Countries. The Conſtable 'yielded more eaſily to the Dauphin's deſign, 'in that it was oppoſite to that of Madam '*d'Eſtampes*, who was his declared Enemy, 'and who ſo paſſionately deſired the Dukes 'advancement.

'The Dauphin at that time commanded 'his Majeſties Army in *Champagne*, and had 'reduc'd that of the Empire to thoſe extre-'mities, he had certainly ruin'd it, if the

'Ducheſs *d'Eſtampes* (fearing theſe great ad-
'vantages might retard the Peace and the
'Honour of the Dukes Alliance with the
'Emperor) had not adviſ'd the Enemy to
'ſurprize *Eſpernay*, and the Caſtle of *Rierry*,
'which was their Magazine; they attempt-
'ed it, and ſucceeded, by which means they
'preſerved the Army.

'This Ducheſs did not long enjoy the ſuc-
'ceſs of her Treaſon: Immediately after di-
'ed the Duke of *Orleans* at *Farmoutiers*, of a
'contagious Diſeaſe. He was enamour'd
'with one of the greateſt Beauties of the
'Court, who was pleas'd to entertain the
'Flame. I ſhall forbear to name her; for ſhe
'has ſince liv'd under ſo cloſe a Retirement,
'and has with ſo much Prudence diſguis'd
'the Paſſion ſhe had for him, we ought in
'Juſtice to be tender of her Honour. The
'Death of her Husband and the Duke bore
'even Date together, which gave her the
'freedom to ſhew thoſe open Marks of her
'Grief and Sorrow, which otherwiſe ſhe
'had been enforc'd to hide.

'The King did not long ſurvive the Prince
'his Son; for he died within two years after.
'He recommends to the Dauphin the Car-
'dinal of *Tournon*, and the Admiral *d'Anne-*
'*bault*, without the leaſt mention of the Con-
'ſtable, whom he had confin'd to *Chantilly*:
'not-

'notwithſtanding his Father's Commands, 'he calls him home, and makes him the 'grand Miniſter of State.

'Madam *d'Eſtampes* was diſcarded, and 'receiv'd all the ill Treatment ſhe could ex- 'pect from ſo powerful and inveterate an E- 'nemy. The Ducheſs of *Valentinois* was not 'ſatisfy'd till ſhe had glutted her ſelf with 'her revenge upon this Ducheſs, and the reſt 'who had faln under her Diſpleaſure. Her in- 'tereſt has been more abſolute over the King 'ſince he came to the Crown, than when he 'was the Dauphin. Theſe twelve years ſince 'he has reign'd ſhe has been the uncontroul- 'able Miſtreſs of all his Actions, ſhe has had 'the diſpoſal of all Governments and Affairs, 'ſhe has oblig'd him to baniſh the Cardinal 'of *Tournon*, the Chancellor, and *Villeray*; 'all that have endeavour'd to eclipſe her 'power, have periſh'd in the attempt. The 'Count *de Taix*, Grand Maſter of the Artil- 'lery, who had no kindneſs for her, taking 'the Liberty to reflect upon her Gallants, and 'particularly the Count *de Briſſac*, of whom 'the King had a Jealouſie, ſhe ſo ſubtilly 'plaid her Cards, that he was in diſgrace, and 'diveſted of his Employ: and what renders 'the thing more ſtrange, ſhe procur'd it for 'the Count *de Briſſac*, who by her means had 'the honour to be ſince created a Marſhal of

'*France*. The King's Jealouſie began to ſwell 'to that degree in him, he could no longer 'endure the Teſt of it: but that which in 'another would have appear'd more ſharp 'and violent, was ſtrangely corrected in him, 'by the great reſpect he had for this Lady; 'inſomuch that he durſt not (if we may pre-'ſume to uſe this ſawcy Dialect with a 'Prince) remove his Rival, but under the 'pretence of preferring him to the Govern-'ment of *Piedmont*. He has liv'd there ſeve-'ral years, and only return'd this laſt Winter, 'under a pretext of recruiting the Troops 'under his command; and for other neceſſa-'ry Supplies for the Army. The ambition to 'ſee the Ducheſs of *Valentinois*, and the fear 'of being forgotten, had certainly the great-'eſt ſhare in that Journey. The King was ob-'ſerv'd to receive him coldly; the Fami-'ly of *Guiſe*, who loves her not, but yet dares 'not declare the cauſe, employ'd the Viſ-'count, his mortal Enemy, to obſtruct the 'Grant of what he deſign'd himſelf by his 'Journey. 'Twas no hard matter to compaſs 'it; the King hated him, and his preſence 'gave him no ſmall diſquiet: inſomuch that 'he was forc'd to return, without having had 'the happineſs to reap the fruits of his Voy-'age, which was only to give him an oppor-'tunity to re-kindle the Flame his Paſſion

'had

'had made in the Heart of the Ducheſs, 'which he feared his Abſence might extin-'guiſh: His Majeſty wanted no other Sub-'jects of his Jealouſie; but they not being 'known, gave him no provocation to com-'plain.

'I know not, Daughter, (ſays Madam *de* '*Chartres*) if you may not find that I have 'inſtructed you in ſome things more than 'you are willing to know. I am ſo far from 'complaining (replies Madam *de Cleve*) that 'did I not fear to be troubleſome to you, I 'would deſire you to enlarge upon ſeveral 'Circumſtances which I am ignorant of.

The Paſſion that Monſieur *de Nemours* had for Madam *de Cleve* was ſo violent in its Original, that it ſeem'd to have robb'd him of all his Content, and the very thoughts of thoſe he had a kindneſs for; nay, even ſuch with whom he convers'd during her abſence; 'twas his care to frame Excuſes to diſengage himſelf from them; he could not allow himſelf the patience to give Ear to their Complaints, nor make returns to their reproaches. Madam *la Dauphin*, for whom he had inclinations not ordinarily paſſionate, yet he was ſcarce able to confine them within his Breaſt; Madam *de Cleve* had made that impreſſion there. His impatience for *England*, began to cool, he ſeem'd not to purſue with much zeal

his neceſſary Diſpatches for that Journey.

He often made his Viſits to the Dauphin-Queen, that he might have the happineſs to pay his reſpects to Madam *de Cleve*, who was frequently there; neither was he concern'd at the liberty ſome took to imagine (what others thought) of the Paſſion he had for that Princeſs. Madam *de Cleve* was of that value with him, he was reſolv'd rather to hide from her the ſentiments of his heart, than expoſe her honour to the publick. He forbore even to communicate it to the Viſcount *de Chartres*, who was his Confident, and to whom his Boſom lay ever open. He uſed a Conduct ſo prudent, and which he manag'd with ſo much care, that the *Argus's* of the Court could not diſcover the leaſt Symptom of any kindneſs for this Lady, but in the Chevalier *de Guiſe*. Madam *de Cleve* her ſelf had continued a ſtranger to them, had not the inclination ſhe had for that Prince oblig'd her to keep a cloſe Watch on all his Actions, which at laſt convinc'd her.

She ſeem'd not to have the ſame diſpoſition to make an Overture of this Adventure to her Mother, as ſhe had already done by all the reſt; ſhe was reſolv'd to lodge it in no other Breaſt but her own; but alas, ſhe was miſtaken; Madam *de Chartres* was as ſenſible of it, as of her Love for this Prince; the knowledge

knowledge of which gave her no ſmall diſquiet. She underſtood the danger this poor young Lady was expos'd unto, by the affection ſhe had for a perſon of this Prince's Merit: Her jealouſie was afterwards unhappily confirm'd by a paſſage which ſuddenly enſued.

The Marſhal of St. *Andre*, who courted all opportunities to make his ſplendid Treats, humbly begg'd of his Majeſty, that he would with the two Queens do him the honour to take a collation at his Houſe, which was newly finiſht. 'Twas thought he did it colourably, that Madam *de Cleve* might ſhare in the greatneſs of this Entertainment, in which no man could poſſibly be more prodigal or profuſe.

Some few days before that which was appointed for the Supper, the Dauphin-King, who had not his health, was indiſpos'd, and admitted of no Viſits. The Queen, his Lady, had ſpent the whole day with him; the Dauphin being better in the Evening, the perſons of Quality, who came to wait upon him, were introduc'd into his Bed-Chamber. The Queen was pleas'd to withdraw into another Chamber, where ſhe found Madam *de Cleve*, and ſome other Ladies, with whom ſhe was moſt familiarly pleas'd to converſe.

It being now late, and her Majeſty not dreſt, ſhe went not to wait upon the Queen, but oblig'd them to excuſe her; ſhe gives or-

der for her Jewels to be brought to her, that ſhe might give Madam *de Cleve* her choice of them to wear at the Ball the Marſhal was to make. In the interim in comes the Prince of *Conde*, his Quality gave him a free entrance every where. *You come* (ſays the Queen to him) *from the King my Husband, pray what News have you there? They are maintaining, Madam* (replies the Prince) *a ſtrong Argument againſt the Duke of* Nemours, *and he defends the Theſis with that heat and obſtinacy, as if he himſelf were the Subject of it. I believe he has a Miſtreſs that may be uneaſie to him at a Ball, that he thinks is ſo troubleſome a thing to find her there. How* (ſays the Dauphin-Queen) *will Monſieur* de Nemours *be ſo unkind as to impoſe upon his Miſtreſs? This Power methinks might better ſuit with the Authority of a Husband, than the Obſequiouſneſs of a Servant. Monſieur* de Nemours (anſwers the Prince) *finds by experience, that they are the moſt inſupportable things in Nature to a poor Lover; for if he be ſo happy that his Miſtreſs has a Paſſion for him, he muſt be ſure to ſtand the Teſt and Trial of her Frowns for ſeveral days together. He ſays there's not a Lady of them all but will be ſo diverted with the vanity of the Habit ſhe muſt appear in, ſhe cannot be at leiſure as much as to allow a thought towards him: And*

con-

concludes the folly epidemical: Nay he does not reſt here; he is ſenſible that when they are at theſe Balls, they have no other thoughts but to pleaſe in general; and if once they begin to ſet a value on their own Beauties, he fears the Servant has the leaſt ſhare in their admiration of it. He argues yet farther, if it be a man's unhappineſs to be neglected, his torment is the greater in one of theſe Aſſemblies, where his Miſtreſs takes no notice of them; for the more they are honour'd in publick, the more miſerable does a man think himſelf that's ſlighted by them: They are jealous that their Beauty gives Birth to Paſſions to their prejudice: And affirms there is no greater torment than to ſee her there.

Madam *de Cleve*, though ſhe had given Ear to what the Prince had ſaid, yet ſeem'd to take no notice of it. She was ſenſible what Intereſt ſhe had in the opinion of Monſieur *de Nemours*; and above all, the uneaſineſs the preſence of his Miſtreſs would give him there where he could not be; the King was diſpatching him to the Duke of *Ferrara*.

The Dauphin-Queen could not forbear to ſmile, as well as the Prince, who condemn'd the Dukes Opinion. *There is only one occaſion* (ſays the Prince) *in which Monſieur* de Nemours *can diſpence with her Preſence there; and that neither but when 'tis given by himſelf;*

ſelf; and he was pleaſed to tell us, that the laſt year he gave one to your Majeſty; and ſays, his Miſtreſs did him the honour to come, under a pretence to wait on you. 'Tis an Obligation a Miſtreſs lays upon a Servant, when ſhe is pleaſed to delight in the Divertiſements he makes her. And your Majeſty muſt think it not little a pleaſing to a Lover, that his Miſtreſs ſees him Maſter of a Place, the Court is pleaſed to do him the Honour to compoſe, and which gives her an opportunity to be an Eye-witneſs of the Gallantry with which he acquits himſelf. Monſieur de Nemours (ſays the Dauphin-Queen) *had reaſon to allow it there, where the Numbers were ſo great of thoſe who wear the Titles of his Miſtreſſes, that had they not been there, the Ball had been but thin.*

The Diſcourſe the Prince of *Conde* us'd in giving her Majeſty the Sentiment of Monſieur *de Nemours* concerning Balls, diverted Madam *de Cleves* thoughts from that intended by the Marſhal *de St. Andre.* She was eaſily convinc'd it was unhandſome to receive a Treat from one that lov'd her; and was glad of the opportunity to decline it, to oblige the Prince. She accepted notwithſtanding of the Favour of the Dauphin-Queen; and in the Evening ſhe ſhew'd them to her Mother; ſhe told her ſhe had no Deſign to uſe them

them, and that ſhe was ſenſible the Marſhal *de St. Andre* made this ſplendid Entertainment, to give himſelf the occaſion to ſhew the honour he has for her, and queſtion'd not but he would have the vanity to boaſt his happineſs, that he made her a ſharer in it; *And I hear* (ſays ſhe) *under that unhappy Pretext he may involve me in ſome Trouble and Inconvenience.*

Madam *de Chartres* was pleas'd to oppoſe her Daughters Opinion, as being ſingular; but diſcovering her obſtinacy, ſhe yielded to it, and adviſ'd her to feign her ſelf indiſpos'd; for ſhe believ'd no other Excuſe would be allow'd but that, which ſhe was oblig'd to diſguiſe with privacy and diſcretion too, leſt it ſhould reach the knowledge of the Company, and expoſe her to its Cenſure. Madam *de Cleve* conſents to paſs the time away with her Mother, ſhe had no inclination for the place ſhe thought not happy without the Prince's Preſence, who leaves the Court before the Day that brought her Heart to the Teſt.

Monſieur *de Nemours* returns the Day after the Ball, and was inform'd ſhe was not there; but not knowing whether ſome might not report to her the Diſcourſe he maintain'd in the Dauphin's Chamber, he began to queſtion if he was ſo happy as at firſt he thought himſelf.

The

The day after his Arrival, he waited upon the Queen, and as he was diſcourſing with Madam the Dauphin, came in Madam *de Chartres* and Madam *de Cleve*, her Daughter, to pay their Reſpects to their Majeſties. Madam *de Cleve* was in a careleſs Dreſs, that ſhe might the better palliate the Indiſpoſition ſhe had borrow'd; but ſhe had this unhappineſs, her Face did not correſpond with the Counterfeit. *You look ſo well* (ſays Madam the Dauphin) *nothing can convince my Thoughts that you have been otherwiſe. I fear the Prince of* Conde's *Repetition of the Argument Monſieur* de Nemours *held in the Dauphin's Bed-Chamber, in prejudice of Balls, has had an ill Influence upon you; you thought you ſhould do the Marſhal too great an honour in ſharing in the noble Treat he gave the Court, and therefore vouchſaf'd us not your Company.* Madam *de Cleve* could not forbear to bluſh; for ſhe was ſenſible of what Madam the Dauphin gueſs'd ſo well at: And the more, becauſe ſhe was pleas'd to hint it to her in the Prince's Preſence.

From hence her Mother judg'd the reaſon why ſhe declin'd the Ball; and to prevent Mouſieur *de Nemours* apprehenſion of it, was pleas'd to reply to the Dauphin-Queen: *Madam* (ſays ſhe) *your Majeſty do's my Daughter a greater Honour than ſhe deſerves. She*

was

was unfeignedly ill, but I think had I not interpos'd my Authority, ſhe had expos'd her Health to wait on your Majeſties, to have had the pleaſure to ſhare in the laſt Nights Divertiſement the Marſhal was pleas'd to give you. Madam the Dauphin was ſatisfy'd with what Madam *de Chartres* told her; but Monſieur *de Nemours* was not a little concern'd, that there was a colour for it. Notwithſtanding that the Bluſhes of Madam *de Cleve* deſerv'd to juſtifie the Truth, Madam *de Chartres* was ſenſibly offended that ſhe had given Monſieur *de Nemours* the vanity to believe he had prevented her appearance there; and Madam *de Cleve* on the other ſide, could ſcarce diſguiſe her reſentment, that any ſhould harbour that Opinion of her.

Notwithſtanding that the Congreſs at *Cirean* was broken up, the Negotiations for a Peace ſtill continued, till things at laſt were ſo happily diſpos'd, that towards the end of *February* they met again at *Cateau Cambreſis*. His Majeſty was pleas'd to commiſſion the ſame Plenipotentiaries he had before. The abſence of the Marſhal of St. *Andre* remov'd a Rival, who was to be feared, not ſo much for the impreſſion his Merit could make upon the Heart of this Lady, as for the guard his watchful Eye kept upon all thoſe that made their Addreſſes to her.

Madam

Madam *de Chartres* was not willing her Daughter ſhould underſtand ſhe had diſcover'd her Paſſion for the Prince, to prevent her Jealouſie of thoſe things ſhe had an intention to diſcourſe her in, ſhe took an occaſion one day to enlarge (and paſſionately too) upon his Worth and Merit, but could not forbear to mix ſome Venom with his Praiſe, to make her ſick with him. She told her he had ſo great a ſtock of Prudence, it would not allow him the vanity to be amorous, and that his Converſation with Ladies, was only his divertiſement. *'Tis thought* (ſays ſhe) *he has a Paſſion for the Dauphin-Queen, I meet him often there; and I adviſe you to decline his Company; for the Court being an Eye-witneſs of the kindneſs her Majeſty is pleas'd to ſhew you, will be apt to give you the Title of a Confident; and you ought to be ſenſible what Reputation that will purchaſe you. If this Report continue long, my Advice is farther, that you pay not ſuch often Viſits to the Queen, leſt you find your ſelf embroyl'd in one of the Gallantries of the Court.*

Madam *de Cleve* (which was a ſtranger to the Amours of the Dauphin-Queen and him) was ſurpriz'd at the knowledge of it; and when ſhe perceiv'd how much ſhe was abaſed in her Sentiments of this Prince, ſhe could not forbear to diſcover it in her Countenance;

tenance; which ſhe did not ſo well diſguiſe, but her mother took notice of it. There came ſome Ladies to give Madam *de Chartres* a Viſit, which interrupted the Diſcourſe, and Madam *de Cleve* retir'd into her Cloſet.

I am not able to expreſs the ſorrow and regret ſhe had at this Relation, and particularly when it reflects upon the folly that gave birth to her Paſſion for Monſieur *de Nemours*. She durſt not hitherto diſcover it to her Mother: She was ſenſible the kindneſs ſhe had for him, was the ſole Ambition of Monſieur *de Cleve*; and you cannot blame her, if ſhe could not forbear to quarrel with her fond Inclinations, that ſhe ſhould harbour that Love for another, which was only due to the Merit of her Husband. She was ſenſibly touch'd with a Jealouſie that Monſieur *de Nemours* did only interpoſe his pretence to her, to facilitate his Addreſſes to the Dauphin-Queen; the apprehenſion of it encourag'd her to communicate it to her Mother.

In the morning ſhe enters her Mothers Chamber, to execute the Reſolutions of the Night before; but finding her indiſpos'd, ſhe deferr'd it to another opportunity. Her Diſtemper was ſo inconſiderable, that it diverted not Madam *de Cleve* from waiting upon the Dauphin-Queen in the Afternoon. Her Majeſty was retir'd into her Cloſet with two

or

or three Ladies who had the greateſt ſhare in her Boſom. *We are, Madam* (ſays the Queen, diſcovering Madam *de Cleve*) *diſcourſing of Monſieur* de Nemours, *and equally admire the change we find in him ſince his return from* Bruxelles. *Before his Journey he had an infinity of Miſtreſſes, and he can only blame himſelf for it; for he was pleas'd to divide himſelf equally between thoſe of Merit and thoſe of none; but ſince his Return, there is ſo great a Metamorphoſis, he vouchſafes neither to regard the one nor other; I my ſelf perceive it in his Humour, it has loſt its uſual Gayety.*

Madam *de Cleve* returns no Anſwer: She began to think, and not without ſome Indignation, that they had taken up this Diſcourſe of the alteration in this Prince, only to diſcover, if ſhe was not miſtaken, ſome marks of her Paſſion for him: This began to create in her an antipathy againſt the Queen, that ſhe ſhould impoſe upon her the Reaſons of a thing which was beſt known to her ſelf. She was not able to hide her reſentment from her Majeſty; the Ladies retiring, ſhe took the liberty to addreſs her ſelf to the Queen, ſaying, *Madam, are you pleas'd to point at me, when you alone are the ſubject of this change in the Prince? You are unkind* (replies the Dauphin-Queen) *you muſt be ſenſible I can keep nothing*

nothing from you. I confeſs the Duke before he went to Bruxelles, *might have ſome intention to let me know he did not hate me; but ſince his return, I believe he has forgotten his reſolution. I declare I am impatient to know the Author of this change. I admire he ſhould hide it from the Viſcount* de Chartres, *who keeps the Key of his Heart. Had he a Paſſion for a Perſon I had a Power over, I might be ſo happy as to underſtand this Alteration.* The Dauphin-Queen delivered it in a Dialect Madam *de Cleve* could have ill reſented, but that ſhe would not cloud the Debonairneſs of the humour ſhe firſt received it in.

Upon her return home to her Mothers, ſhe found her in a worſe condition than when ſhe went to Court: Her Fever was ſo violent, that it daily increaſed upon her; inſomuch her Phyſicians judg'd it would be of ſome continuance. Madam *de Cleve* was ſo ſenſibly afflicted, ſhe quitted not her Mothers Chamber. Monſieur *de Cleve* paid his Viſits daily to Madam *de Chartres*, not ſo much for the Intereſt he had in that Lady, or to divert his Wifes Grief and Sorrow, as to have the happineſs to enjoy her company; for his Paſſion had abated none of its primitive heat and vigour.

Monſieur *de Nemours*, who had a kindneſs for Monſieur *de Cleve*; took all occaſi-

ons to demonſtrate it to him, ſince his return from *Braxelles*. During the Diſtemper of Madam *de Chartres*, the Prince found ſeveral opportunities of ſeeing Madam *de Cleve*, under a pretence of her Husband's company to go abroad with him; he came not thither, but at ſuch hours he knew him not to be there; and under an excuſe of waiting for his return, he ſpent ſome hours in the withdrawing-room, where ſeveral Perſons of Quality came daily to pay their Complements of condolence to the Daughter, upon her Mothers Indiſpoſition. The Affliction ſhe lay under, ſeem'd to Monſieur *de Nemours* to have made no alteration in her Beauty. He endeavour'd to make her ſenſible of the Intereſt he had in her Grief; but in a Dialect ſo paſſionate, it convinc'd her that Madam *le Dauphin* was not the Subject of his Change.

She could ſcarce forbear to diſcover her Indignation in her Countenance, notwithſtanding ſhe took pleaſure in his Company. But when he forbore to viſit her, and that ſhe conſider'd the Charms her Perſon carry'd with it, had given the firſt Flame to his Paſſion, ſhe was ſcarce able to forbear to hate her ſelf, upon the apprehenſion of it.

Her Feaver got ſuch a footing of her daily, that her Phyſicians began to deſpair of her Health, ſhe receiv'd the fatal Tidings with a

a Courage worthy of her Piety and Virtue. After they had taken their laſt leaves of her, and the Chamber was clear'd of the Company, ſhe calls her Daughter to her.

We muſt part, Daughter (ſays Madam *de Chartres*, taking her by the Hand) *the danger that I leave you in, and the occaſion you have for me, add to the regret I have to leave you. I am ſenſible you have a Paſſion for Monſieur* de Nemours, *I ask you not to confirm me in it: I am no longer able to make uſe of your ſincerity in your future Conduct. I have long ſince diſcover'd your Inclination, but I have hitherto forborn to ſpeak to you of it, that I might give you no Jealouſie, that I underſtood it. You muſt needs be ſenſible, that you are upon the point of the Precipice. There ought to be powerful endeavours uſed to ſtop you in your Carier. Reflect upon the Duty you owe your Husband, and forget not alſo that that's due to me. Conſider you are going about to ſhipwrack the Reputation you have gotten, and which I have ſo paſſionately wiſh'd you. Take up ſtrength and courage to quit the Court: deſire your Husband to take you thence: Fear not to purſue thoſe Paths which at firſt may ſeem hard and uneaſie to you. How unpleaſant ſoever they may appear to you in the beginning, you will find more ſweetneſs in them in the end, than in the Vanities of the Court. If*

any other Motives than thoſe of Piety and Obedience, could oblige you to embrace the thing I wiſh, I would tell you, if any thing can diſturb my happineſs in a better World, it will be the conſideration of your Fall: But if this Miſchief be inevitable, I ſhall welcome Death with Joy, that I am not the unhappy witneſs of it.

Madam *de Cleve* bathed her Mothers Hand, which ſhe had encloſed in her own, with a Flood of Tears. *Adieu* (ſays ſhe) *my Child, let us put a period to the Diſcourſe, that will diſſolve us both into Grief and Tears: Forget not* (*I beſeech you*) *the laſt Legacy of your Mother.*

Having concluded this ſhort Admonition, ſhe turns her ſelf upon her Pillow, and commanding her Daughter to call in her Women, ſhe would not allow her the liberty to reply. Madam *de Cleve* left the Chamber, and you may eaſily conjecture in what condition too. Madam *de Chartres* gave up all the thoughts of the little Remnant of her Life, towards a preparation for a happier Being. She ſpun out two days longer, in which time ſhe would not admit her Daughter into her preſence, though ſhe was the only thing of value ſhe left behind her.

Poor Madam *de Cleve* was diſſolv'd into Trouble and Tears. Her Husband never left

left her, & aſſoon as her Mothers Eyes were clos'd, he conducts her into the Country, to remove her from a place which gave her no other Objects, but of grief and ſorrow. 'Twas wonderful to obſerve, that notwithſtanding the memory of her Love and Tenderneſs to her, ought to have had the greateſt ſhare in her Diſcontent; the neceſſity of her Mother's Conduct, to arm her againſt this Prince's Charms, had alſo its part in it. She begins to ſee her unhappineſs to be thus forlorn, in an Exigent wherein ſhe was ſo little Miſtreſs of her thoughts, and in a ſeaſon ſhe ſo much wanted one in whoſe Breaſt ſhe might depoſit her complaints. The reſpect of Monſieur *de Cleve*'s carriage to her, oblig'd her to wiſh more than ever, that ſhe might not be failing in any thing that might anſwer her Love and Duty. She endeavour'd to repair her former Errour, by greater evidences of her Kindneſs to him, than ſhe had ſhewn before. She could not endure he ſhould part from her, ſhe ſeem'd (as it were) forcibly to fix her ſelf upon him; that he might ſhelter her from the troubleſome Addreſſes of the Duke of *Nemours*.

The Duke came to give a Viſit to Monſieur *de Cleve* in the Country, with deſign to pay another to his Lady; which ſhe refuſed. And being ſenſible ſhe could not avoid his

Courtſhip, ſhe had taken a reſolution to prevent the occaſion, and not ſee him.

Monſieur *de Cleve* came to *Paris* to compleat his Train, and promis'd his Lady to return the next day; but he diſappointed her, for he came not till the day after. *I expected you all yeſterday* (ſays Madam *de Cleve*) *and I ought to chide you for your breach of Faith. You muſt believe, if I were capable of any new Affliction in the condition I am in, the Death of Madam* de Tournon, *which was brought me this very Morning had certainly given it me. I had been leſs concern'd, had I not had the happineſs to know her; ſhe is a Subject worthy our Pity, when we conſider that a young Lady of her Beauty ſhould die ſo ſuddenly, as in two days. But it troubles me moſt, when I reflect upon her as the only Perſon in the World, that was dear to me for her Merit and Diſcretion.*

I am very ſorry I have diſappointed you, anſwers Monſieur *de Cleve*; *My Preſence was ſo neceſſary to contribute to the conſolation of a poor unfortunate Gentleman, that I could not in honour leave him. As for Madam* de Tournon, *be not afflicted at her loſs, if you regret it as of a Lady, whoſe Prudence was deſerving your value and eſteem. You make me admire you* (ſays Madam *de Cleve*) *for I have often heard you ſay, that there was not a Lady in the*

the Court, for whom you had a greater Honour, 'Tis true (replies Monſieur *de Cleve*) *but you Women are incomprehenſible; and when I have ſeen them all, I find my ſelf ſo happy in you alone, I cannot ſufficiently value my own content. You are pleas'd to eſteem me more than I deſerve* (ſays Madam *de Cleve*, fetching a Sigh) *and if I have not hitherto learnt the Method to endear my ſelf, give me the Leſſon Madam* de Tournon *has taught you.* 'Tis *long ſince that I learnt it* (replies Monſieur *de Cleve*) *and I was ſenſible ſhe had a Paſſion for the Count* de Sancerre, *to whom ſhe gave ſome hopes. I cannot believe* (ſays Madam *de Cleve*) *that Madam* de Tournon, *after the great antipathy ſhe had expreſs'd for Marriage, when ſhe was a Widow, and the publick declarations ſhe made, never to have a thought for it, ſhould flatter Monſieur* de Sancerre. *Had ſhe been ſo juſt* (replies Monſieur *de Cleve*) *as to have bounded her folly there, ſhe had not given the Court the Subject of ſo much Diſcourſe to her diſadvantage; but that which ſurpriz'd it, was, at the ſame time ſhe gave an equal Aſſurance to Monſieur* Eſtouteville. *And I'll give you the Relation of it.*

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE.

BOOK II.

YOU are not a ſtranger to the Friendſhip between *Sancerre* and me. Yet, great as it was, when about two years ſince he fell in love with Madam *de Tournon*, he made it his buſineſs to conceal it as cloſely from me as from others; and had the dexterity to keep it ſo private, that I never ſuſpected any ſuch thing. Madam *Tournon* affected a way of living ſo extreamly retir'd, and appear'd afflicted to that degree, for the death of her Husband, that it was the gene-

ral

ral Opinion there was no comforting of her, after a Loſs ſhe ſo much lamented. She ſcarce admitted a Viſit from any Perſon, but *Sancerre*'s Siſter, nor viſited any other; and at his Siſters Lodging, *Sancerre* fell in Love with her.

One Evening there was to be a Play at Court; and all things being ready, the Actors waited the coming of the King and Madam *de Valentinois*; when News was brought, ſhe was not well, and the King would not come, every one gueſs'd her Indiſpoſition was nothing elſe but ſome Quarrel with the King: and though all the Court knew how jealous he had been of the Marſhal of *Briſac*, while he continu'd at Court, yet the Marſhal being ſome days before return'd for *Piemont*, we could not imagine the cauſe of their falling out. As I was diſcourſing of it to *Sancerre*, Monſieur *d'Anvile* came into the Hall, and whiſper'd me in the Ear, that the King was ſo vex'd and ſo angry it would make any one pity him: that when the jars he lately had with the Ducheſs of *Valentinois*, about the Marſhal *Briſac*, were compos'd a few days ago, the King had given her a Ring, and pray'd her to wear it. That as ſhe was a dreſſing to come to the Play, the King miſs'd the Ring on her Finger, and ask'd what was become of

it,

it. She appear'd aſtoniſh'd ſhe had it not, and call'd to her Women for it; who unluckily, or for want of inſtruction to the contrary, preſently anſwer'd, it was four or five days ſince they ſaw it.

'Tis preciſely ſo long, continues Monſieur *d'Anvile*, ſince the Marſhal *Briſac* left the Court, and the King makes no doubt, but as ſhe bid him adieu, ſhe gave him the Ring. The thought of this cut the King to the quick, and kindled afreſh his late jealouſie into ſo ſudden and violent a flame, that it put him in an extraordinary Paſſion, and made him break out into ſharp expreſſions, and very reproachful Language againſt her. He is newly gone into his Lodgings extreamly afflicted, but whether more with the thought of the Ducheſs having made a Sacrifice of his Ring to the Marſhal *Briſac*, or with fear of having diſpleas'd her by his Paſſion, I cannot reſolve you.

Monſieur *d'Anvile* had no ſooner made an end of telling me the News, but I went to *Sancerre* to acquaint him with it. I told it him as a Secret, newly intruſted with me, and charg'd him not to ſpeak of it.

The morrow betimes I went to my Siſter-in-Law's, and found at her Bed-ſide Madam *de Tournon*, who had no great Kindneſs for Madam *de Valentinois*, and knew well enough my

my Siſter-in-Law had ſmall reaſon to think well of her: *Sancerre*, when the Play was done, went to Madam *de Tournon*'s and gave her an account of the Quarrel between the King and the Ducheſs, which Madam *de Tournon* was then come to relate to my Siſter-in-Law, not knowing *Sancerre* had had it from me.

Aſſoon as I came up to my Siſter-in-Law, ſhe told Madam *de Tournon* I might be truſted with the Relation ſhe had newly made, and, without further expecting permiſſion from Madam *de Tournon*, my Siſter-in-Law told me word by word, all I had told *Sancerre* the night before. This you may believe, ſurpriz'd me very much: I look'd upon Madam *de Tournon*, ſhe appear'd diſorder'd: Her diſorder rais'd a ſuſpicion in me: I had not told any but *Sancerre* the News: as we were going from the Play he had quitted me, without telling me the Reaſon: It came into my mind I had heard him ſpeak much in commendation of Madam *de Tournon*: All this together open'd my Eyes, and made me eaſily to diſcern an Intrigue of Gallantry between *Sancerre* and her, and that when he left me, he went to ſee her.

I was ſo vext to find he kept this Adventure from me: I let fall ſome Expreſſions that made Madam *de Tournon* ſenſible how indiſcreet

diſcreet ſhe had been: I brought her to her Coach, and told her at parting, I envy'd his happineſs who had given her the News of the Quarrel between the King and Madam *de Valentinois.*

I went preſently in ſearch of *Sancerre*, reproach'd him with his unkindneſs, and (without acquainting him how I made the diſcovery) I told him, I knew the Paſſion he had for Madam *de Tournon:* He was forc'd to confeſs it, and then I told how I came to know it, and he as frankly gave me an exact account of their Adventure; adding, that though he were a younger Brother, & could not pretend to ſo great a Match, yet he had encouragement enough from the Lady to try his fortune. You cannot imagine the ſurprize I was in at his diſcourſe: I adviſ'd him to haſten the concluſion of the Marriage, and told him he muſt provide for the worſt, having to deal with a Woman that did ſo neatly impoſe upon the publick, by acting with that artifice a part ſo different from what he knew ſhe really was: He anſwer'd, the death of her husband had really troubled her; but the inclination ſhe had for him diſſipated that trouble, and ſhe was unwilling the world ſhould on the ſudden be witneſs of the Change. He added other Reaſons in excuſe of her, which gave me light enough to ſee how deeply he was in Love.

Love. He aſſur'd me he would procure her conſent, to let me know the paſſion he had for her, ſince ſhe had made the firſt diſcovery towards it: nor was he worſe than his word, though ſhe was very loath to give way to an open acknowledgment: and thenceforward I was their Confident to a very high meaſure.

Never did I ſee a Woman carry her ſelf with a Civility ſo ſuitable to the Exigences of her Servant's condition; yet I confeſs I wonder'd ſhe ſtill affected to appear troubled for the Death of her Husband. *Sancerre* was ſo deeply in Love, and ſo pleas'd with her kind uſage of him, that he durſt not preſs the concluſion of the Marriage, for fear of making her ſuſpect he courted her more for Intereſt than for Love. Yet he ſpoke to her of it, and ſhe appear'd willing to be marry'd to him. With that ſhe began to quit her Solitude, and appear abroad to the World: She viſited my Siſter-in-Law at ſuch hours ſhe was ſure to find ſome of the Court at her Lodgings. *Sancerre* came ſeldom thither: but thoſe who were at my Siſter-in-Laws every Night, and ſaw Madam *de Tournon* frequently there, thought her very amiable.

She had not long quitted her Solitude, but *Sancerre* fancy'd ſhe cool'd in her Paſſion for him. He often told me ſo, though I made very

very light of it. At laſt when he inform'd me, that inſtead of concluding the marriage, ſhe put it off, I thought he had ground enough for apprehenſion. I anſwer'd, it was no wonder a paſſion two years old ſhould be a little abated; and were it ſtill as high as ever, poſſibly it was not ſtrong enough to oblige her to marry him; yet he had not juſt cauſe of complaint, being ſatisfy'd ſuch a Marriage would (as to the Publick) be much to her prejudice, not only for that he was not a competent Match for her, but that it would reflect upon her Reputation; that all he could deſire, was, ſhe ſhould not deceive him, by giving him falſe hopes. I added, that if ſhe had not the power to marry him, or if ſhe declar'd ſhe was in Love with another, he muſt not be angry nor complain, but continue the eſteem, and perſevere to pay her the reſpect he had for her: *I give you*, ſaid I, *the Counſel I would take in the like Caſe; for I am ſo great a Friend to ſincerity, that I believe ſhould my Miſtreſs or my Wife confeſs to me ingenuouſly, another better pleas'd them than I, it would trouble me without making me angry: I would lay by the Perſon of a Lover or a Husband, to be at liberty only to adviſe her, and to make my Complaint.*

Madam *de Cleve* bluſh'd at theſe Words, wherein ſhe diſcern'd ſomething ſo nearly relating

lating to her preſent condition, that very much ſurpriz'd her, and put her into a diſorder, out of which it was not in her power to recover her ſelf for ſome time.

Sancerre, continues Monſieur *de Cleve*, acquainted Madam *de Tournon* with the advice I had given him. But ſhe took that care to ſatisfie him, and appear'd ſo much offended at his ſuſpicions, that ſhe left him fully aſſur'd of the reality of her kindneſs for him. However ſhe put off the Marriage till after his return from a long Journey he was to take, yet ſhe carry'd her ſelf ſo well till his departure, and appear'd ſo afflicted at it, that I thought as well as *Sancerre*, ſhe really lov'd him. He hath been gone about three months, and you have ſo wholly taken me up ever ſince, I ſcarce had the opportunity to ſee Madam *de Tournon* in his abſence, and knew only that *Sancerre* was ſuddenly expected.

Two days ago, when I came to *Paris*, hearing of her death; I ſent to *Sancerre*'s Lodgings, to enquire what News of him; they ſent me word he was arriv'd the Night before, being the very ſame Madam *de Tournon* died on: I went immediately to ſee him, doubting very much what condition I ſhould find him in; but the trouble I ſaw him under, exceeded my imagination.

Never did I ſee ſorrow ſo deep, and ſo tender:

tender: Aſſoon as he ſaw me, he burſt into Tears, and embracing me, *I ſhall never ſee her more*, ſays he, *I ſhall never ſee her more: ſhe is dead; I was not worthy of her, but I ſhall quickly follow her.*

Having ſaid this, he held his peace: afterwards from time to time, repeating, *ſhe is gone, I ſhall ſee her no more*; he fell again into Tears and Lamentations; he was like a man diſtracted: He told me, he had receiv'd but few Letters from her in his abſence, but that he knew her ſo well, he wonder'd not at it, being ſufficiently aſſur'd ſhe was always very ſhy of ſending Letters; yet he made no doubt but ſhe would have been marry'd to him at his return. He took her for the moſt amiable and moſt faithful Perſon in the world, and thought ſhe lov'd him with a great deal of tenderneſs, and loſt her at the time he hop'd to have made ſure of her for his own for ever. Theſe thoughts plung'd him into deep affliction, which, I confeſs, mov'd my pity, and made me look upon him as an Object worthy ſerious Commiſeration.

I was forc'd to leave him to go to the King, but promis'd to return in a very ſhort time, and accordingly did ſo; I was never ſo ſurpriz'd, as when at my return, I found him quite another man: He was in his Chamber with fury in his face, ſometimes going, ſometimes

times ſtanding ſtill, as if he had been mad. *Come, come,* ſays he to me, *Come ſee the moſt deſperate of Men: I am a thouſand times more unfortunate than I was a while ago, and what I have newly heard of Madam* de Tournon, *is worſe than her Death.*

I look'd on this diſorder as an effect of his grief, and could not imagine any thing could be worſe than the Death of a Miſtreſs one loves, and who loves him again. I told him, while he kept within bounds, I approv'd his Paſſion, and pity'd his Sorrow, but he was not to expect I ſhould bemoan him any longer, if he gave himſelf up to deſpair, and would run out of his Wits. *Happy had it been for me,* cries he, *had I long ſince run out of my Wits and my Life too: Madam* de Tournon *was falſe to me, and I am ſo unfortunate, as not to have diſcover'd her Infidelity till the morrow after her Death, at a time when my Heart is at once full of the moſt paſſionate Love Man is capable of, and pierc'd through and through with grief, the ſmarteſt that ever was felt: I retain at this moment in my fancy the impreſſion of her Image as the model of perfection, not in my Eyes only, but in the Judgment of all Mankind, when the ſame inſtant I ſee my ſelf deceived, and find ſhe deſerves not my ſorrow. Yet I am as much troubled at her death as if ſhe had been true to me, and reſent her infidelity as if ſhe*

were living: Had I heard of her inconſtancy before ſhe had dy'd, anger, jealouſie and rage would have harden'd my heart againſt the ſenſe of the loſs of her, but the miſery of my Condition is ſuch, I am incapable of comfort, yet know not how to hate her.

Judge you whether I was not ſurpriz'd at *Sancerres* expreſſions. I ask'd him how he came to know ſhe had been falſe to him. He anſwer'd, I was no ſooner gone out of his Chamber, but *Eſtouteville* his intimate friend, but altogether a ſtranger to his Love for Madam *de Tournon*, came in to ſee him; that aſſoon as he ſate down, he fell a crying, and begg'd his pardon for having conceal'd from him what he was now come to tell him, that he intreated his pity; that he was come to open his very heart to him, and that of all the men in the world, he was the moſt griev'd at the death of Madam *de Tournon*.

I was ſo ſurpriz'd at his naming her, that though I was juſt upon anſwering, I was more griev'd at it than he, yet I had not the power to ſay ſo. He went on with his Story, and told me he had been ſix Months in love with her; that he was ſtil for making me acquainted with it, but ſhe had expreſly forbidden it, and with ſo ſtrict a charge he durſt not diſobey her. That he had had the good fortune to pleaſe her aſſoon almoſt as he had fallen

in

in love with her; that they had conceal'd their paſſion from all the World; that he had never been publickly at her houſe; that he had the pleaſure to ſee himſelf effectually capable of making her lay aſide her ſorrow for the death of her Husband, and that juſt as ſhe dy'd he ſhould have marry'd her, and that their Marriage, which really was an effect of Love, was to have paſt in the world as a pure effect of duty and obedience; that in order to this ſhe had prevail'd with her Father to command her to marry him, to prevent the cenſures of the world, and ſtop the Mouths of thoſe who would have cry'd out at the great alteration of her Conduct, which had appear'd ſo averſe from the thoughts of a ſecond Marriage.

While *Eſtouteville* was ſpeaking, continues *Sancerre*, I believ'd all he ſaid; his diſcourſe ſeem'd ſo probable, and the more for that about the time he ſaid he firſt fell in love with her, I firſt obſerv'd a change in her. But the next moment I thought him a Liar or a Mad man. I was going to tell him ſo, but was prevail'd upon by the deſire I had of a fuller diſcovery, to queſtion him further, & to throw in Objections againſt what he ſaid. I proceeded ſo far towards convincing my ſelf of my Misfortune, that he ask'd me If I knew Madam *de Tournon*'s hand-writing? With that,

he threw on my Bed four Letters of hers, and her Picture. At that very inſtant my Brother came in. *Eſtouteville* was ſo blubber'd with crying, he was forc'd to go out to avoid being ſeen, telling me he would come again in the Evening, to fetch what he left with me. I ſent away my Brother, pretending my ſelf ill; ſo impatient was I to read thoſe Letters, in hopes to find ſomething there, to make me disbelieve what *Eſtouteville* had ſaid. But alas, what found I there? what Tenderneſs, what Oaths, what Aſſurances of marrying him? Never had ſhe writ ſuch Letters to me: Thus, adds he, am I aſſaulted at once with grief for her death, and vexation for her falſeneſs: Two Evils often compar'd, but ſeldom felt by the ſame perſon at once. To my ſhame be it ſpoken, the loſs of her ſtill troubles me more than her inconſtancy, and I cannot find in my heart to think ſhe deſerved death for her Treachery. Were ſhe living, I ſhould take pleaſure in reproaching her, and taking my Revenge of her, by letting her know how unjuſt ſhe was; *But I ſhall never ſee her more*, ſays he again, *I ſhall never ſee her more. This is the greateſt Misfortune: O that I could reſtore her to life, though with the loſs of my own! Yet what do I wiſh for? were ſhe alive again, ſhe would be* Eſtouteville's: *How happy was I yeſterday*, cries he, *how happy*

py was I when the moſt ſorrowful of Men: Yet my ſorrow appear'd reaſonable, and it was a pleaſure to think it my duty never to be comforted: To day every thing I do methinks is unreaſonable: I pay a Paſſion, ſhe only feign'd for me, that tribute of grief I thought juſtly due to a ſincere affection. It is not in my power to hate or to love the memory of her: I am incapable of comfort, yet know not how to grieve for her. However, ſays he, turning ſhort to me, *I conjure you, take care* Eſtouteville *come not in ſight of me. I abhor the very name of him. I know well enough I have no cauſe to complain of him, it was my fault not to tell him I lov'd M.* de Tournon. *Had he known it, perhaps he would never have made an Addreſs to her, nor ſhe have been falſe to me. He made it his buſineſs to find me out, to communicate his Sorrows to me. I cannot but pity him. Ha,* cries he, *has he not reaſon to be ſorry? He lov'd Madam* de Tournon, *was belov'd of her, and ſhall never ſee her more; yet I find by my ſelf I cannot chuſe but hate him. However, I conjure you once more, let me not ſee him.*

Sancerre after this, fell a crying again, he was ſorry for Madam *de Tournon*, he ſpoke of her, and gave her the kindeſt expreſſions imaginable; preſently he hates her, he complains of her, he reproaches and curſes her: When I obſerv'd his Condition, I knew I ſhould want ſome help to quiet him. I ſent

for his Brother, whom I had newly left with the King: I gave him the meeting in the Anti-chamber, to give him an account of *Sancerre*'s condition: We gave order to prevent his ſeeing *Eſtouteville*, and ſpent part of the Night in endeavouring to bring him to himſelf. This morning I found him more troubled than ever: I left his Brother with him, and came to you.

I am extremely ſurpriz'd at the News, ſays Madam *de Cleve*; *I thought Madam* de Tournon *incapable either of Love or Deceit. 'Tis not poſſible any one*, replies Monſieur *de Cleve*, *ſhould carry her ſelf with greater diſſimulation or cunning.* Obſerve, that when *Sancerre* thought her alter'd as to him, ſhe really was ſo; and began to love *Eſtouteville*, telling him he was the only Man could make her forget the death of her Husband, and for whoſe ſake ſhe quitted her Retirement, when *Sancerre* thought the while it proceeded from no other cauſe but a reſolution to appear leſs afflicted than formerly: ſhe made it matter of favour to *Eſtouteville* that ſhe conceal'd their correſpondence, and ſeem'd oblig'd by her Father to marry him, which ſhe pretended proceeded purely from the care of her reputation, when it was in truth a trick to put off *Sancerre*, without leaving him juſt cauſe of complaint: *I muſt needs return,*

return, continues Monſieur *de Cleve*, *to ſee my unfortunate friend, and I think you may do well to go with me to* Paris: *'Tis high time for you to appear abroad, and receive thoſe Viſits you cannot well diſpence with.*

Madam *de Cleve* agreed to the Propoſal, and return'd on the Morrow; ſhe found her ſelf more at eaſe as to Monſieur *de Nemours*, than ſhe formerly had been: what Madam *de Chartres* ſaid on her Death-Bed, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, had ſo ſuſpended her thoughts of him, that ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be no more troubled with him.

The ſame Evening ſhe arriv'd, the Queen-Dauphin gave her a Viſit, and having told her how much ſhe ſhar'd in her afflictions, ſhe ſaid, to divert her from thoſe ſad thoughts, ſhe would inform her of all that had paſt at Court in her abſence, and accordingly gave her an account of ſeveral particulars. *But that I have moſt mind to acquaint you with*, adds ſhe, *is, that it is moſt certain Monſieur* de Nemours *is paſſionately in Love, and that he is ſo far from making any the moſt intimate friend he has his Confident in the caſe, there is not one can gueſs who it is he is in Love with: though he be ſo deeply in Love, it makes him neglect, if not quit the hopes of a Crown.* With that, ſhe gave her an account of what concern'd the matter of *England*: *What I have*

told you, ſays ſhe, *I had from Monſieur* d'Anvile, *who told me this Morning the King had yeſterday ſent for Monſieur* de Nemours, *upon Letters receiv'd from* Lignerolles *who deſires leave to return, as not able any longer to excuſe to the Queen of* England *the delays of Monſieur* de Nemours, *that the Queen begins to take it ill, and that though ſhe had not made a poſitive promiſe, ſhe had ſaid enough to encourage the hazarding a Voyage.* The King read this Letter to Monſieur *de Nemours*, who, inſtead of ſpeaking ſeriouſly, as he had done at firſt, fell a laughing and ſcoffing at *Lignerolles* hopes; ſaying, all *Europe* would condemn his imprudence, ſhould he undertake a Voyage for *England*, as pretending to Marriage with the Queen, without aſſurance of ſucceſs.

Beſides, adds he, *I could not time my buſineſs worſe, than to take my Journey at this Juncture, when the King of* Spain *makes Addreſs to that Queen for Marriage.* In matter of Gallantry, I confeſs his Catholick Majeſty were no very conſiderable Rival, but in a Treaty of Marriage *I* cannot think your Majeſty would adviſe me to ſtand in competition with him. 'I would on this occaſion, replies the 'King, for *I* know he is otherwiſe inclin'd; 'and were he not, Queen *Mary* took ſo little 'pleaſure in the Yoke of *Spain*, *I* cannot be- 'lieve her Siſter will undergo it, or ſuffer her 'ſelf

'ſelf to be blinded with the Glittering of ſo
'many Crowns on one Head: If ſhe yield not
'to the Splendor of ſo many Crowns, ſays
'Monſieur *de Nemours*, 'tis probable, ſhe
'will ſeek her happineſs in Love: She hath
'for ſome years lov'd my Lord *Courteney*:
'Queen *Mary* too was in Love with him, and
'would have marry'd him, and with publick
'conſent of her Kingdom, but that ſhe knew
'him more taken with the Youth and Beau-
'ty of her Siſter *Elizabeth*, than ambitious
'of Reigning. Your Majeſty knows her Jea-
'louſie of them made her clap them up Pri-
'ſoners, and afterwards baniſh'd my Lord
'*Courteney*, and prevail'd with her at laſt to
'reſolve to marry with the King of *Spain*.
'*Elizabeth*, who now poſſeſſes the Throne
'of her Siſter, will, *I* believe, ſhortly call
'home my Lord *Courteney*, and will rather
'make choice of him for her Husband, whom
'ſhe hath lov'd, and who is really amiable,
'and hath been a great Sufferer for her, than
'of a man ſhe hath never ſeen. Were *Courte-*
'*ney* alive, ſays the King *I* ſhould be of your
'mind; but *I* have been certainly inform'd
'ſome days ſince, that he is dead at *Padua*,
'whither he was baniſh'd: But *I* ſee, adds
'the King, as he left Monſieur *de Nemours*,
'your Marriage muſt be made up juſt as the
'Dauphin's was, and Ambaſſadors muſt be
'ſent to eſpouſe the Q of *England*. Mon-

Monſieur *d'Anvile* and the *Vidame*, who were with the King when he ſpoke to *Nemours*, are clearly of opinion, nothing could divert him from ſo great a deſign, but the paſſion he is ſo deeply ingag'd in. The *Vidame* who knows him beſt of any man living, hath told Madam *de Martignes*, he finds ſuch a change in Monſieur *de Nemours*, he ſcarce knows him. And, which he moſt wonders at, he cannot obſerve he hath any private Correſpondence; nor can he diſcover any ſecret haunts he hath, or that he is miſſing at any time, which makes the *Vidame* believe he holds not correſpondence with the perſon he loves; and this is the reaſon he thinks himſelf ſo much miſtaken in Monſieur *de Nemours*, to ſee him in love with a Woman that does not love him again.

What a poyſonous diſcourſe was this for Madam *de Cleve*? How could ſhe chuſe but know her ſelf the Perſon whoſe Name was not known? How could ſhe but be deeply affected with gratitude and tenderneſs at the News ſhe receiv'd, by a way not at all liable to ſuſpicion, that this Prince ſhe had ſo great an inclination for, conceal'd his paſſion from all the World, and ſlighted for love of her the hopes of a Crown; it is impoſſible to deſcribe her Sentiments on this occaſion, and repreſent to the life the trouble it rais'd in her.

her. Had the Queen-Dauphin ey'd her more cloſely, ſhe would have eaſily diſcover'd ſhe was concern'd at the Diſcourſe: But as ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the truth, ſhe proceeded without taking notice of her; Monſieur *d'Anvile*, adds ſhe, who, as I told you, acquainted me with theſe particulars, thinks I know the buſineſs better than he, and hath ſo great an opinion of my Charms, he believes me the ſole perſon capable to cauſe ſo extraordinary alterations in Monſieur *de Nemours*.

Theſe laſt Words rais'd another kind of trouble in Madam *de Cleve*, very different from that ſhe was formerly in. 'I am of his 'mind (anſwers ſhe) and 'tis very probable 'that no leſs than ſuch a Princeſs as you could 'make him deſpiſe the Queen of *England*. *I* 'would confeſs it, did *I* know it, replies the 'Queen-Dauphin, and *I* ſhould certainly 'know it, were it true: Paſſions of this Na-'ture ſeldom eſcape the diſcovery of thoſe 'who occaſion them: They are the firſt that 'diſcern them. Monſieur *de Nemours* never 'expreſs'd for me other than ſlight and ſu-'perficial complaiſance; yet *I* obſerve ſo great 'difference between his preſent and former 'deportment towards me, *I* dare aſſure you *I* 'am not the cauſe of that indifference he 'ſhews for the Crown of *England*: But

'*I*

'*I* am ſo taken with your company, *I* 'forget my ſelf, & mind not the obligation *I* 'am under of ſeeing Madam: you know the 'peace isin a manner concluded, but 'tis poſ-'ſible it may be News to you, that the King 'of *Spain* refuſes to Sign the Articles, but up-'oncondition he ſhall marry that Princeſs, in-'ſtead of the Prince *Don Carlos* his Son. The 'King was loath to conſent to it, but hath 'done it at laſt, and is newly gone to carry 'Madam the News: *I* believe it will much 'trouble her; what pleaſure can ſhe expect 'from marrying a man of the Age and Hu-'mour of the King of *Spain*, eſpecially ſhe ſo 'jovial, ſo young, and ſo beautiful a Lady, 'who expected to marry a young Prince, for 'whom unſeen ſhe had a ſtrong inclination?

I queſtion whether the King will meet with the obedience he deſires in her. He hath charg'd me to ſee her, becauſe he knows ſhe loves me, and that *I* have ſome power over her: *I* ſhall from thence make another Viſit (of a very different nature) to congratulate the King's Siſter for the concluſion of her Marriage with the Prince of *Savoy*, who is expected in few days: Never had perſon of the Age of this Princeſs ſo great cauſe to rejoyce at her Marriage. The Court will be more numerous and glorious than ever, and in ſpight of all your affliction you muſt come

and

and help us to let the Strangers ſee we are furniſh'd with no mean Beauties.

Having ſaid this, the Queen-Dauphin left Madam *de Cleve*, and on the Morrow the marriage of Madam was in every ones mouth. The day after the King and Queens went to ſee Madam *de Cleve:* Monſieur *de Nemours* who had waited her return with extream impatience, and wiſht paſſionately he might ſpeak with her in private, put off going to her, till the time all company broke up, and probably none would return thither that night. It fell out as he had wiſht, and he came in as the laſt Viſiters were taking their leaves.

The Princeſs was on her Bed, the weather hot, and the ſight of Monſieur *de Nemours* put her to a bluſh, that made her more amiable. He ſate over againſt her, with a reſpect and fearfulneſs incident only to a genuine Paſſion; he was ſpeechleſs for ſome time: Madam *de Cleve* was as mute as he, ſo that they were both ſilent a pretty while: At laſt Monſieur *de Nemours* complemented her, condoling her affliction. Madam *de Cleve*, very glad of diſcourſe on that Subject, ſpoke a good while of the loſs ſhe had had; and told him at laſt, though time might abate the violence of her grief, ſhe ſhould ſtill retain ſo deep an impreſſion of it, it would alter her humour.

'Tis true, Madam, replies M. de Nemours,

great troubles and violent paſſions occaſion great alterations in our tempers; though I was never actually ſenſible of it but ſince my return from Flanders: *Many have obſerv'd in me a very great change, and the* Queen-Dauphin *her ſelf ſpoke to me of it yeſterday. She has indeed taken notice of it,* ſays *Madam* de Cleve, *and I think I have heard her ſpeak of it. I am not diſpleas'd, Madam,* anſwers *Monſieur* de Nemours, *that ſhe hath perceiv'd it, but ſhould be very glad ſhe were not the only Perſon that did ſo, There are Perſons in the World to whom we dare give no other evidences of the Paſſion we have for them, but by things that concern them not; yet when we dare not make it appear we love them, we are willing at leaſt to let them ſee we deſire not the Love of any other; we are willing to let them know we look with indifference on all other Beauties, though in the higheſt ſphere, and that a Crown may be too dear, if to be purchas'd with no leſs price than the abſence from her we adore. Ordinarily, Ladies judge of the Paſſion had for them, by the care their Servants take to attend and to pleaſe them; but be they never ſo little amiable, thoſe are eaſie tasks to perform. There is no great difficulty in giving our ſelves the pleaſure to wait on them; but to avoid their company for fear of diſcovering to the World, and almoſt to themſelves, the Paſſion we have for them, that's*

a

a difficult point: the trueſt evidence of being really in Love, is, when we become quite other men than we were, when we renounce our Ambition and our Pleaſures, having all our Life purſu'd the one and the other.

Madam *de Cleve* eaſily underſtood how far ſhe was concern'd in this Diſcourſe, ſhe thought it her duty to cut it off by an Anſwer. Preſently her Mind alter'd, and ſhe was of opinion it was better to make as if ſhe underſtood it not, & give him no cauſe to think ſhe took it to her ſelf; ſhe thought ſhe ought to ſpeak, and thought ſhe ought to be ſilent; this diſcourſe did in a manner equally pleaſe and diſpleaſe her. It convinc'd her of the truth of all the Queen-Dauphin made her think of him; ſhe could not but look upon it as full of gallantry and reſpect, but withal ſomewhat bold, and a little too plain and intelligible. The inclination ſhe had for that Prince, put her into a diſorder it was not in her power to maſter; the darkeſt expreſſions of a Perſon we love, move more than the cleareſt Declarations of a perſon we have no inclination for. She made him no Anſwer. Monſieur *de Nemours* took notice of her ſilence, and perhaps would have taken it for no ill Omen. But Mr. *de Cleve*'s coming in, put an end to their Diſcourſe and his Viſit.

The Prince of *Cleve* came in to give his

Lady

Lady a further account of *Sancerre*, but ſhe was not very curious to know the iſſue of that Adventure. Her thoughts were ſo taken up with what ſhe had newly heard from Monſieur *de Nemours*, ſhe could ſcarce hide the diſtraction ſhe was under. Aſſoon as ſhe was at liberty to muſe of what was paſt, ſhe ſaw clearly how much ſhe had been deceiv'd, when ſhe thought her ſelf indifferent as to Monſieur *de Nemours*; his Diſcourſe had made as deep impreſſion on her as he could wiſh, and fully convinc'd her of the truth of his Paſſion, his Actions agreeing too well with his words to leave her the leaſt ſhadow of doubt. She no longer flatter'd her ſelf with hopes of not loving him; all her care was not to let him know it: ſhe knew this would prove a very hard Task, having already had experience of the difficulty of it: ſhe knew there was no way of doing it, but by avoiding the preſence of that Prince: Her being in Mourning gave her occaſion of living more retir'd than ordinary, and ſhe took that pretence not to frequent places where ſhe might ſee him: very ſad and diſconſolate ſhe was, but the death of her Mother appear'd to be the cauſe of it, and no ſuſpicion was had of any other.

Mounſieur *de Nemours* was almoſt diſtracted he could not have a ſight of her, and knowing

ing there was no finding her in Company, and that ſhe appeared not at any Divertiſements at Court, he could not prevail with himſelf to be there, but pretended a great love for Hunting, and made Matches for that Sport upon the days the Ladies and the reſt of the Court us'd to meet at the Queens Lodgings. A ſlight indiſpoſition ſerv'd him a long time for a pretence to keep home, and abſent himſelf from thoſe places he knew there were no hopes to ſee Madam *de Cleve*.

Monſieur *de Cleve* was ſick much about the ſame time. During his Ilneſs, Madam *de Cleve* ſtirr'd not out of his Chamber: But when he grew better and admitted Viſiters, particularly Monſieur *de Nemours*, who, under pretence of being not yet fully recover'd, ſpent there the greateſt part of the day; ſhe found it was not in her power to ſtay there; yet at his firſt coming ſhe could not quit the Room. 'Twas ſo long ſince ſhe had ſeen him, ſhe could not quickly reſolve to ſee him no more. Monſieur *de Nemours* had the Addreſs by Diſcourſes that appear'd altogether general (but ſhe underſtood well enough by the relation they had to what he had privately ſaid to her in her Chamber) to let her know he went a Hunting only for more liberty to think of her; and that the reaſon he quitted Meetings at Court, was her not being there.

At laſt, but with very much ado, ſhe put in execution the reſolution ſhe had taken to quit her Husband's Chamber when Monſieur *de Nemours* was there, who quickly perceiv'd ſhe ſhunn'd him, and was very much troubl'd at it.

Monſieur *de Cleve* did not preſently take notice of his Ladies conduct in this particular, but became ſenſible at length ſhe went out of his Chamber when Company was there. He told her of it: ſhe anſwer'd, ſhe thought it not decent for her to be there every Evening in company with the youngeſt of the Court, that ſhe intreated him to allow her to live more retir'd than ſhe had done hitherto: that the virtue and preſence of her Mother, while ſhe liv'd, had given her priviledge in ſome things ſhe thought no longer fit to be made uſe of by a Woman of her Age.

Monſieur *de Cleve*, who naturally had a great deal of kindneſs and complaiſance for his Wife, expreſt it not on this occaſion, but told her he could by no means conſent ſhe ſhould alter her Conduct. She was upon the point of telling him, it was the general report Monſieur *de Nemours* was in Love with her, but ſhe had not the power to mention his Name; beſides ſhe thought it disingenuous to diſguiſe the Truth, and make uſe of

pre-

pretences to a Perſon who really had a very good opinion of her.

A few days after, the King was at the Queens Lodgings about the time of going to take the Ring; the Diſcourſe was of Horoſcopes and Predictions: the Company was divided in opinion what credit to be given them. The Queen maintained, that after ſo many things foretold, and afterwards come accordingly to paſs, it was not to be doubted but there was ſome certainty in that Science: others inſiſted, that of an infinite number of Predictions ſo very few prov'd true, that the truth of thoſe few muſt be look'd upon as a meer effect of Chance.

'I have heretofore, *ſays the King*, been very curious and inquiſitive of the future; but 'they have told me things ſo falſe and improbable, that I am convinc'd they know no-'thing certain. Not many years ſince there 'came hither a Man famous for Aſtrology; 'every one went to ſee him, and I among the 'reſt, but did not let him know who I was: 'I took with me Monſieur *de Guiſe* and *De-'ſcars*, and made them go in firſt: Yet the 'Aſtrologer addreſt himſelf to me, as if he 'had judg'd me Maſter to the other two, and 'perhaps he knew me; but if he did, he told 'me a thing no way ſuitable to me: His Pre-'diction was, I ſhould be kill'd in Duel. He

'told Monſieur *de Guiſe* he ſhould die of a 'wound given him behind; and *Deſcars*, that 'he ſhould have his Brains knockt out with 'the kick of a Horſe. Monſieur *de Guiſe* was 'offended at the Prediction, as if it import-'ed he would run away: *Deſcars* was not 'well pleas'd to hear he ſhould end his days 'by ſo unfortunate an Accident. In a word, 'we went out all three very ill ſatisfy'd with 'the Aſtrologer. What may happen to Mon-'ſieur *de Guiſe* and *Deſcars* I know not; but 'tis very improbable I ſhall be kill'd in Duel: 'The King of *Spain* and I have newly made 'Peace; and had we not done ſo, I queſtion 'much if we ſhould have fought, or I have 'ſent him a Challenge, as the King my Fa-'ther did to *Charles* the Fifth.

When the King had given this account of the Misfortune foretold ſhould happen to him, thoſe who before defended Aſtrology, deſerted it, and agreed there was no credit at all to be given to it. *For my part*, ſays Monſieur *de Nemours* aloud, *I of all men living have leaſt cauſe to credit it*; and turning himſelf towards Madam *de Cleve*, near whom he ſtood, *It has been told me*, ſays he to her very ſoftly, *I ſhould be happy in the Kindneſs of a Perſon, for whom I ſhould have the moſt violent, and the moſt reſpectful Paſſion imaginable. Judge you, Madam, if I*

have

have cauſe for any Faith in Predictions.

The Queen-Dauphin having heard what Monſieur *de Nemours* had ſaid aloud, thought what he ſaid ſoftly, had been ſome falſe Prediction told him, and ask'd him what it was he had ſaid to Madam *de Cleve*? Had his Wit been leſs ready, the Queſtion might have ſurpriz'd him; but he anſwer'd without any heſitation, it had been foretold him he ſhould be exalted to a Fortune ſo high he durſt not pretend to. *If this be it hath been foretold you*, ſays the Queen-Dauphin, ſmiling, and thinking of the Affair with *England*, *I would not adviſe you to run down Aſtrology, 'tis poſſible you may have Reaſons to give in defence of it.* Madam *de Cleve* underſtood the Queen Dauphin's Meaning, but knew withal that the Fortune Monſieur *de Nemours* ſpoke of, was not that of being King of *England*.

It was now a long time ſince the death of her Mother, and Madam *de Cleve* muſt appear abroad, and make her Court as ſhe had us'd. She had a ſight of Monſieur *de Nemours* at the Queen-Dauphin's, ſhe had a ſight of him at Monſieur *de Cleve*'s, where he frequently came with other Perſons of Quality of his Age, that no notice might be taken of it; but where-ever ſhe ſaw him, it gave her Trouble, and put her into

ſome Diſorder, which he eaſily perceiv'd. As careful as ſhe was to ſhun his looks, and ſpeak leſs to him than any other, ſhe could not prevent ſome ſudden eſcapes of her paſſion, that gave Monſieur *de Nemours* cauſe to believe ſhe had more than indifferent inclination for him. A man perhaps leſs diſcerning than he, could not have perceiv'd it, but he had been already ſo often belov'd, it was eaſie for him to know when one lov'd him. He knew the Chevalier *de Guiſe* was his Rival, and the Chevalier *de Guiſe* as clearly ſaw Monſieur *de Nemours* was his. Not one of the whole Court but the Chevalier *de Guiſe* had made the Diſcovery; his intereſt render'd him more clear-ſighted than the reſt. The knowledge they had of one anothers deſigns, made them croſs one another in all things, and they could not forbear expreſſing their ſpight on every occaſion, though it broke not out into open enmity. At the Runnings at the Ring, at Combats, at the Barrier, and all Divertiſements the King call'd them to, they were always of different Parties, and their emulation was ſo great it could not be hid.

Madam *de Cleve* could not forbear thinking frequently of the Affair with *England*; ſhe believ'd Monſieur *de Nemours* would not reſiſt the King's Advice, and the Inſtance

of *Lignerolles*, it troubled her to ſee *Lignerolles* was not yet return'd, and ſhe expected him every hour with the greateſt impatience: Her inclinations ſway'd her ſtrongly to inform her ſelf exactly of the ſtate of that Affair; but the ſame thought that rais'd her Curioſity, immediately ſuggeſted to her ſhe was oblig'd to conceal it, and ſhe enquir'd only of the Beauty, the Wit and Humour of Queen *Elizabeth*. The King had one of her Pictures brought him. Madam *de Cleve* thought it far handſomer than ſhe hop'd to have found it, and ſhe could not forbear ſaying, the Picture-drawer had flatter'd the Queen, in drawing her ſo beautiful. *I do not think ſo*, ſays the Queen-Dauphin, *that Princeſs is reputed extraordinary handſom and witty; and I am ſure ſhe hath been propos'd to me for an Example all my Life: ſhe muſt be very lovely, if like* Anne Bullen *her Mother: Never had a Lady ſo charming a Perſon, or ſo bewitching a ſweetneſs and lovelineſs in her humour: I have heard ſay ſhe had a ſingular ſprightlineſs in her Countenance, and not like the common* Engliſh *Beauties. I think*, ſays Madam *Cleve*, *I have been told ſhe was born in* France. *They that fancy ſo, are miſtaken*, replies the Queen-Dauphin, *and I will tell you the Story of her in a very few words.*

She was of a good Family in England, Henry *the* 8*th. had been in Love with her Mother and Siſter; and it was ſuſpected ſhe might be his Daughter. She came into* France *with* Henry *the* 7*th's Siſter, who was marry'd to King* Lewis *the* 12*th. This Princeſs being youthful and gallant, was loth to leave the Court of* France *at the Death of her Husband:* Anne Bullen, *whoſe Love for the* French *Court, was equal to her Miſtreſſes, reſolv'd not to quit it. The late King fell in Love with her, and ſhe was made Maid of Honour to Queen* Claudia: *This Queen dying, the Lady* Margaret, *the King's Siſter, Ducheſs of* Alanſon, *and ſince Queen of* Navarre, *took her into her Service, where ſhe receiv'd ſome Tincture of the Reformed Religion. Afterwards ſhe return'd into* England, *and charm'd all that ſaw her; ſhe ſung well, and danc'd excellently: They made her one of Queen* Katherine's *Maids of Honour, and* Henry *the* 8*th. fell deſperately in Love with her.*

Cardinal Wolſey, *his Favourite and prime Miniſter, was ill ſatisfy'd with the Emperor, for not having favour'd his Pretenſions to the Papacy; and to be reveng'd of him, reſolv'd to unite the King his Maſter to the* French. *To effect this, he ſuggeſted to* Henry *the* 8th. *that his Marriage with the Emperor's Aunt,*

was

was Null; and propos'd for a Wife to him the Ducheſs of Alanſon, *whoſe Husband was lately dead.* Anne Bullen *had Ambition enough to look upon the Divorce of King* Henry *from* Katharine, *as a means to make way for her into the Throne: She began to give the King ſome Impreſſions of the* Lutheran *Perſwaſion, and engag'd the late King here, to favour at* Rome *the Divorce of* Henry, *in hopes of his marrying the Ducheſs of* Alanſon. *Cardinal* Wolſey, *to have opportunity to treat of this Affair, prevail'd with King* Henry *to ſend him into* France *on other Buſineſs; but he was ſo far from giving him power to propoſe that Marriage, that he ſent him expreſs Order to* Calais *not to ſpeak of it.*

At his Return from France, *Cardinal* Wolſey *was receiv'd with Honours equal to thoſe they would have done to the King: Never did Favourite carry on Pride and Vanity to ſo high a Pitch: He manag'd an Interview between the two Kings at* Bulloigne. Francis *the Firſt would have given the upper hand to* Henry *the Eighth, but he would not take it; they treated one another by turns with extraordinary Magnificence, and preſented each other with Habits equal to thoſe they had caus'd to be made for themſelves: I have heard it ſaid, thoſe the late King ſent the King of* England, *were of Crimſon Sattin,*

beſet

beſet all over with Pearls and Diamonds, and a Robe of white Velvet embroider'd with Gold. After ſome days ſtay at Bulloigne, *they went to* Calice ; Anne Bullen *was lodg'd in* Henry *the 8th's Court, with the Train of a Queen, and* Francis *the Firſt made her the ſame Preſents, and did her the ſame Honour, as if ſhe had been actually ſo. At laſt, after a Paſſion of Nine years continuance,* Henry *the 8th. married her, without ſtaying for the Diſſolution of his firſt Marriage, which he had a long time demanded at* Rome. *The Pope haſtily thunder'd Excommunications againſt him, which provok'd the King ſo highly, that he declar'd himſelf Head of the Religion, and drew* England *after him into the Change ye now ſee.*

Anne Bullen *enjoy'd not her Grandeur long; for when ſhe thought it ſureſt by the Death of Queen* Katharine, *one day as ſhe was ſeeing, with the whole Court, a Match made by the Viſcount* Rochfort *her Brother, to run at the Ring ; the King was ſuddenly ſtruck with ſo furious a Jealouſie, that he haſtily left the Show, and went ſtraight to* London, *having left Order for arreſting the Queen, the Viſcount* Rochfort, *and ſeveral others whom he thought Lovers or Confidents of that Princeſs : though in appearance this Jealouſie of the King's ſeem'd to owe its*

Birth

Birth to that moment; the truth is, it had been inſpir'd into him ſome time before by the Viſcounteſs Rochfort, *who was not able to bear with patience the great intimacy between the Queen and her Husband the Viſcount, repreſented it to the King as criminal and inceſtuous: So that he being already in Love with* Jane Seymour, *thought no more of* Anne Bullen, *but to get rid of her. In leſs than three Weeks he caus'd the Queen and her Brother to be try'd, had them both beheaded, and marry'd* Jane Seymour. *He had afterwards ſeveral other Wives, whom he put away, or put to death; and among the reſt, the Lady* Katharine Howard, *whoſe Confident the Counteſs* Rochfort *was, and ſhar'd in her Fate, having her Head cut off with her Miſtreſs's: Thus was ſhe puniſh'd for falſly accuſing* Anne Bullen; *and* Henry *the 8th. dy'd, being grown prodigiouſly big and fat.*

All the Ladies preſent thank'd the Queen-Dauphin for the Account ſhe had given them of the Court of *England*, and among the reſt, Madam *de Cleve*, who could not forbear asking her ſeveral Queſtions about Queen *Elizabeth*.

The Queen-Dauphin had Pictures in little drawn for her of all the Beauties of the Court, to be ſent to the Queen her Mother.

One

One day as that of Madam *de Cleve*'s was finiſhing, the Queen-Dauphin ſpent the Afternoon with her. Monſieur *de Nemours*, who let ſlip no opportunity of ſeeing Madam *de Cleve* (yet without letting it appear he ſought it) fail'd not being there: She was that day ſo beautiful, it would have made him in love with her, had he not been ſo; yet he durſt not fix his Eye upon her as her Picture was a drawing, being fearful notice might be taken of the pleaſure he took to view her now and then as ſhe ſate.

The Queen-Dauphin ask'd Monſieur *de Cleve* for a Picture in little he had of his Wife, to compare it with that which was newly drawn of her: Every one paſs'd their Judgment of the one and the other, and Madam *de Cleve* order'd the Picture-drawer to mend ſomething in the Draught of the Headgeer of that which Monſieur *de Cleve* had brought in. The Picture-drawer, to ſatisfie her, took it out of the Caſe; and having mended it, laid it on the Table.

Monſieur *de Nemours* had long wiſh'd for a Picture of Madam *de Cleve*; when he ſaw that of her, which was Monſieur *de Cleve*'s, he could not reſiſt the longing deſire he had to ſteal it from a Husband he believ'd ſhe tenderly lov'd; and thought among ſo many Perſons in the Room he might be as little

little ſuſpected to have done it as another.

The Queen-Dauphin was ſet on the Bed, and whiſper'd to Madam *de Cleve*, who ſtood before her: Madam *de Cleve*, through the Curtains, which were but half drawn, ſpy'd Monſieur *de Nemours* with his Back to the Table at the Beds-feet; and perceiv'd him, without turning his Face, ſteal ſomething ſlyly that was on the Table: She quickly gueſs'd it might be her Picture, and was ſo troubl'd at it, that the Queen-Dauphin perceiv'd ſhe heard her not, and ask'd her aloud what it was ſhe looked at. At thoſe words Monſieur *de Nemours* turn'd about, and ſaw Madam *de Cleve*'s Eye ſtill fix'd upon him, and thought it not impoſſible but ſhe might have ſeen what he had done.

Madam *de Cleve* was not a little perplext; Reaſon would ſhe ſhould ask for her Picture, yet to ask for it publickly, was to tell all the World the kindneſs that Prince had for her; and to ask for it privately, was to engage him to declare to her the Paſſion he had for her. At laſt ſhe reſolv'd it the beſt courſe to let him carry it away, without taking notice of it, and was glad to grant him a favour without knowing whether ſhe had done it. Monſieur *de Nemours* having obſerv'd her diſorder, and gueſſing at the Cauſe, came up and whiſper'd to her; *If you have ſeen what I*

have

have ventur'd to do, Madam, be ſo good to let me believe you are ignorant of it, which is all I dare beg of you: With that he withdrew, without expecting her Anſwer.

The Queen-Dauphin went out a walking, attended with all the Ladies, and Monſieur *de Nemours* went home to lock himſelf in his Cloſet, to enjoy the pleaſure he took in having a Picture of Madam *de Cleve's*, which fill'd him with joy too great and too delicate to be expreſs'd in publick: It gave him a taſte of the higheſt ſweetneſs Love can afford; he was in love with the moſt amiable Perſon of the Court, and ſaw ſhe lov'd him, though againſt her will, and eaſily diſcover'd in all her Actions that trouble and diſorder which Love produces in the innocence of Youth.

That Evening great ſearch was made for the Picture: Having found the Caſe it was us'd to be kept in, they never ſuſpected it had been ſtollen, but thought it might have been fallen out by chance. Monſieur *de Cleve* was much troubl'd at the loſs of it, and when they had long ſearch'd, and without finding it, he told his Wife (but in ſuch a manner as made it appear he did not think ſo) That ſhe had without doubt ſome private Lover, to whom ſhe had given that Picture, or who had ſtole it; and that any other

other but one in Love would not have been content with the Picture without the Caſe.

Theſe words, though ſpoken in jeſt, made a deep impreſſion in Madam *de Cleve*; they troubled her extreamly, and made her reflect with regret on the violence of her Inclination for Monſieur *de Nemours*: ſhe found ſhe was no longer Miſtreſs of her Words or her Countenance: She thought *Lignerolles* was return'd, that there was no further fear of the Affair with *England*, nor any cauſe to ſuſpect the Queen-Dauphin; that, in a word, there was not any thing to help her againſt the violence of her Paſſion; and that there was no ſafety to be expected, but by abſenting her ſelf from Monſieur *de Nemours*. But leave being requeſted to be obtain'd for her abſence from Court, where her Husband reſided, and a pretence wanting, ſhe was in very great extremity, and ready to fall into that ſhe thought the worſt of Misfortunes, to let Monſieur *de Nemours* ſee the inclination ſhe had for him. She thought of all Madam *de Chartres* on her Death-bed had ſaid to her, and the Advice ſhe had given her, to undergo any difficulty, rather than engage in an Intrigue of Gallantry. She remember'd what Monſieur *de Cleve* had ſaid to her of an ingenuous Sincerity, when he ſpoke of Madam *de Tournon*; and ſhe thought it her du-

ty

ty to confeſs to him the inclination ſhe had for Monſieur *de Nemours*. Theſe Thoughts poſſeſs'd her a conſiderable time; at length ſhe was aſtoniſh'd ſhe could entertain any that appear'd ſo fooliſh, and relaps'd into her former perplexity; not knowing what courſe to take.

The Peace was ſign'd, and the Lady *Elizabeth*, after much reſiſtance, reſolv'd to obey the King her Father: The Duke of *Alva* had been appointed to marry her in the Name of his Catholick Majeſty, and was ſhortly expected. They look'd every day for the Duke of *Savoy*, who had newly marry'd the King's Siſter; the Nuptials being appointed to be kept at the ſame time the Lady *Elizabeth* ſhould be marry'd to the Proxy of *Spain*. The King's greateſt Care was to Grace theſe Marriages with Sports and Divertiſements, wherein he might make appear the Addreſs and Magnificence of his Court. Great Propoſals were made for Ballets and Comedies, but the King thought thoſe Divertiſements too private, and reſolved to have ſuch as ſhould be more ſplendid and noble.

That which he made choice of was, a ſolemn Tournament, to which Strangers might be invited, and the People be Spectators. The Princes and young Lords approv'd highly the King's Deſign, eſpecially the Duke of *Ferrara*,

Ferrara, Monſieur *de Guiſe*, and Monſieur *de Nemours*, who were the moſt excellent at theſe ſorts of Exerciſes; and the King made choice of them to be with him the four Champions of the Tournament.

Proclamation was made throughout the Kingdom, that the 15*th.* of *June*, at *Paris*, His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, and the Princes, *Alphonſo d'Eſte*, Duke of *Ferrara*, *Francis* of *Lorrain*, Duke of *Guiſe*, and *James* of *Savoy*, Duke of *Nemours*, would hold an open Tourney againſt all Comers: The firſt Combat on Horſeback in the Liſts, doubly Arm'd, to break four Lances, and one for the Ladies: The ſecond Combat with Swords, one to one, or two to two, as the Maſters of the Camp ſhould order: The third Combat on Foot; three Puſhes of Pike, ſix Hits with the Sword: The Champions to furniſh Lances, Pikes and Swords, at the Aſſailant's Choice: Whoever manag'd not his Horſe in the Carier, to be put out of the Liſts: That there ſhould be four Maſters of Camp, to give Orders; the Aſſailants, who ſhould break moſt Lances, and perform beſt, to carry the Prize; the value whereof to be at the diſcretion of the Judges: That all the Aſſailants, as well *French* as Strangers, ſhould be oblig'd, openly to lay hand on one, or more (at their choice) of the

Shields that ſhould hang at a Pillar at the end of the Liſts, where an Officer of Arms ſhould be ready to receive them, and enroll them according to their Quality, and the Shields they had handled: That the Aſſailants ſhould be bound to cauſe their Shields and Arms to be brought by a Gentleman, and hung up at the Pillar three days before the beginning of the Tourney, on pain of not being receiv'd without the ſpecial leave of the Defendants.

A great Liſt was made, reaching from the *Chateaude Tournells*, croſs S. *Anthony*'s Street to the King's Stables. There were on both ſides Scaffolds and Theatres, with cover'd Galleries, very pleaſing to the ſight, and that would hold an infinite of People. The Princes and great Lords made it their Buſineſs to provide what might be neceſſary, to appear there in Splendor, and to have in their Ciphers and Devices ſomething of Gallantry relating to the Ladies they lov'd.

A few days before the Duke *d'Alva* arriv'd, the King made a Match at Tennis with Monſieur *de Nemours*, the Chevalier *de Guiſe*, and the Vidame *de Chartres*. The Queen, attended with the Ladies of the Court, and (among the reſt) Madam *de Cleve* went to ſee them play: The Game being ended, as they went out of the Tennis-

Court,

Court, *Chaſtelart* came up to the Queen-Dauphin, and told her he had by chance hit upon a Letter of Gallantry fallen out of Monſieur *de Nemours*'s Pocket. This Queen, who always had a Curioſity for any thing that concern'd Monſieur *de Nemours*, bid *Chaſtelart* give it her: He did ſo, and ſhe follow'd the Queen her Mother-in-Law, who was going with the King to ſee them work at the Liſts. They had not been long there, but the King ſent for ſome Horſes he had lately caus'd to be taken in, and though they were not throughly manag'd, the King would mount one of them, and order'd his Attendants to mount the reſt: The fiery'ſt and higheſt-mettl'd of them fell to the King's ſhare, and Monſieur *de Nemours's*: Their Horſes would have preſently fallen fowl on one another. Monſieur *de Nemours* for fear of hurting the King, recoyl'd briskly, and ran back his Horſe againſt a Poſt, with that violence it made him ſtagger: The Company ran in preſently to Monſieur *de Nemours*, thinking him grievouſly hurt. Madam *de Cleve* was more ſenſible of it than any other, and thought him worſe hurt: She was ſo much concern'd, ſhe never thought of hiding the apprehenſion and trouble it put her in; ſhe went to him with the Queens, but with a Countenance ſo chang'd, one leſs

concern'd than the Chevalier *de Guiſe* might have eaſily perceiv'd it. He quickly obſerv'd it, and minded more the condition ſhe was in then, than that of Monſieur *de Nemours*. The violence of the Juſtle had ſo ſtunn'd the Prince, he ſtood a while leaning his Head on thoſe that ſupported him: When he held it up, he preſently ſpy'd Madam *de Cleve*, and diſcover'd in her looks the pity ſhe had of him; and look'd on her in ſuch a manner, as made her eaſily comprehend how ſenſible he was of it. Afterwards he thanked the Queens for the goodneſs expreſt towards him, and excus'd the condition he had been in before them. This done, the King commanded him to go to reſt.

Madam *de Cleve* being recover'd of the Fright ſhe had been in, reflected quickly on the Evidence ſhe had given of it. The Chevalier *de Guiſe* preſently put her out of the hopes ſhe had no body had taken notice of it, giving her his Hand to lead her out of the Liſts; *I have more cauſe to complain*, ſays he, *Madam, than Monſieur* de Nemours; *Pardon me, if for a moment, I forget the profound reſpect I have always had for you, to let you ſee how I grieve at Heart for what my Eyes have but now diſcover'd: 'Tis the firſt time I have taken the boldneſs to ſpeak to you, and it ſhall be the laſt: Death, or an everlaſting*

ing Abſence will remove me from a place I can no longer live in; having now loſt the ſorry comfort I had, in believing all thoſe who durſt look on you, were as unfortunate as I.

Madam *de Cleve* anſwer'd as if ſhe had not underſtood him: She would have been offended another time at any Declaration he ſhould have made of his affection for her; but that moment her thoughts were wholly drown'd in a deep affliction for the Diſcovery he had made of her kindneſs for Monſieur *de Nemours*. The Chevalier *de Guiſe* was ſo throughly convinc'd of it, and ſo heartily troubled at it, he took a reſolution never to think more of obtaining her Love. But to quit an Enterprize that appear'd ſo difficult and glorious, he muſt pitch on another great enough to fill the room the former had taken up in his thoughts. He had formerly entertain'd ſome thoughts of the taking of *Rhodes*; and when Death took him out of the World in the Flower of his Youth, when he had gain'd the Reputation of one of the greateſt Princes of his time; the only grief he expreſt for leaving the world, was, he had not been able to put in execution ſo noble a Reſolution, the ſucceſs whereof he thought infallible, through the care he had taken for it.

When Madam *de Cleve* was gone out of the Liſts, ſhe went to the Queens Lodgings,

full of the thoughts of what had newly happen'd. Monſieur *de Nemours* came in preſently after, in a very magnificent Habit, and like one no way ſenſible of the late Accident, but in appearance more gay and jovial than ordinary: His Joy for what he thought he had lately diſcover'd, gave his Countenance an Air, made him appear handſomer, (if poſſible) than formerly. The Company was ſurpriz'd at his entrance, every one ask'd him how he did, except Madam *de Cleve*, who ſtaid near the Chimney, as if ſhe had not ſeen him: The King coming out of his Cloſet, ſaw him among the reſt, and call'd him to have ſome Diſcourſe of his Adventure. Monſieur *de Nemours* paſſing by Madam *de Cleve*, ſaid to her very low, *I have this day receiv'd ſome Marks of your Pity, Madam; but they were not ſuch as I am moſt worthy of.* Madam *de Cleve* doubted before, that M. *de Nemours* had obſerv'd the Concern ſhe was in for him; and his words ſufficiently confirm'd the truth of her Thoughts. It troubled her extreamly ſhe had been ſo little Miſtreſs of her Sentiments, as not to have been able to conceal them from the Chevalier *de Guiſe*. It added to her grief Monſieur *de Nemours* had diſcover'd them; yet this grief was not ſo pure, but it had a mixture of pleaſure.

The

The Queen-Dauphin, impatiently deſirous to know the Contents of the Letter *Chaſtelart* had given her, went to Madam *de Cleve*, *Go read this Letter*, ſays ſhe, *it is addreſs'd to Monſieur* de Nemours; *and in all appearrance was ſent him by the Miſtreſs for whom he hath quitted all others: If you cannot read it at preſent, keep it, and bring it me at Night as I go to Bed, and tell me if you know the Hand.* With that, the Queen-Dauphin left Madam *de Cleve*, but ſo ſurpriz'd and aſtoniſh'd, ſhe could not a while ſtir out of her place: It put her into that impatience and trouble, ſhe was not able to ſtay at the Queens Lodgings; but went home, though long before her uſual hour of retirement. Her Hand trembled as ſhe held the Letter, her Thoughts were perplex'd, and extreamly diſorder'd; and the trouble ſhe was in, no leſs new than inſupportable: Aſſoon as ſhe got into her Cloſet, ſhe open'd the Letter, and found it to this effect.

The LETTER.

I Have lov'd you too well to let you believe the change you obſerve in me is an effect of Lightneſs; I am going to tell you, your Infidelity is the cauſe of it; you will be ſurpriz'd I charge you with unfaithfulneſs: you have

kept it from me ſo cunningly, and I have been at ſo much pains to conceal from you my knowledge of it, you have reaſon enough to be aſtoniſh'd at the diſcovery. I wonder at my ſelf I have been able ſo long, not to let you know ſomething of it. Never was affliction equal to mine, I believ'd you had for me a violent Paſſion; I ſcrupl'd as little the owning that I had for you. The very time I made you a full diſcovery of it, I found my ſelf deceiv'd, that you were in Love with another, and in all appearance made a Sacrifice of me to your new Miſtreſs: I came to the knowledge of it the day you ran at the Ring, which was the cauſe I was not at the Sight: To hide the diſorder of my Mind, I feign'd my ſelf ſick, and quickly became really ſo; my Body being too weak to ſupport and endure the violent agitations within me: When I began to recover, I ſtill pretended my ſelf very ill, to furniſh my ſelf with an Excuſe for not ſeeing, or writing to you. I was willing to have time to reſolve how to deal with you; I took, and I quitted twenty times the ſame reſolutions: At laſt I thought you unworthy to be made acquainted with my grief, and reſolv'd you ſhould not know it. I was willing to bring down your Pride, by letting you ſee my Paſſion (of it ſelf) grow weaker and weaker: I thought it the way to leſſen the value of the Sacrifice you made of me, and wa

both

loth you ſhould have the Pleaſure of appearing more amiable in the Eyes of another, by ſhewing her how deeply I lov'd you: I reſolv'd my Letters to you ſhould be cold and indifferent, that ſhe you gave them to, might perceive (or imagine at leaſt) my Love at an end: I was unwilling ſhe ſhould have the pleaſure to find I knew ſhe triumph'd over me, or the advantage to ſet off her triumph with my deſpair, and my reproaches: To break with you, I thought too ſmall a puniſhment for you; and that it would have troubled you but little to find I lov'd you no longer, when you had firſt forſaken me. I knew it neceſſary you ſhould love me, to feel the ſmart of not being lov'd, which afflicted me ſo ſore. I was of opinion, if any thing could make you love me as you had done, it muſt be to let you ſee my Affection was chang'd; but ſo to let you ſee it as if I would have hid it from you, and had not the power to own it to you. This reſolution I adher'd to, I found it difficult to take, and (when I ſaw you) I thought it impoſſible to execute. I was an hundred times ready to break out into Reproaches and Lamentations: My indiſpoſition ſerv'd me for a Diſguiſe, to hide from you the affliction and trouble I was in. By degrees I found pleaſure in diſſembling with you, as you did with me: But it went ſo much againſt the Grain, to tell you or write to you, that I

lov'd

lov'd you; you quickly perceiv'd I had no mind to let you ſee my Affection was alter'd: This touch'd you, you complain'd; I endeavour'd to confirm you in an Opinion of my Conſtancy, but it was in a way ſo ſtrange, and ſo forc'd, it convinc'd you the more I had no more Love for you. In a word, I did all I intended to have done: the further I fled from you, the more eagerly you ſought me, ſo fantaſtical was your humour; this gave me all the pleaſure a full revenge is capable to beſtow: It was clear to me you lov'd me more than ever, and I let you ſee I had no Love for you: you gave me cauſe to believe you had entirely abandon'd her for whoſe ſake you had forſaken me; and I had ſome reaſon to think you had never ſpoke to her of me; but your Repentance and Diſcretion could not make amends for your Lightneſs and Inconſtancy: your Affection hath been divided between me and another, and you have deceiv'd me: This is enough to take away all the pleaſure of being lov'd by you, as I thought I deſerv'd, and to make me perſiſt in the reſolution I have taken never to ſee you more, which ſo much ſurprizes you.

Madam *de Cleve* read the Letter again and again, yet knew not what ſhe read: ſhe perceiv'd only, Monſieur *de Nemours* was not ſo in Love with her as ſhe had thought, but,

but lov'd others, who were no leſs deceiv'd in him than ſhe. What a Diſcovery was this for a Perſon of her humour, who had a violent Paſſion, who had newly given Evidence of it to a Man ſhe judg'd unworthy of it; and to another ſhe us'd ill for love of him! Never was grief ſo cutting as hers; ſhe imputed the ſharpneſs of it to that days Adventures, and that if Monſieur *de Nemours* had not had occaſion to believe ſhe lov'd him, ſhe would not have car'd for his loving another: Yet ſhe did but deceive her ſelf, the Diſeaſe ſhe was ſick of, and thought ſo intolerable, was Jealouſie, with all its horrible Attendants: This Letter diſcover'd to her a piece of Gallantry Monſieur *de Nemours* had long been engag'd in. She ſaw the Lady who had written the Letter, was a Perſon of Wit and Merit; ſhe thought her one that deſerv'd his Love, and of more courage than her ſelf; and envy'd the power ſhe had to conceal her Paſſion from Monſieur *de Nemours*: The Cloſe of the Letter gave her cauſe to believe that Perſon thought her ſelf lov'd; ſhe was preſently of opinion the diſcretion that Prince had made ſhew of to her, and ſhe had been ſo taken with, was perhaps but the effect of his Paſſion for the other, whom he fear'd to diſpleaſe. In a word, all her Thoughts were ſo many Torments, to

heighten

heighten her affliction, and occaſion deſpair. What Reflections did ſhe make on her ſelf, and the Counſels her Mother had given her? How did ſhe repent her not having perſiſted in her Reſolution of quitting the World, though without the leave of Monſieur *de Cleve*; or her not having purſu'd the intention ſhe had of confeſſing to him the inclination ſhe had for Monſieur *de Nemours*? She thought ſhe had better have diſcover'd it to a Husband, whoſe goodneſs ſhe was aſſur'd of, and would have been concern'd to conceal it, than to have let a Man know it who was altogether unworthy of it, who deceiv'd her, and perhaps made a Sacrifice of her; and car'd no more for her Love, than to have matter thence to feed his Pride and Vanity. In a word, ſhe thought no greater Miſchief could befal her, nor ſhe have done worſe, than to have given Monſieur *de Nemours* occaſion to believe ſhe lov'd him; and to have ſince found he was in love with another. All the Comfort ſhe had, was, to believe, that having diſcover'd his falſeneſs, it would perfectly cure her of the inclination ſhe had for him.

She never thought of the order the Queen-Dauphin had given her, to be with her at her going to Bed; but went to Bed her ſelf, pretending ſhe was ill: ſo that when Monſieur,

ſieur *de Cleve* came from the King, they told him ſhe was aſleep; but ſhe was far enough from being ſo well at reſt, afflicting her ſelf all Night, and reading over the Letter ſhe had in her Hand.

Madam *de Cleve* was not the ſole Perſon this Letter diſturb'd. The *Vidame de Chartres*, who in truth had loſt it, was in no ſmall trouble for it: He had paſs'd that Evening at the Duke of *Guiſe's*, who had treated at Supper his Brother-in-Law, the Duke of *Ferrara*, and all the young People of the Court. As Fortune would have it, they diſcours'd at Supper of Letters; the *Vidame* told them, he had about him the fineſt that ever was writ: They preſs'd him to ſhew it, but he deny'd. Monſieur *de Nemours* inſiſted he had no ſuch Letter, and that he talk'd vainly. The *Vidame* anſwer'd, he put him very hard to it; yet he would not ſhew him the Letter, but would read part of it, which would give them cauſe to judge few Men receiv'd the like. Having ſaid this, he would have taken out the Letter, but cou'd not find it: He ſearch'd for it, but to no purpoſe; the Company jeer'd him as if he never had any ſuch; but he was ſo vex'd at the loſs, that they forbore ſpeaking further of it. He retir'd before the reſt of the Company, and with great impatience went home, to

ſearch

ſearch for the Letter he miſs'd. As he was in ſearch of it, a Page of the Queens came to tell him that the Viſcounteſs *d'Uſez* had thought it neceſſary to give him ſpeedy intelligence, that at the Queens Lodgings they diſcours'd of a Letter of Gallantry dropp'd out of his Pocket as he was at Tennis: That they had recited part of what was written in it; that the Queen ſeem'd very deſirous to ſee it; that ſhe had ſent to one of her Gentlemen for it, but he anſwer'd he had given it *Chaſtelart*.

The Page added other Particulars which heighten'd the *Vidame*'s Trouble. He went preſently to a Gentleman who was very intimate with *Chaſtelart*, and (though at a very unſeaſonable hour) made him get up out of Bed, to go ask *Chaſtelart* for the Letter, without letting him know who enquir'd for it, or had loſt it. *Chaſtelart* fully poſſeſs'd the Letter belong'd to Monſieur *de Nemours*, and that he was in Love with the Queen-Dauphin, made no doubt but he had ſent in ſearch of it, and with a malicious Joy anſwer'd, he had deliver'd it to the Queen-Dauphin. The Gentleman brought the *Vidame* this Anſwer, which added to his trouble: After long debate what courſe to take, he ſaw Monſieur *de Nemours* was the only Perſon could help him out of the trouble he was in.

He

He went to his Houſe, and enter'd his Chamber at peep of Day: The Prince was faſt aſleep, the kindneſs of Madam *de Cleve* the day before having given him ſuch pleaſing thoughts, that he reſted very ſweetly that Night. He was ſurpriz'd to find himſelf awaken'd by the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, and ask'd him if it was to be reveng'd of him for what he had ſaid at Supper, that he was come thus early to break his Reſt? The *Vidame*'s Looks gave him quickly to underſtand his Buſineſs was very ſerious: 'I am 'come, *ſays he*, to truſt you with the moſt 'important Affair of my Life: I know very 'well you are not oblig'd to me for the con'fidence, becauſe I do it in a time I ſtand in 'need of your help; but I am ſatisfy'd with'al I ſhould have loſt your eſteem, had I ac'quainted you with what I am going to tell 'you, without being forc'd to it by abſolute 'neceſſity. I have dropp'd the Letter I ſpoke 'of yeſterday, it concerns me extreamly, no 'one ſhould know it was addreſs'd to me. 'Several who were at the Tennis-Court ye'ſterday, where I dropp'd it, have ſeen it. 'you were there, and I beg the favour you 'would own you have loſt it. Sure, *ſayes*, '*Monſieur* de Nemours, *ſmiling*, you think 'I have not ſuch a thing as a Miſtreſs in the 'World, that you can make me a Propoſal

'of

'of this Nature, as if there were not a Per-
'ſon living would fall out with me upon no-
'tice of my receiving Letters of that ſort. I
'pray Sir, *ſays the Vidame*, be ſerious: If
'you have a Miſtreſs (as I queſtion not but
'you have, though I know her not) you
'will eaſily juſtifie your ſelf, and I will put
'you in an infallible way for it; if you ſhould
'not juſtifie your ſelf, the worſt you can
'fear is a ſhort falling out: My Caſe is
'much worſe; by this unlucky Adventure I
'ſhall diſhonour a Perſon who hath paſſio-
'nately lov'd me, and is one of the moſt in-
'eſtimable Women of the World; beſides, I
'ſhall procure my ſelf her implacable hatred
'to the certain ruine of my Fortune, and per-
'haps ſomething more. I underſtand you not,
'*anſwers Monſieur* de Nemours; but I begin
'methinks, to diſcover the Reports we have
'had of a great Princeſs being concern'd for
'you are not without ground. They are
'not, *replies the* Vidame; but I wiſh they
'had been ſo; I ſhould not have been then
'in the trouble you ſee me in. I will tell
'you all, to convince you what a condition
'I am in.

'Ever ſince I came to Court, the Queen
'hath been pleas'd to uſe me with particular
'favour, and hath given me cauſe to believe
'ſhe hath kindneſs for me: Yet ſo, that I

'never

never entertain'd any thought of her but what was full of respect. I was deeply in Love with Madam *de Themines*; you who have seen her, may easily judge it was not strange any one should love her, if she lov'd him as she did me. Near two years since, the Court being at *Fountainbleau*, I was two or three times in discourse with the Queen when there was very little Company. I thought my Sence pleas'd her, and that she approv'd whatever I said. One day she fell into a Discourse of Confidence; I told her there was not a Person in the World I could intirely confide in, that I found many had repented of having done it, and that I knew several things I had never spoke of. The Queen told me, she esteem'd me the better for it, that she had not found a Person in *France* could keep a Secret; and that nothing troubled her more, because it depriv'd her of the pleasure of having a Confident; than which, nothing more necessary, especially for those of her Quality. She fell several times after into the like Discourse, and made me acquainted with very particular Passages: At last I thought she had a mind to learn some Secret of mine, and to trust me with hers: I was so sensible of this distinguishing favour, it engag'd me strictly to her, and I made my Court to

'her with more assiduity than ordinary. One 'Evening the King and the Ladies went on 'Horseback into the Forrest to take the Air; 'the Queen went not, being a little indispos'd, 'I staid to wait on her, she walk'd down to 'the Pond-side, and to be at more liberty, 'would not be handed by the Gentlemen-'Ushers: Having taken a Turn or two, she 'came to me, and bid me follow her: *I would speak with you*, says she, *and by what I shall say to you; you will find I am your Friend.* She stopp'd there, and look'd earnestly on me; *You are in Love*, says she, *and because you have made no one your Confident, you think your love is not known; but it is, and to Persons who are concern'd at it: You are observ'd, the place where you see your Mistress is discover'd, and there is a design to surprize you: I know not your Mistress, nor do I ask you who she is; but would arm you against the Plots that are laid for you.* 'Observe, Sir, what a Snare this 'was from a Queen, and how hard to escape: 'She had a mind to know if I was in Love, 'and not asking whom I lov'd, but letting me 'see her pure intentions of doing me a kind-'ness, she put it out of my thoughts to suspect 'her of Curiosity, much less of Design.

'But against all probability, I came to a 'discovery of the Truth, I was in Love with 'Madam *de Themines*; but though she lov'd

'me,

'me, I was not ſo happy to have particular 'places to ſee her, or to fear a Surprize. I 'eaſily ſaw 'twas not ſhe the Queen ſpoke of: 'I knew well enough I had ſome concern of 'Gallantry with a Woman leſs handſome, 'and leſs ſevere than Madam *de Themines*, 'and it was not impoſſible the place I us'd to 'meet her might have been diſcover'd; but 'that was a Buſineſs I ſo little car'd for, I 'could eaſily prevent any danger, by for-'bearing to ſee her: Thus I reſolv'd not to 'confeſs any thing to the *Queen*, but aſſur'd 'her I had long laid aſide the deſire of gain-'ing the Love of Women, where I might 'hope for ſucceſs, having found them almoſt 'all unworthy the Engagement of an honeſt 'Man; and that I was now altogether for 'ſomething above them. *You do not anſwer me truly*, replies the *Queen*, *I am aſſur'd of the contrary. The manner of my ſpeaking to you, ſhould oblige you to hide nothing from me. I am willing*, adds ſhe, *you ſhould be one of my Friends, but not willing* (*having taken you into that Number*) *to be ignorant how you are engag'd. See whether the Place of being my Friend, be too dear at the price of making me your Confident: I give you two days to think on't, but after that time I expect your Anſwer; and remember, if I find you deceive me, I ſhall never pardon you.*

'Having ſaid this, the *Queen* left me; 'without expecting my Anſwer: You may 'believe ſhe had ſaid enough to employ my 'thoughts. I did not think the two days ſhe 'had allow'd me too long a time to come to 'Reſolution. I ſaw ſhe was willing to know 'if I was in Love, and that ſhe did not much 'deſire I ſhould be ſo. I conſider'd the Con-'ſequences of the Engagement I was entring 'into. My vanity was tickled with the fancy 'of having a particular Intrigue with a *Queen*; 'and a *Queen* whoſe Perſon is extreamly a-'miable: On the other ſide, I lov'd Madam '*de Themines*, and could not find in my 'heart to break with her quite; though I 'committed a petty Treaſon againſt her, by 'my Engagement with the other I formerly 'told you of. I apprehended the danger I 'ſhould expoſe my ſelf to, if I deceiv'd the '*Queen*, and how hard it would be to do it: 'Yet I could not reſolve to refuſe what For-'tune offer'd me, but was willing to run the 'hazard of any thing my ill Conduct might 'bring upon me: I broke with that Woman 'where I fear'd a diſcovery, and was in hopes 'to conceal the Intelligence I held with 'Madam *de Themines*.

'At the two days end, I entred the Cham-'ber where the *Queen* was with all the La-'dies about her; ſhe ſaid aloud, and with a

'Gra-

'Gravity that ſurpriz'd me, *Have you thought of the Buſineſs I gave you in Charge, and found out the truth of it?* 'Yes, Madam, *anſwer'd* '*I*, and 'tis as I told your Majeſty. *Come in the Evening when I am writing*, replies ſhe, *and you ſhall have further order.* 'Having made a profound Reverence, I with-'drew without further Anſwer, and fail'd 'not to attend at the hour aſſign'd: I found 'her in the Gallery, with her Secretary and 'one of her Women: Aſſoon as ſhe ſaw me, 'ſhe came to me, and took me to the other 'end of the Gallery: *Well*, ſays ſhe, *upon ſecond thoughts, have you nothing to ſay to me? And my uſage of you, doth it not deſerve you ſhould deal ſincerely with me?* 'My Sincerity, 'Madam, *reply'd I*, is the cauſe I have no-'thing to ſay; and I ſwear to your Majeſty, 'with all the reſpect due to your Majeſty, I 'have no Engagement with any Woman of 'the Court. *I will believe it*, ſays ſhe, *becauſe I wiſh it ſo; and I wiſh it, becauſe I deſire to have you entirely mine, and that it would be impoſſible I ſhould be ſatisfy'd with your friendſhip if you are in Love: there is no truſting thoſe that are ſo, there's no relying on their ſecreſie; the partiality they have for their Miſtreſſes, who ſtill take up the firſt room in their thoughts, ſuits not with the manner I would have you engag'd to me: Remember then, that*

upon your giving me your word, you are not otherwiſe engag'd, I chuſe you for my Confident: Remember I would have you entirely mine, and that you muſt have no Friend of either Sex but ſuch as I pleaſe to allow you; and that you are to quit all Cares but that of pleaſing me. You ſhall not loſe your Fortune by it, I ſhall take more care of it than you can your ſelf; and whatever I do for you, I ſhall think it well beſtow'd, if you anſwer my expectation of you. I have made choice of you to make you acquainted with all my Griefs, and to help me out of them. You may judge they are no mean ones: I endure in appearance, with very little pain, the King's Engagement with the Ducheſs of Valentinois, *but 'tis inſupportable. She governs the King, ſhe deludes him, ſhe cheats him, ſhe ſlights me, ſhe hates me, ſhe hath debauch'd my Servants, they are all at her beck: The Queen, my Daughter-in-Law, is ſo proud of her Beauty, and the Credit of her Uncles, ſhe pays me no reſpect. The Conſtable* Montmorency *is Maſter of the King and his Kingdom: He hates me, and hath given proofs of his hatred I ſhall never forget. The Marſhal* St. Andre *is a fiery young Favourite, who uſes me no better than the reſt; you would pity me, ſhould I give you a particular account of my misfortunes. Till now I never durſt truſt any Man with them: I truſt you, give me no cauſe to repent it,*

it, and let me have comfort of you. 'As ſhe 'ſaid theſe words, her Eyes redden'd: I was 'ſo ſenſible of the goodneſs ſhe had expreſs'd 'for me, I was going to throw my ſelf at 'her feet. From that day ſhe plac'd entire 'Confidence in me, and did nothing without 'firſt adviſing with me; and I have ever 'ſince maintain'd a Correſpondence which 'holds to this day.

The End of the Second Book.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE.

BOOK III.

'BUsie as I was, and full of my new Engagement to the *Queen*, I held fair and firm with Madam *de Themines*, by a natural inclination it was not in my power to vanquish: Yet methoughts she cool'd in her Love to me; and where, had I been wise, I should have made use of the change observ'd in her for my Cure; it doubled my Love, and I manag'd it so ill, that the *Queen* had some knowledge of it. Jealousie is natural to those of her Nation, and perhaps that Princess had a greater affection for me, than

'than ſhe her ſelf could imagine. At laſt the 'Report of my being in Love, diſturb'd and 'troubled her to that height, that I thought 'my ſelf an hundred times ruin'd in my Cre-'dit with her: But diligence, ſubmiſſion and 'falſe Oaths brought me again into favour: 'Yet it would not have been in my power to 'have deceiv'd her long, had not Madam *de* '*Themines*, ſore againſt my will, diſengag'd 'me from her. Se made it appear her Love 'for me was at an end, and I was ſo convinc'd 'of it, that I was forc'd to torment her no 'further, but let her alone. A ſhort time af-'ter ſhe writ me the Letter I have loſt: by 'it I perceiv'd ſhe knew the Commerce I had 'with that Woman I told you of, and that 'her change proceeded from thence. Thence-'forward the *Queen* was well ſatisfy'd with 'me, being no longer divided as formerly: 'But the Sentiments I have for her, being not 'of a nature to render me incapable of en-'gaging elſewhere, and Love being not a 'thing depends on our choice, I fell in Love 'with Madam *de Martigues*, for whom I had 'no ſmall inclination, when ſhe was *Villemon-'tar*'s Maid of Honour to the *Queen-Dauphin*. 'I had reaſon to believe ſhe did not hate me. 'the Diſcretion I made ſhew of (ſhe not 'knowing all the Reaſons of it) pleas'd her 'very well: The *Queen* hath no ſuſpicion

'of

'of me on that ſide, but has on another ac-
'count, which proves no leſs troubleſom;
'Madam *de Martigues* being every day
'at the *Queen-Dauphin's*, I frequent her
'Lodgings oftner than ordinary: the *Queen*
'fancies I am in Love with that Princeſs.
'The Quality of Madam *le Dauphin* being
'equal to the *Queens*, and her Beauty and
'Youth above hers, have made the *Queen*
'jealous even to Fury, and fill'd her with a
'Hatred ſhe can no longer conceal againſt her
'Daughter-in-Law. The Cardinal of *Lorain*,
'who (I have long thought) aſpires the
'*Queens* Favour, and ſees me poſſeſs a place
'he would willingly be in, under pretence of
'reconciling the *Queens*, is become con-
'cern'd in the Differences between them. I
'make no doubt but he hath diſcover'd the
'true Cauſe of the *Queens* Anger, and I be-
'lieve he does me all kinds of ill Offices,
'without letting her ſee he doth it on deſign:
'This is the ſtate of my preſent condition;
'judge you what effect the Letter I have loſt
'may produce, which I unfortunately put in-
'to my Pocket to reſtore it to Madam *de*
'*Themines*. If the *Queen* ſee this Letter, ſhe
'will know I have deceiv'd her; and that
'almoſt the ſame time I deceiv'd her by Ma-
'dam *de Themines*, I deceiv'd Madam *de*
'*Themines* by another: Judge you what ſhe

'will

'will think of me then, and whether ſhe 'will ever truſt my Words more. If ſhe ſee 'not the Letter, what ſhall I ſay to her? 'She knows it hath been given the *Queen-Dauphin*, ſhe will believe *Chaſtelart* knew 'her Hand, and that the Letter was hers: 'ſhe will imagine her ſelf perhaps the Perſon, 'ſhe that wrote the Letter declares her ſelf 'jealous of. In a word, ſhe hath occaſion 'to think any thing, and there is nothing ſo 'bad but I have cauſe to fear from her 'thoughts: beſides, I am heartily concern'd 'for Madam *de Martigues*; the *Queen-Dauphin* will certainly ſhew her this Letter, 'which ſhe will believe lately writ; thus 'ſhall I be embroyl'd with the Perſon whom 'of all the world I love moſt, no leſs than 'with the Perſon whom of all the World I 'have moſt cauſe to fear. See now whether 'I have not reaſon to conjure you to own 'the Letter as yours, and to beg the favour 'of you to get it out of the *Queen-Dauphin*'s 'Hands.

'*I am very well ſatisfy'd*, anſwers Monſieur *de Nemours*, *you are ſufficiently perplex'd; and it cannot be deny'd but you very well deſerve it. I have been charg'd with unfaithfulneſs in my Amours, and being engag'd at the ſame time in ſeveral Gallantries; but you have ſo far out-done me, I durſt not*

have imagin'd what you have undertaken? Could you pretend to hold fair with Madam de Themines, *and keep her firm to you, being engag'd to the Queen? Could you hope to engage with the Queen, and deceive her? She is an Italian, and a Queen, and conſequently full of Suſpicions of Jealouſie and of Pride. When your good Fortune, rather than your good Conduct, had ſet you at Liberty from the Engagements you were formerly concern'd in, you enter'd into new; and fancy'd that in the midſt of the Court you could be in Love with* Madam de Martigues, *and the Queen not know it. You could not have been too careful of taking from her the ſhame of having made the firſt Motion: ſhe has for you a violent Paſſion; you have more Diſcretion than to tell it me, and I, than to ask you of it: Certain it is ſhe loves you, and intruſts you; and the truth is, you are to be blam'd. Is it your part, Sir, to chide me,* ſays the Vidame, *interrupting him; and are not you concern'd to be indulgent to Faults within your Experience? I confeſs I am to blame, but think, I conjure you, how to get me out of this Abyſs: I think you muſt go ſee the Queen-Dauphin aſſoon as ſhe awakes, and ask her for the Letter, as if you had loſt it. I have told you already,* replies Monſieur *de Nemours,*

the thing you propoſe is ſomewhat extraordinary, and there are Difficulties in it, I am (upon my own account) very loth to engage in. But if the Letter hath been ſeen to drop out of your Pocket, how ſhall I perſwade them it dropp'd out of mine? I thought I had told you, ſays the Vidame, *the Queen-Dauphin hath been inform'd you had dropp'd it. How,* replies Monſieur *de Nemours, haſtily (apprehending the ill Conſequence the Miſtake might be of to him with Madam* de Cleve) *Have they told the Queen-Dauphin I dropp'd the Letter? Yes,* ſays the *Vidame, they have told her ſo: And the Reaſon of the Miſtake is, there were ſeveral of the Queens Gentlemen in a Chamber belonging to the Tennis-Court, where our Cloaths were put up, and your Servants and mine went together to fetch them; then it was the Letter was dropp'd, thoſe Gentlemen gather'd it up and read it aloud; ſome thought it was yours. others thought it mine:* Chaſtelart, *who took it, told me juſt now, as I ask'd him for it, that he had given it the Queen-Dauphin as a Letter of yours: And thoſe who ſpoke of it to the Queen, have unfortunately ſaid it was mine: You may eaſily do what I deſire, and get me out of this Trouble.*

Mon-

Monſieur *de Nemours* had ever been a great Lover of the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, and his near Relation to Madam *de Cleve*, made him love him the more; yet he could not preſently reſolve to run the hazard of owning that Letter: He fell into a deep Study, and the *Vidame* gueſſing the cauſe of his Meditation; *I ſee well enough*, ſays he, *you are afraid of a Broil with your Miſtreſs, and would make me believe it is the Queen-Dauphin; but you have ſo little Jealouſie of Monſieur* d'Anvile, *I cannot think it is ſhe. However, 'tis not reaſonable you ſhould ſacrifice your Repoſe to mine, and I will put you in a way to convince your Miſtreſs the Letter was directed to me, and not you. See here a Billet from* Madam d'Amboiſe, *who is a Friend of* Madam de Themines, *and her Confident in the Amours between me and her: By this Billet* Madam d'Amboiſe *deſires me to ſend her her Friends Letter I have loſt; the Billet is addreſs'd to me by Name, and the Contents of it are an infallible Proof the Letter ſhe deſires is the ſame they have found. I am content you ſhould take the Billet, and ſhew it your Miſtreſs for your Juſtification. I conjure you not to loſe a moments time, but go preſently to the Queen-Dauphins Lodgings.*

Mon-

Monſieur *de Nemours* promis'd to do ſo, and took the Billet; yet he deſign'd not to ſee the *Queen-Dauphin*, but thought he had buſineſs concern'd him more: He made no doubt but ſhe had told Madam *de Cleve* of the Letter, and he could not endure a Perſon he lov'd ſo deſperately, ſhould have occaſion to believe him engag'd with another.

He went to her aſſoon as he thought her awake, and ſent her word he would not have deſir'd the honour to ſee her at ſo unſeaſonable an hour, but that he had extraordinary buſineſs. Madam *de Cleve* was a-bed, troubled with the ſad thoughts ſhe had had all that Night; ſhe was extreamly ſurpriz'd to hear Monſieur *de Nemours* ask'd for her; that Nights trouble had made her ſo froward, ſhe preſently anſwer'd ſhe was not well, and could not ſpeak with him.

Monſieur *de Nemours* was not ſorry for the Repulſe; he thought it no ill Omen ſhe expreſs'd ſome coldneſs at a time ſhe had occaſion to be jealous: He went to the Apartment of Monſieur *de Cleve*, and told him he came from his Ladies, and was much troubled he could not ſpeak with her, upon buſineſs of conſequence that concern'd the *Vidame* of *Chartres*. He gave Monſieur *de Cleve* a ſhort account of the Affair, and he took him along preſently to his Ladies chamber.

ber. Had ſhe not been in the dark, ſhe could hardly have conceal'd her trouble and aſtoniſhment, to ſee Monſieur *de Nemours* led into her Chamber by her Husband. Monſieur *de Cleve* told her the buſineſs was about a Letter, wherein they wanted her help in behalf of the *Vidame*, that ſhe was to conſider with Monſieur *de Nemours* what was to be done, as for him, he muſt go to the King, who had newly ſent for him.

Monſieur *de Nemours* had his hearts deſire, to be alone with Madam *de Cleve*; 'I 'am come to ask you, Madam, *ſays he*, if 'the *Queen-Dauphin* have not ſpoken to you 'of a Letter *Chaſtelart* gave her yeſterday. *She ſaid ſomething to me of it, anſwers Madam* de Cleve; *but I do not ſee how my Uncle can be concern'd in it, being not ſo much as nam'd in it.* 'Tis true, Madam, *replies Monſieur* de Nemours, he is not nam'd in it; 'but it was addreſs'd to him, and it highly 'concerns him you ſhould get it out of the '*Queen-Dauphins* Hands. *I cannot conceive*, ſays Madam *de Cleve*, *how it ſhould concern him to have this Letter ſeen; and why it ſhould be ask'd for as his.* 'If you pleaſe to 'give me hearing, Madam, *replies Monſieur* 'de Nemours, *I* will preſently make you 'acquainted with the Truth; and inform 'you of Matters of ſo great importance to

'the

'the *Vidame*, that I would not have truſted 'the Prince of *Cleve* with them, had I not 'needed his aſſiſtance to have the honour to 'ſee you. *I ſuppoſe what you can ſay to me will be to ſmall purpoſe*, ſays Madam *de Cleve*, very unconcernedly, *you were better find out the Queen-Dauphin, and without going ſo far about, tell her the Intereſt you have in that Letter, for ſhe has been inform'd it belongs to you.*

Monſieur *de Nemours* was never better pleas'd than to obſerve ſome peeviſhneſs and frowardneſs in Madam *de Cleve*'s Diſcourſe; it delighted him ſo, he was not very haſty to juſtifie himſelf. 'I know not, *ſays he*, Ma-'dam, what the Queen Dauphin hath been 'inform'd, but I am not at all concern'd in 'the Letter, it was addreſs'd to the *Vidame: I believe it*, replies Madam *de Cleve*, *but the* Queen-Dauphin *hath been told otherwiſe; and it will not appear very probable to her, a Letter of the* Vidame's *ſhould drop out of your Pocket, for that reaſon at leaſt you have no cauſe that I know of, to conceal the truth from the* Queen-Dauphin: *I adviſe you to confeſs it to her.* 'I have nothing to confeſs to her, 'ſays *he*, the Letter was not addreſs'd to me; 'and if there be any one I deſire ſhould be-'lieve ſo, 'tis not the *Queen-Dauphin.* But, 'Madam, ſince this buſineſs concerns the *Vi-*

'*dame* as much as his Fortune is worth, be 'pleas'd to be made acquainted with Paſſages 'in themſelves worthy your Curioſity. Madam *de Cleve* by her ſilence ſhew'd her readineſs to hear him, and he with all poſſible brevity gave her an account of what the *Vidame* had told him; though the Paſſages were aſtoniſhing, and ſuch as deſerv'd any ones attention, Madam *deCleve* heard them with that coldneſs and indifferency as if ſhe had not believ'd them, or at leaſt not been any ways concern'd for them: ſhe continu'd in that temper till Monſieur *de Nemours* told her of the Billet from Madam *d'Amboiſe* to the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, which prov'd all he ſaid to be true. Madam *de Cleve* knew that Lady was Madam *de Themines* Friend, and thought it probable, by what Monſieur *de Nemours* ſaid, the Letter was not addreſs'd to him. That very Thought ſuddenly and in ſpight of her, put her out of that coldneſs and indifferency ſhe had till then been in. The Prince having read to her the Billet to juſtifie himſelf, preſented it to her, telling her ſhe might know the Character. She could not forbear taking it, and examining the Superſcription, if addreſs'd to the *Vidame*, and reading it all over, that ſhe might the better judge whether the Letter that was ask'd for, were the ſame ſhe had. Monſieur *de Ne-*

mours

mours added what he thought proper to convince her, and eaſily convinc'd her (of a truth ſhe was very deſirous to find) that he was not concern'd in the Letter.

She began then to diſcourſe with him of the trouble and danger the *Vidame* was in, to blame his ill Conduct, and find means to help him. She was aſtoniſh'd at the Queens proceeding, and confeſs'd to Monſieur *de Nemours* ſhe had the Letter. In a word, aſſoon as ſhe believ'd him innocent, ſhe ſpoke with freedom and quietneſs of the things ſhe before ſcarce vouchſafed to hear; they agreed the Letter ſhould not be reſtor'd to the Queen-Dauphin, for fear ſhe ſhould ſhew it Madam *de Martigues*, who knew the Hand of Madam *de Themines*, and was ſo concern'd for the *Vidame*, ſhe would eaſily gueſs it was addreſs'd to him. Beſides, they thought it not proper to acquaint the Queen-Dauphin with all that concern'd her Mother-in-Law, the Queen. Madam *de Cleve* was not a little glad of the Pretence of her Uncle's concern in the caſe, to be Monſieur *de Nemours*'s Confident of the Secrets he imparted to her.

The Prince would not have confin'd his Diſcourſe to the *Vidame*'s concern, but from the Liberty he had to entertain her, would have taken a boldneſs he never yet durſt,

had not a Meſſage been brought her, the Queen-Dauphin had ſent for her: Monſieur *de Nemours* was forc'd to retire, and went to tell the *Vidame*, that after he had left him, he thought it more for the purpoſe to addreſs himſelf to Madam *de Cleve* his Niece, than go directly to the Queen-Dauphin. He wanted not Reaſons to make him approve of what he had done, and put him in hopes of ſucceſs.

Madam *de Cleve* the mean time dreſs'd her ſelf in all haſte to go to the Queen: ſhe ſcarce entred the Chamber, but the Queen call'd her up to her, and whiſper'd her ſhe had look'd for her two long hours, and was never ſo perplex'd about diſguiſing a truth, as ſhe had been that Morning. *The Queen*, ſays ſhe, *hath heard ſpeak of the Letter I gave you yeſterday, and believes it is the* Vidame de Chartres *let it fall. You know ſhe may be ſomewhat concern'd on that account: ſhe hath been in ſearch of the Letter, and caus'd* Chaſtelart *to be ask'd for it; he told her he had given it me: they ask'd me for it under pretence it was a pretty Letter the Queen had a great mind to ſee. I durſt not tell her you had it, leſt ſhe ſhould imagine I had given it you on your Uncle the* Vidame's *account; and that there might be a Correſpondence between me and him. I was ſatisfy'd it was a trouble to her he ſaw me ſo often*

often, ſo that I ſaid the Letter was in the Cloaths I had on yeſterday, and that thoſe who had them in keeping, were gone abroad. Give me the Letter quickly, adds ſhe, *that I may ſend it her, and read it before I ſend it, to ſee if I know the Hand.*

Madam *de Cleve* found her ſelf in a greater perplexity than ſhe could have expected. *I know not what you ſhall do, Madam*, ſays ſhe, *for Monſieur* de Cleve, *to whom I gave it to read, hath reſtor'd it to Monſieur* de Nemours, *who came early this Morning to deſire you to let him have it: Monſieur* de Cleve *had ſo little wit to tell him he had it, and the weakneſs to yield to Monſieur* de Nemours *Requeſt of having it again. You put me into the greateſt trouble I can be in*, anſwers the Queen-Dauphin, *and have done very ill to give Monſieur* de Nemours *the Letter you had receiv'd of me, and ſhould not have parted with without my leave: what would you have me ſay to the Queen, and what can ſhe imagine? She will believe, and not without reaſon, the Letter concerns me, and that there is ſome great matter between the* Vidame *and me; ſhe will never be perſwaded the Letter belong'd to Monſieur* de Nemours. *I am very ſorry*, replies Madam *de Cleve, for the trouble I have caus'd you, and believe it great as it is; but 'tis the fault of Monſieur* de Cleve, *and not mine.*

'Tis your fault, ſays the Queen-Dauphin, *in giving him the Letter: No woman but your ſelf makes her husband acquainted with all ſhe knows. I believe I did ill, Madam*, anſwers Madam *de Cleve*; *but let us think of repairing the Fault, not of examining it. Do not you remember, pretty near, what was in the Letter*, ſays the Queen-Dauphin? *Yes, Madam*, replies Madam *de Cleve, I do, having read it ſeveral times over. If ſo*, ſays the Queen-Dauphin, *we muſt preſently have it written in a ſtrange Hand, and ſend it the Queen. She will not ſhew it thoſe who have ſeen it; and if ſhe do, I will maintain it the ſame* Chaſtelart *gave me, and he dares not ſay otherwiſe.*

Madam *de Cleve* approv'd of the Expedient, and the more, becauſe it would give her occaſion of ſending for Monſieur *de Nemours*, to have the Letter again, to be Copied word for word, and pretty near the Hand it was written in, whereby ſhe thought the Queen would infallibly be deceiv'd. Aſſoon as ſhe came home, ſhe told her Husband the trouble the Queen-Dauphin was in, and pray'd him to ſend for Monſieur *de Nemours*: He was ſent for, and came preſently. Madam *de Cleve*, told him all ſhe had inform'd her Husband of, and ask'd him for the Letter. Monſieur *de Nemours* anſwer'd he had reſtor'd it

to

to the *Vidame*, who was ſo glad of it, that he ſent it immediately to Madam *de Themines*'s Friend: Madam *de Cleve* was now in freſh trouble; having conſulted a while, they reſolv'd to frame a Letter by Memory, they lock'd themſelves up to do it; order was given at the Gate no perſon ſhould come in; Monſieur *de Nemours* his Attendants were all ſent home; ſuch an appearance of Confidence was no ſmall Charm to Monſieur *de Nemours*, and even to Madam *de Cleve*: Her Husband's being by, and her Uncle being ſo deeply concern'd in the Matter, ſatisfy'd all her ſcruples: the ſight of Monſieur *de Nemours* pleas'd her ſo well, it gave her a joy ſo pure and ſincere, ſhe never had the like: This made her ſo free and ſo jovial, Monſieur *de Nemours* had never ſeen her ſo before, and was more paſſionately in Love with her than ever: He never had a more pleaſant time, which made him more lively and chearful; and when Madam *de Cleve* would begin to think of the Letter and write, he inſtead of helping her, in good earneſt did but interrupt her, and ſpeak pleaſantly to her: Madam *de Cleve* was gay as he, ſo that they were long lock'd up together, and two Meſſengers were come from the Queen-Dauphin to bid Madam *de Cleve* haſten, before they had finiſh'd the Letter half.

Monſieur *de Nemours* was ſo willing to prolong time that pleas'd him ſo well, he forgot his Friends Intereſt. Madam *de Cleve* too was ſo far from being tir'd with her Entertainment, ſhe forgot the Intereſt of her Uncle. At laſt, with much ado the Letter was ſcarce ready by four a-clock, and ſo ill done, and the Character ſo unlike the Original, that the Queen muſt have taken ſmall care to find out the truth of it, if they could have impos'd on her ſo: But as careful as they were, and earneſt to perſwade her the Letter was addreſs'd to Monſieur *de Nemours*, ſhe was not deceiv'd, but fully convinc'd it belong'd to the *Vidame*: Beſides, ſhe believ'd the Queen-Dauphin concern'd in it, and that there was a correſpondence between them: This heightned her hatred againſt that Princeſs to that degree, that ſhe never pardon'd her, or ceas'd perſecuting her, till ſhe had driven her out of *France*.

As for the *Vidame*, it utterly ruin'd him; and whether the Cardinal of *Lorrain* had already hit the way to pleaſe her, or that the Adventure of this Letter, having made it appear ſhe had been deceiv'd in the *Vidame*, help'd her to find out other Tricks he had plaid her, certain it is, he never after could recover her favour; their Correſpondence Was broke, and at laſt ſhe loſt him in the

Con-

Conſpiracy of *Amboiſe*, wherein he had a hand.

When the Letter was ſent to the Queen-Dauphin, Monſieur *de Cleve* and Monſieur *de Nemours* went their way. Madam *de Cleve* being alone, and no longer ſupported with the joy infus'd by the preſence of one ſhe lov'd, was like one newly awak'd out of a dream; ſhe was aſtoniſh'd to conſider the prodigious difference between her condition the night before, and that ſhe was now in: ſhe remembred how ſharp and how cold ſhe had appear'd to Monſieur *de Nemours*, while ſhe thought the Letter from Madam *de Themines* was addreſs'd to him; and what a calm, what a pleaſure ſucceeded immediately, aſſoon as he had perſwaded her the Letter concern'd him not: When ſhe reflected how ſhe reproach'd her ſelf as a Criminal, for having the day before given him only ſome marks of her pity, and that by her ſharpneſs this morning ſhe gave him cauſe to believe her jealous (the infallible proof of Paſſion) ſhe thought ſhe was not her ſelf: when ſhe conſider'd further, Monſieur *de Nemours* eaſily ſaw ſhe knew him in love with her: and that notwithſtanding that knowledge, ſhe had been ſo far from uſing him the worſe for it, even in her Husband's company, that on the contrary, ſhe had never look'd on him ſo favoura-

favourably, which was the reaſon Monſieur *de Cleve* had ſent for him to paſs the afternoon together in private: ſhe found ſhe had ſomething in her held intelligence with Monſieur *de Nemours*, that ſhe deceiv'd a Huſband, who of all men leaſt deſerv'd it, and ſhe was aſham'd to appear to him that lov'd her, ſo little worthy his Eſteem; that which troubled her moſt, was the thought of her condition the night paſt, and what piercing griefs ſhe was under while ſhe thought Monſieur *de Nemours* was in love with another; and that ſhe was deceiv'd in him when ſhe fancy'd her ſelf the object of his Paſſion.

Never till then had ſhe been acquainted with the mortal inquietudes of Jealouſie and Diſtruſt; ſhe had apply'd all her cares to ſave her ſelf from being in love with Monſieur *de Nemours*, and had not begun to fear his being in love with another: though the ſuſpicions the Letter gave her were vaniſh'd, yet they left her ſenſible ſhe might be deceiv'd, and gave her impreſſions of Jealouſie and Diſtruſt, ſhe had till then been altogether a ſtranger to: ſhe was amaz'd ſhe had not yet conſider'd how improbable it was a Man ſo inconſtant towards Women as Monſieur *de Nemours* had always been, could be capable of a ſincere and durable engagement; ſhe thought it next to impoſſible ſhe could ever

be

be ſatisfy'd of the truth of his Paſſion: *But if I ſhould*, ſays ſhe, *what would I do? would I endure it? would I anſwer it? would I engage in a piece of Gallantry? would I be falſe to Monſieur* de Cleve? *would I be falſe to my ſelf? would I, in a word, expoſe my ſelf to the deadly ſorrows, to the mortifying penitence Love is attended with? I am vanquiſh'd, I am conquer'd by an inclination which ſways me, which drags me along in ſpight of my heart; my reſolutions are vain; I thought yeſterday all I think now, and act to day quite contrary to yeſterdays reſolutions; I muſt withdraw my ſelf from the preſence of Monſieur* de Nemours, *I muſt go into the Country, how extravagant ſoever my Journey appear; and if Monſieur* de Cleve *be obſtinate to the contrary, or to know the reaſon of it, will it be any harm to him or my ſelf to let him know it?* She continu'd in this reſolution, and ſtaid all that Evening at home, without going to enquire of the Queen-Dauphin, what was become of the falſe Letter of the *Vidame*.

When Monſieur *de Cleve* return'd home, ſhe told him ſhe had a deſire to go into the Country, that ſhe was not very well, and it would do her good to take the Air: Monſieur *de Cleve*, in whoſe eyes ſhe appear'd ſo beautiful, that he could not imagine her indiſpoſition conſiderable, laught at the propoſal, and

an-

anſwer'd, ſhe forgot the Marriage of the Princeſs and the Turnament were nigh at hand; and that ſhe had not too much time for preparation, to appear there with magnificence equal to that of other Ladies: Her Husband's Reaſons alter'd not her mind, ſhe intreated he would be pleas'd, while he went with the King to *Compeigne*, ſhe might go to *Colonniers*, a fair Houſe then a building, within a days journey of *Paris*. Monſieur *de Cleve* gave his conſent; ſhe went thither with deſign not to return quickly; the King took his Progreſs for *Compeigne*, intending a ſhort ſtay there.

Monſieur *de Nemours* was much griev'd he had not ſeen Madam *de Cleve* ſince the Afternoon he had paſt ſo pleaſantly in her company, to the ſtrengthening of his hopes; he was under that impatience to ſee her again, that he could not reſt; ſo that when the King return'd to *Paris*, he reſolv'd to go to his Siſters the Ducheſs of *Mercœurs* in *Champagne*, hard by *Colonniers*, He ask'd the *Vidame* to go with him; he eaſily conſented: Monſieur *de Nemours* made the propoſal, in hopes to ſee Madam *de Cleve*, by going with the *Vidame* to her Houſe:

Madam *de Mercœur* receiv'd them with a great deal of joy, and made it her buſineſs to give them all the Pleaſures and Divertiſements

ments of the Country: One day as they were hunting a Buck, Monſieur *de Nemours* loſt himſelf in the Forreſt; and enquiring the way, he was told he was near *Colonniers*. At that word, without further conſideration, or knowing on what Deſign, he gallopp'd away full ſpeed towards *Colonniers*. As he rode, he came to made-Ways and Walks, which he thought led him toward the Caſtle: At the end of thoſe Walks he found a Pavilion, with a large Bower on either ſide, one whereof open'd towards a Garden of Flowers, and was ſeparated from the Forreſt only by Pales, the other fac'd a great Walk in the Park. He entred the Pavilion, and would have ſpent time in obſerving the beauty of it, but that he ſaw in the Walk Monſieur and Madam *de Cleve*, attended with a numerous Train of their Domeſticks: He expected not to have found Monſieur *de Cleve* there, whom he had left with the King; this made him think of hiding himſelf. He entred the Bower opening to the Flower-Garden, as having the convenience of a Door opening to the Forreſt, at which, upon occaſion, he might get out; But having obſerv'd Madam *de Cleve* and her Huſband ſet under the Pavilion, and their Domeſticks ſtaying behind in the Park, and having no way to come to him, without paſſing

through

through the place Monſieur and Madam *de Cleve* were in, he could not forbear taking the pleaſure of a ſight of the Princeſs, nor reſiſt the Curioſity of hearkning to her Diſcourſe with a Husband who gave him more Jealouſie than any of his Rivals.

He heard Monſieur *de Cleve* ſay to his Lady; 'But why will you not return to *Paris*? 'what is it can keep you here in the Coun-'try? You have of late an inclination for 'ſolitude, that amazes me, and troubles me 'extreamly, becauſe it occaſions our ſepara-'tion: beſides, I ſee you are more melancho-'ly than ordinary, and I am afraid you have 'ſome cauſe of grief. *I am not under any trouble*, ſays ſhe as one very much perplex'd; *but there is ſuch a buſtle at Court, and ſuch a multitude of People always at your Houſe, it is impoſſible but it ſhould tire both Body and Soul, and I cannot but deſire a place of Retirement and Repoſe.* 'Repoſe, *anſwers he*, 'is not proper for a Perſon of your Age; 'you are both at home and at Court in a 'condition that cannot occaſion your weari-'neſs, I rather fear you have a deſire of liv-'ing apart from me. *You would do me extream wrong, ſhould you think ſo*, ſays ſhe, more and more perplex'd; *but let me beg of you leave me here. Could you ſtay here, and without Company, I ſhould be very glad of it;*

if you could be content not to have about you that infinite of Viſitants that almoſt never leave you to your ſelf, 'Ah! Madam, *cries* '*Monſieur* de Cleve, your Countenance and 'your Expreſſions tell me plainly, you have 'reaſons to deſire to be alone, which I do 'not know; but I conjure you to tell me 'them: He preſs'd her long, but could not prevail with her to tell him, having long deny'd him in ſuch a manner as ſtill increas'd his Curioſity: She continu'd ſilent a while, with her Eyes to the Ground, and then ſuddenly looking upon him; *Force me not,* ſays ſhe, *to confeſs to you a thing I have not the power to declare, though I have often deſign'd it: Think only it is not prudent a Woman of my Age, and Miſtreſs of her Conduct, ſhould remain expos'd in the middle of the Court.* 'What a Proſpect have you given me, Ma-'dam? *cries Monſieur* de Cleve, I do not tell 'you what it is, for fear of giving you of-'fence: She anſwer'd not a Word, and her ſilence confirming the thoughts of her Huſband; 'You tell me nothing, *ſays he,* and 'that tells me clearly I am not miſtaken. *Ah! Sir,* ſays ſhe, falling down on her Knees, *I am going to make a Confeſſion no Woman ever made to her Husband, yet the Innocence of my Intentions and Conduct give me power to do it: 'Tis true I have reaſons*

to

to abſent from Court, and to avoid the dangers Perſons of my Age are in there: I have never been guilty of giving any Mark of weakneſs, and I cannot fear I ever ſhall, if you allow me the liberty to retire from Court, or if I had ſtill Madam de Chartres *to aſſiſt me in my Conduct: As dangerous as is the Courſe I take, I take it with Joy to preſerve my ſelf worthy of you: I ask your pardon a thouſand times, if I have any Sentiments diſpleaſe you, aſſure your ſelf my Actions never ſhall. Think, that to do as I do, requires more kindneſs and eſteem for a Husband than ever Wife had. Diſpoſe of me, direct me, have pity on me, and if you can, ſtill love me.*

Monſieur *de Cleve*, all the time ſhe ſpoke, lean'd his Head on his Hand, almoſt beſides himſelf, and never thought of making her riſe up from the poſture ſhe was in. When ſhe had done ſpeaking, and he fix'd his Eyes on her, and ſaw her at his Feet, her Face no leſs drown'd in Tears, than admirable for Beauty, he was ready to die for grief; and taking her up in his Arms, 'Have you pity 'on me, Madam, *ſays he*, for I need and de-'ſerve it; and pardon me, if in the firſt Aſſault 'of a grief ſo violent as mine is, I anſwer not 'as I ought ſuch a proceeding as yours: I 'think you more worthy eſteem and admira-'tion than any Woman that ever was; and

'my

'my ſelf the moſt unfortunate of Men. I have 'been paſſionately in love with you from the 'firſt moment I ſaw you: Neither your ſe- 'verity, nor the enjoyment of you, was ever 'able to abate it in the leaſt; it continues ſtill 'at the height: It was never in my power 'to make you in love with me, and I 'ſee now you fear you have inclination 'for another: Who, Madam, is the happy 'Man that cauſes your fear? How long hath 'he had the good Fortune to pleaſe you? 'what was it he did to pleaſe you? what 'way did he find to gain your affecti- 'on? It was ſome comfort to me for my 'misfortune of failing it, to think it was im- 'poſſible for any one to obtain. Another the 'while hath done what I have not been able, 'and I have at once the jealouſie both of a 'Husband and a Lover. But 'tis impoſſible 'to retain that of a Husband after a proceed- 'ing like yours; it is too noble and generous 'not to give me an entire aſſurance of your 'Virtue, it comforts me as a Lover: The 'confidence and ſincerity you have expreſs'd 'for me, are of infinite value: You eſteem 'me ſufficiently, to believe I will not abuſe 'your Confeſſion. You may, Madam, I will 'not abuſe it, nor love you the leſs for it. You 'render me unfortunate, by the cleareſt Evi- 'dence of Fidelity that ever Woman gave a

'Husband: But perfect what you begun,
'Madam, and let me know who it is you
'would avoid. I beſeech you do not ask me, *an-*
'*ſwers ſhe*, I am reſolv'd not to tell you; and
'I think it prudent not to give you his name.
'Fear not, Madam, *replies Monſieur* de Cleve,
'I am too well vers'd in the world, not to
'know Men may be in love with a Woman
'though ſhe have a Husband: We are to
'hate thoſe that are ſo, but not to complain
'of it; and once more I conjure you to tell
'me who it is. *'Tis to no purpoſe to preſs*
me, Sir, ſays ſhe, *I have the power to be ſi-*
lent where I think it my Duty not to ſpeak:
impute not to any weakneſs the Confeſſion I
have made to you. And I had need of more
courage to declare to you that truth, than to
have conceal'd it.

Monſieur *de Nemours* heard every word of this Diſcourſe, and what Madam *de Cleve* had ſaid, rais'd no leſs his jealouſie than her Husband's: He was ſo deſperately in love with her, he thought all the World was ſo too: True it is, he had many Rivals, yet he fancy'd them more; and he was wild to know who it was Madam *de Cleve* meant. He had often thought ſhe had ſome kindneſs for him, but the grounds of his Judgment appear'd on this occaſion ſo ſlight and inconſiderable, that he could not imagine ſhe had

had ſo violent a paſſion for him, as to need recourſe to ſo extraordinary a Remedy: He was ſo tranſported he ſcarce knew what he ſaw, but he could not pardon Monſieur *de Cleve* for not having preſs'd her home to tell him the Name of the Perſon ſhe conceal'd from him.

Yet Monſieur *de Cleve* us'd his utmoſt endeavours to know it, but finding it vain to urge her further, deſiſted from troubling her; who preſently ſaid, 'Methinks you ought 'to reſt ſatisfy'd with my ſincerity, pray ask 'me no more, and give me not cauſe to re-'pent what I have done; Content your ſelf 'with the aſſurance I give you once more, 'my Sentiments have never appear'd by any 'Action of mine, and that no Addreſs hath 'been made to me, that could give me Of-'fence. *Ah, Madam*, replies Monſieur *de Cleve, on the ſudden, I cannot believe it: I remember the trouble you were in the day your Picture was loſt; you have given, Madam, you have given away that Picture that was ſo dear to me, and ſo juſtly mine: You have not been able to conceal your Affection, you are in Love, it is known, your Virtue hath hitherto ſav'd you from the reſt.* 'Is it poſſible, *cries the Princeſs*, you can 'imagine any Diſguiſement in a Confeſſi-'on as mine is, which I was no way oblig'd

'to. Take my word, Sir, I buy at a dear 'rate the confidence I deſire of you; I con- 'jure you believe I never gave away my 'Picture: True it is, I ſaw it taken, but would 'not take notice I ſaw it, for fear of expoſing 'my ſelf on that occaſion to be told what 'none ever yet durſt ſay to me. *How know you then you are lov'd*, ſays he, *what evidences has he given you of his Paſſion?* 'Spare me 'the pains and the trouble, *anſwers ſhe*, of 'telling you Particulars I am aſham'd to 'have obſerv'd, being ſuch as have too 'much convinc'd me of my weakneſs. *You have reaſon, Madam*, replies he, *I am unjuſt, and preſs you too far; refuſe me whenever I ask you ſuch queſtions, yet be not offended with me for asking them.*

Juſt then came ſeveral of the Servants, (who had ſtaid in the Walks) to acquaint Monſieur *de Cleve* that a Gentleman was arriv'd from the King, with Orders for him to be at *Paris* that Evening: Monſieur *de Cleve* was forc'd to go, and was not able to ſay any thing to his Wife, but that he deſir'd her to come to *Paris* on the Morrow; and conjur'd her to believe that though he was troubled, he had for her a tenderneſs and eſteem, with which ſhe had reaſon to be abundantly ſatisfy'd.

When

When the Prince was gone, and Madam *de Cleve*, left alone, conſider'd what ſhe had done, the thought of it ſo frighted her, ſhe could ſcarce believe the truth of it: She ſaw ſhe her ſelf had put her ſelf out of the affection and eſteem of her Husband, and plung'd her ſelf into a Pit ſhe ſhould never get out of. She ask'd her ſelf why ſhe had done ſo hazardous a thing, and perceiv'd ſhe had engag'd in it, having ſcarce form'd the deſign. The ſingularity of her Confeſſion, which ſhe conceiv'd without Preſident, gave her a full Proſpect of her danger. On the other ſide, when ſhe conſider'd this Remedy (as violent as it was) was the ſole effectual one ſhe could make uſe of againſt Monſieur *de Nemours*; ſhe thought ſhe had no cauſe to repent, or to believe ſhe had ventur'd too far. She paſs'd that Night under a very great incertitude, trouble and fear: at laſt her Spirits were calm'd; ſhe found pleaſure in having given that Evidence of Fidelity to a Husband who deſerv'd it ſo well, who had ſo great an eſteem and kindneſs for her, and had given freſh proof of both, in the manner of his receiving the ſtrange Confeſſion ſhe had made him.

Monſieur *de Nemours* was in the mean time got from the place he had heard the Diſcourſe in, into the middle of the Forreſt:

What Madam *de Cleve* had ſaid of her Picture, had reviv'd him, by letting him know he was the Perſon ſhe had inclination for. The thought of this ſwell'd him with Joy; but the Joy was ſhort-liv'd: for when he reflected that what mov'd her to declare ſhe had inclination for him, convinc'd him the ſame moment he ſhould never receive any Evidence of it, he thought it impoſſible to engage a Perſon who made recourſe to ſo extraordinary a Remedy; yet he could not but be very much pleas'd to have reduc'd her to ſuch an extremity: He glory'd in himſelf that he gain'd the Affection of a Lady ſo different from the reſt of her Sex. In a word, he thought himſelf a hundred times happy and unhappy all together. He was benighted in the Forreſt, and was much puzled to find the way to his Siſters, the Ducheſs of *Mercœur*: He arriv'd there about Break of day, and was very much to ſeek what account to give of his Abſence: He came off the beſt he could, and return'd the ſame day with the *Vidame* to *Paris*.

The Prince was ſo full of his Paſſion, and ſurpriz'd with what he had heard, that he fell into the common imprudence of ſpeaking in general terms his particular Sentiments, and relating his own Adventures under borrow'd Names. In his Return he fell into

into diſcourſe of Love, and the extream pleaſure of being in Love with a perſon deſerving it. He ſpoke of the extravagant effects of that Paſſion; and not able to conceal the aſtoniſhment he was in at the action of Madam *de Cleve*, he made the *Vidame* acquainted with it, without naming the Perſon, or owning himſelf concern'd; but he ſpoke with that heat and admiration, the *Vidame* eaſily ſuſpected him one of the parties in the caſe, and preſs'd him to confeſs it: He told him he was well aſſur'd he had a violent Paſſion for a Lady, though he knew not who, and that he had no reaſon to diſtruſt him, who had truſted him with his Life: But Monſieur *de Nemours* was too deeply in Love to confeſs it, and had ever conceal'd his paſſion from the *Vidame*, though he lov'd him beſt of any man at Court: He anſwer'd, that a Friend of his had told him this Adventure; and not only made him promiſe not to ſpeak of it, but conjur'd him to ſecreſie. The *Vidame* aſſur'd him it ſhould go no further, but Monſieur *de Nemours* repented he had told him ſo much.

The mean time Monſieur *de Cleve* was gone to the King, but with a heart mortally afflicted: Never had Husband ſo violent a Paſſion for his Wife, nor ſo great an Eſteem, which was not diminiſh'd in the leaſt by

what ſhe had told him, but chang'd into a ſort different from the eſteem he had formerly had of her: His thoughts were moſt buſi'd about gueſſing who it was had the ſecret to pleaſe her: He thought of Monſieur *de Nemours*, as the moſt amiable of the Court, and the Chevalier *de Guiſe*, and the Marſhal *S. Andre*, as perſons who had apply'd themſelves to pleaſe her, and ſtill continu'd their endeavours; ſo that he was perſwaded it muſt be one of the three.

He arriv'd at the *Louvre*, and the King took him into his Cloſet, to tell him he had made choice of him to conduct *Madam* into *Spain*, and believ'd no man could perform it better, and that no Lady could do *France* more honour than Madam *de Cleve*. Monſieur *de Cleve* receiv'd the honour of the choice as he ought, and look'd on it as an occaſion for his Wives abſence from Court, without giving ſuſpicion of any change of her Conduct; but the trouble he was in needed a ſpeedier remedy than that Voyage (to be deferr'd for ſome Months) could afford him: He preſently writ Madam *de Cleve* the news of what the King had ſaid to him, and added, he expected ſhe would not fail of returning to *Paris*. She came thither, according to his order; and when they ſaw one another, they were both extraordinary ſad.

Mon-

Monſieur *de Cleve* ſpoke to her like a man of the greateſt Honour in the World, and beſt deſerving the confidence ſhe had repos'd in him: 'It is not your Conduct, *ſays he*, 'gives me trouble, you have more ſtrength 'and more virtue than you imagine: nor 'am I troubled with fears of what may hap-'pen hereafter; that which troubles me is, 'that I ſee you have that affection for ano-'ther it has not been in my power to raiſe 'in you. I know not what to anſwer you, '*ſays ſhe*, I am mortally aſham'd when I ſpeak 'to you, let me conjure you to ſpare this 'cruel Diſcourſe, order my Conduct, and let 'me never ſee any body: This is all I deſire 'of you; but take it not ill from me, if I 'ſpeak no more of a thing which makes me 'appear ſo little worthy of you, and which 'I think ſo unbecoming me: You have rea-'ſon, Madam, *replies he*, I abuſe your good-'neſs and your confidence in me, yet pity 'the condition you have brought me to, 'and think, though you have told me the 'ſubſtance of the matter, you conceal from 'me a Name that fills me with a Curioſity, 'which, if not ſatisfy'd, will bring me to my 'Grave: however, I do not deſire you to tell 'it me, but I cannot forbear letting you 'know, I believe the Man I am to envy is the 'Marſhal S. *Andre*, the Duke *de Nemours*, or

'the

'the Chevalier *de Guiſe*. 'I will not anſwer 'you, *ſays ſhe, bluſhing*; nor give you occaſi- 'on to diminiſh or raiſe your ſuſpicions: 'But if you would try by watching and ob- 'ſerving me, to diſcover the truth, you will 'put me into a trouble all the World will 'take notice of. 'A God's-name, *continues* 'ſhe, give me leave to pretend ſome indiſpo- 'ſition, and not to ſee any one. 'No, Ma- 'dam, *ſays he*, it will quickly be diſcover'd 'to be a feign'd buſineſs: Beſides, I would 'not relie on any thing but your ſelf, my 'Heart gives me that is the beſt courſe I can 'take; and my Reaſon tells me, conſider- 'ing the humour you are of, I cannot put a 'greater Reſtraint upon you, than by leaving 'you to your liberty.

Monſieur *de Cleve* was not miſtaken: The confidence he made appear he had in his Wife, fortify'd her the more againſt Monſieur *de Nemours*, and made her take more ſevere Reſolutions than any Reſtraint would have brought her to: She went to the *Louvre* and the Queen-Dauphin's Lodgings, as ſhe us'd to do, but avoided the preſence and ſight of Monſieur *de Nemours* with ſo much care, that ſhe robb'd him of almoſt all the joy he had in thinking ſhe lov'd him, all her Actions perſwading him the contrary: He could not tell but what he had heard might have been

in

in a dream, ſo little likelihood was there of the truth of it: The only thing ſeem'd to aſſure him he was not miſtaken, was the extream ſadneſs of Madam *de Cleve*, appearing in ſpight of all her care to conceal it: And peradventure, the ſweeteſt looks, and moſt obliging expreſſions would not have ſo much heightned the love of Monſieur *de Nemours*, as the ſeverity of her Conduct effectually did.

One Evening, as Monſieur and Madam *de Cleve* were at the Queens Lodgings, it was ſaid there was a report the King would name another great Lord at Court to wait on *Madam* into *Spain*, Monſieur *de Cleve* had his eye fixt on his Wife, when it was further ſaid, the Chevalier *de Guiſe*, or the Marſhal *de S. Andre* was to be the Man: He obſerv'd ſhe was not at all mov'd at either of thoſe Names, nor at the diſcourſe of their going along with her; this made him believe he had no reaſon to fear the preſence of either of them: To clear his ſuſpicions, he went into the Queens Cloſet, where the King then was. Having ſtaid there a while, he return'd to his Wife, and whiſper'd her, he had but newly been told Monſieur *de Nemours* was the perſon deſign'd to go along with them into *Spain*. Madam *de Cleve* was ſo mov'd at the name of Monſieur *de Nemours*, and the

thought

thought of being expos'd to ſee him every day, during a very long journey, in the preſence of her Husband, that ſhe could not conceal the trouble ſhe was in; and to cloak it with other Reaſons: *No choice*, ſays ſhe, *could have been made more diſagreeable for you, he will ſhare all your Honours, and methinks you are oblig'd to endeavour to procure another Choice. Madam*, anſwers he, *'tis not on any account of State you are unwilling Monſieur* de Nemours *ſhould go with me, the trouble it gives you proceeds from another Cauſe; I learn from that trouble in you, what I ſhould have diſcover'd in another Woman, by the Joy ſhe would have expreſs'd at the News: but fear not, Madam, what I told you is not true, it was an invention of mine, to be aſſur'd of a thing I ſtrongly believ'd.* Having ſaid ſo, he went out, being loth by his preſence to increaſe the trouble he ſaw his Wife in.

Monſieur *de Nemours* came in at that inſtant, and preſently obſerv'd the Condition ſhe was in: He went up to her, and told her ſoftly, he had that reſpect for her, he durſt not ask her, what it was made her more thoughtful and melancholy than ordinary? The voice of Monſieur *de Nemours* brought her to her ſelf again, and looking on him, without having heard what he had juſt then ſaid (ſo full was ſhe of her own thoughts,

and

and of fear her Husband might ſee him with her) *For God's ſake,* ſays ſhe, *let me alone: Alas, Madam,* anſwers he, *I do it too much; what is it you can complain of? I dare not ſpeak to you, I dare not ſo much as look upon you, I tremble when I come near you; wherein have I deſerv'd you ſhould ſpeak ſo to me? why do you make it appear thus, I am in ſome meaſure the cauſe of the trouble I ſee you in?* Madam *de Cleve* was very ſorry ſhe had given him occaſion to declare himſelf more clearly than he had done before; ſhe left him without ſaying a word more, and went home more troubled than ever: her Husband perceiv'd it, and that ſhe was afraid he ſhould ſpeak to her of what was paſt; and following her into her Cloſet, *Do not ſhun me, Madam,* ſays he, *I will not ſay any thing ſhall diſpleaſe you, I beg your pardon for the Surprize I put you to awhile, I am ſufficiently puniſh'd by what I have learn by it; Monſieur* de Nemours *was the man I moſt fear'd of any: I ſee the danger you are in; have power over your ſelf for your own ſake, and if you can for mine; I ask it not as your Husband, but as a man whoſe happineſs wholly depends on you, and who hath for you a Paſſion more violent and more tender than he whom your inclination prefers before me.* Monſieur *de Cleve* melted at theſe Words, he could ſcarce finiſh them:

them: His Lady was ſo mov'd, ſhe burſt into tears, and embrac'd him with a tenderneſs and ſorrow, that put him into a condition very different from hers: They continu'd ſilent a while, and parted, without having been able to ſay a word one to the other.

All things were ready for the Marriage of *Madam*, the Duke of *Alva* was arriv'd to eſpouſe her: He was receiv'd with all the Ceremony and Magnificence uſual on ſuch occaſions: The King ſent to meet him by the way, the Prince of *Conde*, the Cardinals of *Lorrain* and *Guiſe*, the Dukes *of Lorrain*, *Ferrara*, *Aumale*, *Bouillon*, *Guiſe* and *Nemours*. They had a great number of Gentlemen, and many Pages in Livery: The King in Perſon, attended with two hundred Gentlemen his Servants, with the Conſtable, at the head of them, waited the Duke of *Alva*'s coming at the firſt Gate of the *Louvre*. When the Duke of *Alva* was come up to the King, he would have embrac'd his knees; the King would not ſuffer it, but made him walk by his ſide to the Queens Lodgings, and to *Madam*'s, for whom the Duke of *Alva* brought a magnificent Preſent from his Maſter. He went thence to the Lodgings of Madam *Margaret* the King's Siſter, to Complement her on the part of Monſieur *de Savoy*, and aſſure her he would arrive in few days.

days. There were great Aſſemblies at the *Louvre*, to let the Duke of *Alva* and the Prince of *Orange* (who accompany'd him) ſee the Beauties of the Court.

Madam *de Cleve* durſt not abſent her ſelf, for fear of diſpleaſing her Husband, who commanded her to appear there, though very loth to do it. Yet ſhe was the rather induc'd to it by the abſence of Monſieur *de Nemours*: He was gone to meet Monſieur *de Savoy*, and after his arrival, was oblig'd to be in a manner always with him, to aſſiſt him in what concern'd the Ceremonies of his Marriage. This prevented her meeting him as often as ſhe us'd, which gave her ſome ſatisfaction.

The *Vidame* of *Chartres* had not forgot the Diſcourſe he had had with Monſieur *de Nemours*. It ran in his mind that the Adventure the Prince had told him, was his own; and he watch'd him ſo narrowly, 'tis very probable he would have found out the truth of it, had not the Arrival of the Duke of *Alva* and Monſieur *de Savoy* fill'd the Court with ſo much buſineſs, that it took away the opportunities of a diſcovery of that Nature: The deſire he had to know the truth of it, or rather the natural diſpoſition we have to make thoſe we love acquainted with all we know, made him tell Madam *de Martigues* the

the extraordinary Action of that Perſon, who had confeſs'd to her Husband the paſſion ſhe had for another: He aſſur'd her Monſieur *de Nemours* was the Man had inſpir'd ſo violent a paſſion, and conjur'd her to aſſiſt him in obſerving that Prince. Madam *de Martigues* was glad to hear what the *Vidame* told her, and the Curioſity ſhe had always obſerv'd in the Queen-Dauphin for what concern'd Monſieur *de Nemours*, made her the more deſirous to know the bottom of the Adventure.

A ſhort time before the Day fix'd for the Ceremony of the Marriage, the Queen-Dauphin invited the King her Father-in-Law, and the Ducheſs of *Valentinois* to Supper. Madam *de Cleve* had been ſo buſie a dreſſing her ſelf, it was late ere ſhe came to the *Louvre*: By the way ſhe met a Gentleman, who was coming in ſearch of her from the Queen-Dauphin. As ſhe enter'd her Chamber, that Princeſs ſaid aloud to her, from on her Bed, where ſhe then was; *I have look'd for you with the greateſt impatience. I believe it, Madam*, anſwers ſhe, *yet perhaps I am not oblig'd to you for it, the cauſe being doubtleſs ſomething elſe, and not your deſire to ſee me. You are right*, anſwers the Queen-Dauphin; *yet you are oblig'd to me; for I will tell you an Adventure you will be very glad to know.*

Ma-

Madam *de Cleve* kneel'd at her Bed-ſide, and (very luckily) with her Face from the light: *You know*, ſays the Queen-Dauphin, *how deſirous we were to find out who had caus'd the great change obſerv'd in Monſieur* de Nemours. *I believe I know the Party; you will be ſurpriz'd at the Story: He is deſperately in love with one of the handſomeſt Ladies of the Court, and ſhe loves him again.* You may eaſily imagine what grief Madam *de Cleve* felt at theſe Words, which ſhe could not apply to her ſelf, as being of opinion no Perſon knew of her Love for Monſieur *de Nemours*. *I ſee nothing in this, Madam*, anſwers ſhe *that ſhould occaſion a ſurprize, if you conſider the age and the handſomneſs of Monſieur* de Nemours. *True*, ſays the Queen-Dauphin, *but that which will ſurprize you, is, to know that the Lady in Love with Monſieur* de Nemours, *hath never given him any Evidence of it; and is ſo afraid ſhe ſhall not be able to continue Miſtreſs of her Paſſion, that ſhe hath confeſs'd it to her Husband, that he may take her from Court; and 'tis Monſieur* de Nemours *hath related what I ſay to you.*

Madam *de Cleve* was griev'd at the beginning of this diſcourſe, when ſhe thought her ſelf not concern'd in the Adventure, but ſhe was at her wits end when ſhe heard the concluſion of it, which too clearly made out, it

related to her; She could not anſwer a word, but continued leaning her Head on the Bed while the Queen was ſpeaking; which ſhe did with that earneſtneſs and concern, ſhe took not any notice of the confuſion Madam *de Cleve* was in. *This Story*, anſwers ſhe, *ſeems very improbable, and I would very fain know who it is hath told it you.* *'Tis Madam* Martigues, ſays the Queen-Dauphin; *and ſhe had it from the* Vidame *of* Chartres. *You know he is in Love with her, he told it to her as a Secret, and he was told it by the Duke of* Nemours: *'Tis true the Duke of* Nemours *told him not the Name of the Lady, nor would confeſs himſelf the other Party concern'd; but the* Vidame *makes no doubt of it.*

As the Queen-Dauphin had done ſpeaking, one came up to the Bed: Madam *de Cleve* had ſo turned her ſelf about, ſhe could not ſee who it was, but was quickly ſatisfy'd of the Perſon, when ſhe heard the Queen-Dauphin cry out, with no leſs joy than ſurprize, *Here he is himſelf, and I will know of him the truth of it.* Madam *de Cleve* needed not turn about to know it was Monſieur *de Nemours*, as really it was, but went haſtily to the Queen-Dauphin, and told her ſoftly, ſhe muſt take heed of ſpeaking of this Adventure which Monſieur *de Nemours* had told the *Vidame* as a Secret, and perhaps it might

might make them fall out. *You are too wiſe*, ſays the Queen-Dauphin, laughing, and turn'd towards Monſieur *de Nemours*. He was dreſt for the Court-meeting at Night, and with a Grace natural to him, *I believe, Madam*, ſays he, *I may venture to think you were ſpeaking of me as I came in; that you had a deſire to ask me ſomething, and that Madam* de Cleve *was againſt it.* *'Tis true*, anſwers the Queen-Dauphin, *but I ſhall not be ſo complaiſant to her on this occaſion, as I am us'd to be. I would know of you, whether a Story I have been told be true, and whether you are not the Perſon in Love with, and belov'd by a Lady at Court, who endeavours to conceal her Paſſion from you, and hath confeſs'd it to her Husband?*

You cannot imagine the trouble and perplexity Madam *de Cleve* was in, ſhe would have thought Death a very good exchange for it. Yet Monſieur *de Nemours* was in greater, if poſſible: The Diſcourſe of the Queen (who he had reaſon to believe hated him not) in preſence of Madam *de Cleve*, in whom of all the Court ſhe plac'd greateſt confidence, and had the greateſt ſhare of hers in return, put him into ſo ſtrange a confuſion of extravagant thoughts, it was not in his power to be Maſter of his Countenance: The trouble he ſaw Madam *de Cleve*

in by his fault, and the thought of his having given her juſt cauſe to hate him, ſurpriz'd him ſo that he could not anſwer a word. Madam *le Dauphin* obſerving him mute, *Look upon him*, ſays ſhe to Madam *de Cleve*; *look upon him, and judge if he be not concern'd in this Adventure.*

The mean time Monſieur *de Nemours* having conſider'd how neceſſary it was to get out of ſo dangerous a ſtrait, and recover'd his wit and his looks; *I confeſs, Madam*, ſays he, *no ſurprize or affliction could be greater than mine, at the infidelity of the* Vidame *of* Chartres, *in relating an Adventure I had in confidence imparted to him, of one of my Friends: I know how to be reveng'd of him*, continues he (ſmiling very calmly, which rais'd the ſuſpitions the Queen-Dauphin had entertain'd of him) *he hath made me his Confident in matters of no ſmall importance: But I am to ſeek for the Reaſon, Madam, why you make me concern'd in this Adventure: The* Vidame *will not ſay it, for I have told him the contrary. I may very well be taken to be a Man in Love, but I cannot believe, Madam, you will think me of the number of thoſe who are lov'd again.* Monſieur *de Nemours* was glad to ſay any thing to the Queen-Dauphin, that might relate to that affection he had declar'd for her formerly (to divert

her

her thoughts from the matter in hand. She underſtood what he ſaid, but inſtead of anſwering, continu'd teazing him for the change in his Looks when ſhe began to diſcourſe him. *I was troubled, Madam,* ſays he, *on my Friend's account; and to think how juſtly he would reproach me for telling a Secret more dear to him than his Life. Yet he imparted it but half, having kept from me the Name of the Perſon he loves: All I know, is, he is the moſt deeply in love of any Man living, and hath the moſt reaſon to complain. Think you he hath any cauſe of complaint,* replies the Queen-Dauphin, *when his Paſſion is ſo well anſwer'd again? Can you believe it anſwer'd, Madam,* ſays he; *or that a Lady having a true Paſſion could have diſcover'd it to her Husband? Doubtleſs this Lady is not acquainted with Love, and hath taken ſmall notice of the kindneſs had for her. My Friend cannot flatter himſelf with any hope, yet unfortunate as he is, he eſteems himſelf happy at leaſt, to make her afraid ſhe ſhould fall in love with him, and he would not change his condition with that of the happieſt Lover in the World. Your Friend hath a Paſſion very eaſie to be ſatisfy'd,* ſays ſhe, *and I begin to think you not concern'd in the Story; I am almoſt of the mind of Madam* de Cleve, *who maintains there's no truth in it. I cannot think it true,*

ſays Madam *de Cleve*, who had been ſilent all this while; *and could it have been true, how ſhould it have been known? 'Tis not probable a Woman capable of a Reſolution ſo extraordinary, ſhould have the weakneſs to ſpeak of it; and ſurely her Husband would not have related it, or muſt have been very unworthy to have been ſo well dealt with, as he had been by his Lady in her unparallell'd Conduct.* Monſieur *de Nemours* perceiving the Suſpicions Madam *de Cleve* ſeem'd to have of her Husband, did all he could to confirm them, knowing him the moſt formidable of his Rivals: *Jealouſie*, ſays he, *and the deſire of finding out what a Wife hath, it may be, not thought fit to diſcover, are capable to make a Husband guilty of indiſcretion.*

Madam *de Cleve* was at her laſt ſhifts, and not able to endure the Diſcourſe any longer; ſhe would have ſaid ſhe was not well, when, by good fortune for her, the Ducheſs of *Valentinois* came in, who told the Queen-Dauphin the King was juſt a coming. The Queen-Dauphin went into her Cloſet to be dreſt. Monſieur *de Nemours* drew up to Madam *de Cleve* as ſhe follow'd her, *I would give my Life, Madam*, ſays he, *for a moments Diſcourſe with you; yet I have nothing of more importance to tell you, than that if I have ſaid any thing to the Queen-Dauphin wherein ſhe*

may

may ſeem concern'd, I did it for Reaſons that relate not to her. Madam *de Cleve* made as if ſhe heard him not, but left him without giving him a Look, and follow'd the King, who was newly come in. There was a great deal of Company. She trod on her own Coat, and made a falſe ſtep, which ſerv'd her for a pretence to quit a place ſhe had not the power to ſtay in; and ſhe return'd home.

Monſieur *de Cleve* came to the *Louvre*, and was amaz'd not to find his Wife there; they told him of the Accident befallen her: He went preſently home to enquire after her, he found her a-Bed, and eaſily knew her hurt was not conſiderable. When he had been with her ſome time, he perceiv'd her ſo exceſſively ſad, that it ſurpriz'd him. 'What 'ails you, Madam, *ſays he*, methinks you 'are troubled with other Grief than that 'you complain of. I am the moſt afflicted 'I poſſibly can be, *anſwers ſhe*, for the uſe 'you have made of that extraordinary, or (to 'name it right) fooliſh confidence I have had 'in you. Did I not deſerve ſecreſie? or had I 'not, did not your Intereſt engage you to it? 'Muſt your Curioſity of knowing a Name, '(it was my duty not to tell you) oblige 'you to make a Confident to aſſiſt you in the 'diſcovery? Nothing elſe could have made 'you fall into ſo horrible an indiſcretion, the

'conſequences of which are as bad as bad
'may be: This Adventure is known, and I
'have been juſt told the Story of it by them
'who knew not I was principally concern'd
'in it. What ſay you, Madam? *anſwers he*;
'you accuſe me to have told what paſs'd be-
'tween you and me, and that the matter is
'known. I will not juſtifie my ſelf not to
'have ſpoken of it, you cannot believe I ever
'did; and doubtleſs you have apply'd to
'your ſelf what was related of another.
'Ah Sir, *ſays ſhe*, the World hath not an
'Adventure like mine; there's not another
'Woman capable of ſuch a thing. The
'Story I have heard could not have been in-
'vented by chance, none ever imagin'd the
'like; an Action of this nature never en-
'ter'd any thoughts but mine: The Queen-
'Dauphin hath juſt told me the Story, ſhe had
'it from the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, and he
'from Monſieur *de Nemours*, Monſieur *de*
'*Nemours*, *cries Monſieur* de Cleve, *like a*
'*Man tranſported and deſperate*; doth Mon-
'ſieur *de Nemours* know you love him, and
'that I know it? You always harp on that
'String, and fix on Monſieur *de Nemours* be-
'fore any other, *replies ſhe*; I have told you
'I would not anſwer your Suſpicions: I am
'ignorant whether Monſieur *de Nemours*
'knows that I am concern'd in the Adven-
'ture

'ture, and the Perſon you told him of; but 'he told the *Vidame* the Story, and ſaid 'he had it from a Friend of his, who had 'not nam'd the Lady; It cannot be but that 'this Friend muſt be one of yours, whom you 'truſted the Secret with, in order to diſcove-'ry of what I conceal'd. Is there a Friend 'in the World, *ſays he*, to be truſted with a 'buſineſs of this nature? And would any 'Man purchaſe the clearing his ſuſpicions at 'ſo dear a rate, as acquainting another with 'that which he would have gladly had con-'ceal'd from himſelf? I think rather, Ma-'dam, who it is you have ſpoken to, 'tis 'more probable it came from you than me; 'the trouble you were in was inſupportable 'to you, and to eaſe your ſelf of the Burden, 'you have made uſe of a Confident, who 'hath betray'd you. Deſtroy me not quite, '*ſays ſhe*, and be not ſo hard-hearted to ac-'cuſe me of a fault you have committed. 'Can you ſuſpect me of ſuch a thing, and 'becauſe I told it you, could I tell it any o-'ther?

The Confeſſion Madam *de Cleve* had made to her Husband, was ſo clear a proof of her ſincerity, and ſhe deny'd ſo flatly ſhe had acquainted any with it but himſelf, he knew not what to think. On the other ſide, he was ſure he had never ſaid a word of it, it

was

was not a matter to be gueſs'd at; yet it was known, and it muſt be through one of them two: what troubled him moſt, was the certainty one or other was privy to the ſecret, and in all probability it would be divulg'd.

Madam *de Cleve*'s thoughts were much the ſame with her Husband's; ſhe thought it impoſſible her Husband would have ſpoke of it, and as impoſſible but it muſt be he had ſpoken it; the intimation Monſieur *de Nemours* had given what indiſcretion a Huſband's curioſity might make him guilty of, appear'd to hit Monſieur *de Cleve* ſo pat, ſhe could not believe it a thing ſaid by chance: this weigh'd with her ſo far, ſhe was fully perſwaded Monſieur *de Cleve* had abus'd her confidence: Both were ſo full of their own thoughts, they were ſilent a conſiderable time; and when they ſpoke to one another, they did but repeat what they had formerly ſaid, and continu'd more alter'd and eſtranged in opinion and affection than ever they had been.

You may eaſily imagine how they paſt that night: Monſieur *de Cleve*'s patience was exhauſted, to ſee a Lady he ador'd, in Love with another: he was quite heartleſs; he had not the Courage to reſent a Matter wherein his Reputation and Honour were ſo deeply concern'd; he knew not what to think

think of his Wife; he was to ſeek what Conduct he ſhould preſcribe to her, or himſelf; he could diſcover on all hands nothing but Precipices and Abyſſes. After long irreſolution, conſidering he was ſhortly engag'd for *Spain*, he reſolv'd to do nothing to increaſe the knowledge or ſuſpicion of his unfortunate Eſtate: he went to Madam *de Cleve*, and told her, their Buſineſs was not to find out which of them two had diſcover'd the Secret, but to endeavour to make it appear the Story was a Fable, and ſhe no way concern'd in it; that it was in her power to perſwade Monſieur *de Nemours* and others, to that purpoſe, by uſing him with that ſeverity and coldneſs ſhe ought to expreſs towards a man pretending to be in Love with her; that ſuch a proceeding would eaſily alter the opinion he had of her having inclination for him; that ſhe was not to trouble her ſelf for what he might have hitherto thought, for that if for the future ſhe avoided diſcovering any weakneſs to him, his former thoughts would vaniſh, and that eſpecially ſhe muſt frequent the *Louvre* and Court-meetings as ſhe us'd to do.

Having ſaid this, he quitted her, without expecting her Anſwer: ſhe thought him much in the right, and was ſo angry with Monſieur *de Nemours*, ſhe believ'd it an eaſie matter

to

to put in execution her Husband's advice: but it ſeem'd a hard task to appear at the Marriage with that Calm and Tranquillity, that Freedom and Clearneſs of Spirit the occaſion requir'd: But having been preferr'd before ſeveral Princeſſes (ambitious of the honour to carry the Queen-Dauphin's Train, ſhe could not put it off without occaſioning much noiſe, and enquiry what had mov'd her to it: She reſolv'd to ſtrain her ſelf to perform it, but ſpent the reſt of the day in preparing for the Solemnity, and thinking her own Thoughts; ſhe lock'd her ſelf up in her Cloſet: that which griev'd her moſt, was the cauſe ſhe had to complain of Monſieur *de Nemours*, without an excuſe to alledge in his favour: ſhe made no doubt but he had told the *Vidame* the ſtory, he had confeſt as much in her hearing, and ſpoke in that manner, ſhe could not queſtion but he knew ſhe was concern'd; what excuſe for ſuch an imprudence ſo very unſuitable to the diſcretion ſhe admir'd him for? while he thought himſelf unhappy, he continu'd diſcreet; he hath fancy'd himſelf happy, (tho' on very uncertain grounds) and hath diſmiſs'd his Diſcretion: he could not imagine I lov'd him, but he muſt make the World acquainted with it: he hath ſaid all he could; I made no Confeſſion he was the

man

man I lov'd, but he hath believ'd it, and preſently declar'd his belief; had he been ſure of it, I muſt have expected he would have taken the ſame courſe, and us'd me with no more reſpect than he hath now done: How was I miſtaken, to think him capable to conceal any thing that flatter'd his vanity! Yet this is the man I thought ſo different from the reſt, that for his ſake, I, who differ'd ſo much from the reſt of my Sex, find my ſelf ſubject to the weakneſs of other Women: I have loſt the affection and eſteem of a Huſband, who ſhould have been my happineſs. All the World will ſhortly look on me as a Woman under a fooliſh and violent Paſſion: he for whom I have it, is not ignorant of it. 'Tis for avoiding theſe Misfortunes I have hazarded my Repoſe and my Life. Theſe ſad Reflections ended in a torrent of Tears; but as great as her Grief was, ſhe found it ſupportable, if ſhe could be but ſatisfy'd in Monſieur *de Nemours*.

He was not in a much better condition, he was vex'd at the heart for his indiſcretion, in ſpeaking as he had done to the *Vidame*, and the ill conſequences that attended it; he was confounded to think what trouble, perplexity and grief he had ſeen Madam *de Cleve* in. He could not excuſe himſelf for having ſaid to her, about this Adventure,

things

things though innocently gallant in themſelves, yet on this occaſion too groſs and rude, ſince they made her ſenſible he knew ſhe was the Lady had that violent paſſion, and he the Perſon for whom ſhe had it. All he could have wiſh'd for, was to diſcourſe her; but now he thought himſelf more oblig'd to avoid than deſire it. *What ſhould I ſay to her?* cry'd he, *ſhould I convince her more plainly of what I have already given her too much light? Shall I tell her I know ſhe loves me, who never yet durſt tell her I lov'd her? ſhall I begin to own my Paſſion to her, that ſhe may ſee my hopes have inſpir'd me with boldneſs? Can I entertain a thought of going near her, and giving her new trouble by enduring a ſight of me? How ſhall I juſtifie my ſelf? I have no Excuſe, I am unworthy ſhe ſhould look on me, and I cannot hope ſhe will ever do it. I I have by my faults furniſh'd her with better Exceptions againſt me, than any ſhe could have found: My Indiſcretion hath loſt me the happineſs and the glory of being belov'd by the moſt amiable and moſt eſtimable Perſon in the world. Yet had I loſt it without giving her trouble, it would have been ſome comfort. At this very moment I am more ſenſible of the harm I have done her, than that I have done my ſelf in forfeiting her Favour.*

He continued a long time afflicting himſelf

ſelf thus. Still his Mind hanker'd to ſpeak with Madam*de Cleve*: He ſtudy'd how to do it, he thought of writing to her; but conſidering the fault he had committed, and the humour ſhe was of, he was of opinion that the beſt courſe he could take, was, to expreſs a profound reſpect for her, by his affliction and ſilence: to let her ſee he durſt not preſent himſelf before her, and to wait patiently what Time, Chance, and the Inclination ſhe had for him might produce in his favour. And for fear of confirming her ſuſpicion, he reſov'd to forbear reproaching the *Vidame* for his unfaithfulneſs.

The Court was ſo buſied about the Eſpouſals of Madam on the Morrow, and her Marriage to be the day after, that it was no hard matter for Monſieur and Madam *de Cleve* to conceal their ſadneſs from publick notice: The Queen-Dauphin ſpoke but by the by to Madam *de Cleve* of the Diſcourſe they had had with Monſieur *de Nemours*,and Monſieur *de Cleve* induſtriouſly ſhunn'd ſpeaking to his Wife of what was paſt, ſo that her trouble prov'd leſs than ſhe expected.

The Eſpouſals were ſolemniz'd at the *Louvre*, and after the Treat and the Ball,the King's Houſhold went to lie at the Biſhop's Palace according to Cuſtom. In the Morn-

ing

ing, the Duke *d'Alva* having till then gone very plain, appear'd in a Habit of Cloth of Gold, mix'd with Fire-colour, yellow and black, all cover'd with Jewels, with a cloſe Crown on his Head. The Prince of *Orange* richly apparell'd, with his Livery; and all the *Spaniards* with theirs, came to attend the Duke from the *Hoſtel de Villeroy* (where he was lodg'd) and march'd four a-breaſt till they came to the Palace. Aſſoon as he arriv'd, they went in order to the Church: The King led Madam, with a cloſe Crown on her Head, and her Train born up by Madamoiſelles *de Montpenſier* and *Longueville*: The Queen follow'd next, but without a Crown: Next came the Queen-Dauphin, Madam the King's Siſter, Madam *de Lorain*, and the Queen of *Navarre*, their Trains carry'd by Princeſſes.

The Maids of Honour belonging to the Queens and Princeſſes, were all richly dreſt in the ſame Colours the Queens and Princeſſes had on; ſo that it was known by the Colour of their Habits whoſe Maids they were. They mounted the Scaffold prepared in the Church, and there the Ceremony of the Marriage was perform'd: They return'd to Dinner at the Biſhop's, and went thence about five a-clock to the great Palace, where the Feaſt was, and the Parliament, the Soveraign

veraign Courts, and the Corporation of the City were deſir'd to aſſiſt. The King, the Queens, the Princes and Princeſſes eat at the Marble Table in the great Hall of the Palace: The Duke of *Alva* ſate by the new Queen of *Spain*, below the ſteps of the Marble Table: At the King's right hand there was a Table for Ambaſſadors, Arch-Biſhops, and Knights of the Order; and on the other hand a Table for thoſe of the Parliament.

The Duke of *Guiſe*, in a Robe of Cloth of Gold Freez'd, ſerv'd the King as Lord Steward of his Houſhold; the Prince of *Conde* as *Parmetier*, and the Duke of *Nemours* as Cup-bearer. When the Officers had taken away, the Ball began, and was interrupted by Ballets and extraordinary Machines: then they reſum'd the Ball, and after Midnight the King and all the Court return'd to the *Louvre*. As ſad as Madam *de Cleve* was, all that ſaw her, and particularly Monſieur *de Nemours* thought her Beauty incomparable: Though the Buſtle of the Ceremony offer'd him ſeveral opportunities, he durſt not ſpeak to her, But he appear'd ſo ſad, and expreſs'd ſo much fear to approach her, that Madam *de Cleve*, looking on it as proceeding from his reſpect for her, began to think he was not ſo much to be blam'd,

though he had not ſaid a word to juſtifie himſelf: His Conduct was the ſame the following days, and wrought the ſame effect on Madam *de Cleve*.

At laſt the day of the Tournament came; the Queens ſtood in the Galleries upon the Scaffolds prepar'd for them. The four Champions appear'd at the end of the Liſts, with a number of Horſes and Liveries, the moſt magnificent ſight ever ſeen in *France*.

The King's Colours were black and white, which he always wore on the account of Madam *de Valentinois*, being a Widow. Monſieur *de Ferrara* and his Retinue had Red and Yellow; Monſieur *de Guiſe* Carnation and White being the Colours of a young Lady whom he had lov'd when a Maid, and lov'd her ſtill, though he durſt not make it appear. Monſieur *de Nemours* had Black and Yellow; why he wore them was not known, but it was no hard matter for Madam *de Cleve* to gueſs at it; ſhe remembred ſhe had ſaid before him, ſhe lov'd Yellow, and was ſorry it ſuited not with her Natural Complexion; which was the reaſon he thought he might appear in that Colour without indiſcretion, becauſe Madam *de Cleve* not wearing it, there could be no ſuſpicion he wore it on her account.

The Champions perform'd with incompa-

rable

rable Addreſs. Though the King was the beſt Horſeman in his Kingdom, they knew not who had the advantage. Monſieur *de Nemours* had a Grace in all his Actions won him the favour of Perſons leſs intereſs'd than Madam *de Cleve*; ſhe no ſooner diſcover'd him at the end of the Liſts, but ſhe felt her ſelf under extraordinary Emotions; and every Courſe he made, ſhe could ſcarce hide her joy when he had well finiſh'd his Career.

In the Evening, when all was almoſt over, and the Company ready to break up, the King (provok'd only by the ill Fate of the State) would needs break another Lance: He commanded the Count *de Montgomery* (who was very dextrous at it) to appear in the Liſts: the Count begg'd his Majeſty would excuſe him, alledging all the Reaſons he could think of; but the King, half angry, ſent him word he commanded him to do it. The Queen conjur'd the King not to run any more; that he had perform'd ſo well he ought to reſt ſatisfy'd, and that ſhe intreated him to come to her. He anſwer'd, it was for love of her he would have another Courſe, and enter'd the Barrier. She ſent Monſieur *de Savoy* to pray him the ſecond time to come back, but all to no purpoſe. They ran, the Lances were broken, and a Splinter of the

Count of *Montgomery*'s hit the King in the Eye, and ſtuck there. The King fell: His Gentlemen and Monſieur *de Montmorency*, Marſhal of the Camp, ran to him. They were aſtoniſh'd to ſee him ſo wounded; but the King was hearty; he ſaid it was a very ſlight hurt, and pardon'd the Count. You may judge the trouble and affliction ſo ſad an Accident occaſion'd at a time wholly dedicated to Gayety and Mirth. Aſſoon as the King was laid in Bed, and the Chirurgeons had ſearch'd the Wound, it appear'd very conſiderable. The Conſtable preſently thought of the Prediction (that the King ſhould be ſlain in Duel) and made no doubt but it would be accompliſh'd.

The King of *Spain*, then at *Bruſſels*, having News of the Accident, ſent his Phyſician, a Man of great Reputation; but he judg'd the King paſt hope.

A Court ſo divided, and full of contrary Intereſts, could not but be in extraordinary diſorder, and factiouſly buſie in ſuch a Conjuncture: Yet all was conceal'd, and the whole Court ſeem'd employ'd only about the recovery of the King; the Queens, Princes and Princeſſes ſcarce ſtirring out of his Anti-Chamber.

Madam *de Cleve* knowing her ſelf oblig'd to be there, that ſhe ſhould ſee Monſieur *de*

Ne-

Nemours there, and ſhould not be able to conceal from her Husband the diſorder that ſight would put her to; and being ſenſible the very preſence of that Prince would juſtifie and clear him in her thoughts, and deſtroy the Reſolutions ſhe had taken againſt him, ſhe pretended her ſelf ſick. The Court was too buſie to mind what ſhe did, or to enquire whether her indiſpoſition were real or feign'd. Only her Husband knew the truth of it. That troubled her not: ſhe continu'd at home, little concern'd for the great change that was ſhortly expected, and full of her own thoughts which ſhe had liberty enough to give her ſelf up to. Every one ran to Court to enquire of the King. Monſieur *de Cleve* came at certain hours to bring her News: he obſerv'd the ſame method of proceeding towards her he us'd to do, ſave only when they were alone, they were a little leſs free, and more cold towards one another than formerly. He ſaid not a word of what was paſt, and ſhe had not the power, nor thought it convenient to reſume the Diſcourſe of it.

Monſieur *de Nemours*, who waited an opportunity of ſpeaking to Madam *de Cleve*, was ſurpriz'd and troubl'd he could not have a ſight of her. The King was ſo ill, that the ſeventh day the Phyſicians gave him up.

He receiv'd the News of the certainty of his Death with extraordinary conſtancy, which was the more admirable, in that he loſt his Life by ſo unfortunate an Accident, that he was to die in the Flower of his Age, happy, ador'd by his People, and belov'd by a Miſtreſs he was deſperately in love with: The day before he dy'd, he caus'd Madam, his Siſter, to be marry'd to Monſieur *de Savoy*, without Ceremony. You may gueſs the condition the Ducheſs of *Valentinois* was in: The Queen would not permit her to ſee the King; but ſent to demand of her the King's Signet and the Jewels of the Crown ſhe had in her Cuſtody. The Ducheſs enquir'd if the King were dead? and being told no; *I have no Maſter yet then*, ſays ſhe, *and no body can oblige me to part with what he truſted in my Hands.* Aſſoon as he expir'd at the *Chaſteau de Tournels*, the Dukes of *Ferrara*, *Guiſe* and *Nemours* conducted the Queen-Mother, the King, and Queen-Conſort to the *Louvre*. Monſieur *de Nemours* led the Queen-Mother. As they began to walk, ſhe ſtepp'd back a little, and told the Queen, her Daughter-in-Law, it was her place to go firſt; but it was eaſie to ſee there was more ſharpneſs than civility in the Complement.

The End of the Third Book.

THE

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE.

BOOK IV.

THE Queen-Mother was now wholly govern'd by the Cardinal of *Lorrain*: the *Vidame* of *Chartres* was quite out of favour with her; and the love he had for Madam *Martigues*, and for Liberty, made him leſs ſenſible of her diſpleaſure than a matter of that conſequence might ſeem to deſerve. The Cardinal, the ten days the King continu'd ill, had leiſure to form his deſigns, & prevail with the Queen to take Reſolutions ſuitable to his

Projects: ſo that aſſoon as the King was dead the Queen order'd the Conſtable to ſtay at the *Tournels* with the Corps, to perform the uſual Ceremonies: This kept him at diſtance, and out of the Scene of Action: He diſpatch'd a Courier to the King of *Navarr*, to haſten him to Court, to joyn with him in oppoſing the Riſe of the Houſe of *Guiſe*. The Duke of *Guiſe* was made General of the Armies, and the Cardinal of *Lorrain* Sur-intendant of the *Finances*. The Ducheſs of *Valentinois* was expell'd the Court. The Cardinal of *Tournon*, the Conſtable's declar'd Enemy, and the Chancellor *Olivier* declar'd Enemy to the Ducheſs of *Valentinois*, were both call'd to Court. In a word, the Court had entirely chang'd Face: The Duke of *Guiſe* rank'd himſelf with the Princes of the Blood, to carry the King's Cloak at the Funeral. He and his Brothers were abſolute Maſters at Court, not only through the credit the Cardinal had with the Queen, but becauſe ſhe thought it in her power to remove them if they ſhould give her Umbrage, and that ſhe could not remove the Conſtable, who was upheld by the Princes of the Blood.

The days of mourning for the deceas'd King being over, the Conſtable came to the *Louvre*, but had a very cold reception from the

the King. He would have ſpoken with him in private, but the King call'd for *Meſſieurs de Guiſe*, and before them told him, he adviſ'd him to take his eaſe; that the *Finances* and the Command of the Armies were diſpos'd of, and when he ſhould ſtand in need of his Counſels, he would ſend for him to Court. The Queen-Mother receiv'd him more coldly than the King had done, and did not forbear to reproach him with his having ſaid to the late King, his Children were not like him. The King of *Navarr* arriv'd, and was no better receiv'd. The Prince of *Conde*, more impatient than his Brother, complain'd of it aloud, but all to no purpoſe. He was remov'd from Court, under pretence of being ſent into *Flanders* to ſign the Ratification of the Peace. They ſhew'd the King of *Navar* a forg'd Letter from the King of *Spain*, wherein he was charg'd with deſigns to ſurprize ſome ſtrong places belonging to that King: they told him it was high time to look about him, and prepare for defence: and, in a word, perſwaded him to reſolve going for *Bearn*. The Queen-Mother, to furniſh him with a pretence, gave him in Charge the Conduct of Madam *Elizabeth* to *Savoy*, and made him take his Journey before her: ſo that there was not a Perſon left at Court to ballance the Power of the Houſe of *Guiſe*.

Though

Though it fell out unluckily for Monſieur *de Cleve*, he had not the conducting Madam *Elizabeth*; yet the greatneſs of the Perſon preferr'd before him, took from him all cauſe of complaint. But the loſs of the Employ griev'd him not ſo much for depriving him of the Honour he ſhould have receiv'd by it, as for robbing him of ſo fair an opportunity to remove his Wife from Court, without ſuſpicion, or the leaſt appearance of Deſign.

Soon after the deceaſe of the late King, a Reſolution was taken the King ſhould go to *Rhemes* to be anointed. Madam *de Cleve* having all this while kept at home, on pretence of being ill, no ſooner heard this news, but ſhe pray'd her Husband to diſpence with her following the Court, and to give her leave to go take the air at *Colonniers* for her health. He told her he would not enquire whether ſhe deſir'd it on the account of her health, but he was ready to conſent to what ſhe deſir'd; and it was no hard Task to conſent to what he had already reſolv'd. As good an Opinion as he had of his Wifes Virtue, he thought it imprudent to expoſe her longer to the view of a Man ſhe was in love with.

Monſieur *de Nemours* quickly knew ſhe would not go along with the Court, and could not find in his heart to be gone without

out ſeeing her. The Night before the Court was to remove, he went to her Houſe, as late as in decency he could, that he might find her alone. Fortune favour'd his Intention; as he enter'd the Court he met Madam *Nevers* and Madam *Martigues* coming out, they told him they had left her alone. He went up under an agitation and trouble, parallell'd only by that Madam *de Cleve* was in, when told Monſieur *de Nemours* was come to ſee her: the fear of his ſpeaking to her of his Paſſion, her apprehenſion ſhe might give him too favourable an Anſwer, the diſturbance this Viſit might occaſion to her Husband, the difficulty of giving him an account of it, or concealing it, preſented themſelves to her imagination all in a moment, and put her into a perplexity that made her reſolve avoiding the thing, than which peradventure ſhe deſir'd none more. She ſent one of her Women to Monſieur *de Nemours*, who was in her Anti-Chamber, to tell him ſhe had lately been very ill, and was extreamly ſorry ſhe could not receive the honour he would have done her. What a grief was this to him, not to ſee Madam *de Cleve*; and therefore not to ſee her, becauſe ſhe had no mind he ſhould? He was to be gone on the Morrow, he could not expect from Fortune a more favourable Opportunity. He had not

ſpoken

ſpoken to her ſince the Diſcourſe at the Queen-Dauphin's, and had reaſon to believe his telling the *Vidame* had deſtroy'd all his hopes. In a word, he went away vex'd to the very Heart.

Aſſoon as Madam *de Cleve* had recover'd her ſelf a little out of the trouble ſhe was in at the thoughts of Monſieur *de Nemours* being come to viſit her, ſhe was ſo far from approving the reaſons that induc'd her to excuſe her ſelf from ſeeing him, that ſhe condemn'd her ſelf for having refus'd his Viſit; and if it had not been too late, ſhe would have had him call'd back.

Madam *de Nevers*, and Madam *de Martigues* went directly from Madam *de Cleve*, to the Queen-Dauphins; Monſieur *de Cleve* was there. The Queen-Dauphin ask'd them where they had been? They anſwer'd, they came from Madam *de Cleve*, where they had ſpent part of the Afternoon with a great deal of Company, and left no body there but Monſieur *de Nemours*. Theſe Words, though harmleſs and indifferent in themſelves, paſs'd not as ſuch with Monſieur *de Cleve*: he had reaſon to imagine Monſieur *de Nemours* might have ſeveral opportunities of ſpeaking to Madam *de Cleve*, but to think he was alone with her at her lodgings, where he might declare to her his Paſſion,

ap-

appear'd that moment a thing ſo ſtrange and intolerable, he was more jealous than ever. It was not in his power to ſtay at the Queen-Dauphin's, he went thence, not knowing why, nor whether it were with deſign to interrupt Monſieur *de Nemours:* When he drew near home, he look'd about to ſee what ſigns he might diſcover of that Prince's being ſtill there. It was ſome comfort to find he was gone, and it pleas'd him to find he could not have been long there. He fancy'd, peradventure, it was not Monſieur *de Nemours* he had reaſon to be jealous of. And though he could not doubt it, yet he endeavour'd to perſwade himſelf he ought to queſtion it. But he had been already ſo clearly convinc'd to the contrary, it was not in his power to continue long in that uncertainty he ſo earneſtly deſir'd. He went ſtraight into his Wifes Chamber, and after ſome general diſcourſe, he could not forbear asking her what ſhe had done in his abſence, and who had been to ſee her? She gave him account of both; but finding ſhe mention'd not Monſieur *de Nemours*, he ask'd, trembling, if thoſe were all ſhe had ſeen, that ſhe might have occaſion to name Monſieur *de Nemours*, and he have the comfort to find ſhe put no tricks upon him. She had not ſeen him, therefore ſhe nam'd him not. Monſieur *de*

Cleve,

Cleve, with a ſorrowful tone, replies, *Have you not ſeen Monſieur* de Nemours, *or have you forgot him? I have not ſeen him indeed*, ſays ſhe; *I was ill, and ſent one of my Women to make my Excuſe. You were not ill, but for him then*, replies he; *you admitted all other Viſits, why not his as the reſt? What reaſon have you to fear a ſight of him? Why ſhould he know by you that you are afraid to ſee him? Why ſhould you make it appear to him you make uſe of the Power his Paſſion gives you over him? Durſt you refuſe to ſee him, but that you know him ſenſible it proceeded not from Incivility, but Rigour? And what reaſon have you to be rigorous to him? From a Perſon like you, Madam, any thing but indifference is a Favour. I did not think*, ſays ſhe, *you had any ſuch ſuſpicion of Monſieur* de Nemours, *that you could have reproach'd me for not admitting a Viſit from him. Yet I reproach you, Madam*, replies he, *and have ground enough for it: Why ſhould you not ſee him, if he never ſpoke to you of his Love? But he hath declar'd it, Madam; 'tis not poſſible it could have made ſo deep an impreſſion in you, had you perceiv'd it only by his ſilence: It was not in your power to tell me the whole truth; you have conceal'd from me the greater and more conſiderable part; you have repented that little you confeſs'd to me, you were not able to finiſh your Confeſſion: I am*

more unhappy than I thought I was, and the unhappieſt of Men. You are my Wife, I love you as my Miſtreſs, and at the ſame time ſee you in love with another; and he the moſt amiable in the Court: He ſees you every day, and knows you are in love with him. Ha, cries he, *I believ'd you might overcome the Paſſion you had for him, but ſure I had loſt my Reaſon to think it.* *I know not,* replies ſhe very ſorrowfully, *whether you did ill to judge favourably of a proceeding ſo extraordinary as mine; nor do I know but I might be miſtaken, when I thought you would do me Juſtice.* *Never doubt it, Madam,* ſays he, *you were miſtaken, you expected from me things as impoſſible as thoſe I expected from you: How could you think I ſhould do you right, or act according to reaſon? You had ſure forgot I was deſperately in love with you, and that I was your Husband. Either of theſe were enough to run a Man into Extremities, what cannot both do when thus met in one? Ha, what do they not? My ſentiments, my thoughts are uncertain and violent, I cannot maſter them. I no longer think my ſelf worthy of you, nor do I think you are worthy of me. I adore you, I hate you: I offend you, I beg your pardon: I admire you, I am aſham'd I do ſo. In a word, I have loſt both my Reſt and my Reaſon; I wonder I have been able to live ſince you ſpoke to me at*

Colonniers,

Colonniers, *and the Queen-Dauphin told you the Adventure was known. I cannot discover how it came abroad, nor what pass'd between Monsieur* de Nemours *and you on that account. You will never acquaint me with it, nor do I desire you should: I beg only you will remember you have made me the most unfortunate, the most wretched of Men.*

Monsieur *de Cleve* having said this, left his Wife, and departed on the morrow without seeing her; but he writ her a Letter full of trouble, civility and kindness: she sent him an answer so moving, so full of assurance of her Conduct past and to come, that being grounded on truth and lively expressions of the thoughts of her heart, the Letter made impression on Monsieur *de Cleve*, and restor'd in some measure, the former tranquillity and calm of his Spirits: Besides, his knowing Monsieur *de Nemours* was to go to the King, and could not be with Madam *de Cleve*, contributed not a little to his repose: whenever this Lady spoke to her Husband, the Love he expresst for her, the handsomness of his proceeding, the kindness he had for her, and what she ow'd him as her Husband, had that strong operation on her, capable, one would think, to deface the Idea's she had of Monsieur *de Nemours*; but it was but for a time, and presently after the same Idea's came fresh

freſh into her mind, and made deeper impreſſion than ever.

The firſt days after Monſieur *de Nemours* was gone, ſhe was ſcarce ſenſible of his abſence; at length it troubled her ſore: from the hour ſhe fell in Love with him, not a day had paſt but ſhe had fear'd or hop'd to meet him, and it was no ſmall grief to her to think it was not in the power of Fortune to make them now meet one another.

She went to *Colonniers*, and order'd to be carry'd thither the great Pictures ſhe had caus'd to be copied out of the Originals Madam *de Valentinois* had bought for her fine Houſe at *Amet*. All the remarkable Actions of the King's Reign were repreſented in thoſe Pieces: amongſt the reſt, was the Siege of *Metz*, and thoſe who had ſignaliz'd themſelves, were drawn there much to the Life; Monſieur *de Nemours* was of the number, which perhaps made her deſirous of the Pictures.

Madam *de Martigues* having not been able to go to Court, promis'd to ſpend ſome days with Madam *de Cleve* at *Colonniers*. Though both ſhar'd the Queens Favour, yet it was without envy or ſtrangeneſs to one another: they continu'd good friends, yet neither was the others Confident of the Darling Thoughts. Madam *de Cleve* knew

Madam *de Martigues* lov'd the *Vidame*, but Madam *de Martigues* knew nothing of Madam *de Cleve*'s being in love with Monſieur *de Nemours*, nor of his love for her. Madam *de Martigues* lov'd her the better, as being Neece to the *Vidame*; and Madam *de Cleve* lov'd Madam *de Martigues*, as being in love as ſhe her ſelf was, and in love with the moſt intimate Friend of him who had a paſſion for her.

Madam *de Martigues* came to *Colonniers*, as ſhe promis'd, and found Madam *de Cleve* led a very deſolate life, ſhe affected ſolitude, and to paſs the evenings in the Gardens without the company of her Domeſticks: ſhe frequented the Pavillion where Monſieur *de Nemours* had heard her, ſhe entred the Bower that open'd to the Foreſt: her Women and other Servants ſtaid in the other, or under the Pavillion, and came not to her unleſs ſhe call'd them.

Madam *de Martigues* having never ſeen *Colonniers* before, was ſurpriz'd at the beauties of it, particularly at the pleaſantneſs of the Pavillion. Madam *de Cleve* and ſhe uſually paſt the Evenings there: Two young Ladies (as they) both paſſionately in love, being at liberty to paſs the Night in the fineſt place in the world, knew not how to make an end of diſcourſing one another, being extreamly

treamly pleas'd with the converſation, tho' neither made the other her Confident. Madam *de Martigues* could hardly have left *Colonniers*, but that ſhe was to go where the *Vidame* was: ſhe took her leave, and went for *Chambort*, where the Court then was.

The Cardinal of *Lorrain* had anointed the King at *Rhemes*, and the Deſign was to paſs the reſt of the Summer at the Caſtle of *Chambort*, which was newly built. The Queen expreſs'd great joy to ſee Madam *de Martigues* at Court, and after ſeveral Evidences of it, ſhe enquir'd what News of Madam *de Cleve*, and what ſhe did in the Country: Monſieur *de Nemours*, and Monſieur *de Cleve* were both with the Queen that very time. Madam *Martigues* had been ſo taken with *Colonniers*, ſhe gave the Queen an account of the Beauties of it, and enlarged upon the Deſcription of the Pavillion in the Foreſt, and the pleaſure Madam *de Cleve* took to walk alone there ſome part of the Night. Monſieur *de Nemours*, who knew the place well enough to underſtand Madam *Martigues* Diſcourſe, thought it not impoſſible to have a ſight of Madam *de Cleve* there, without being ſeen by any but her ſelf. He ask'd her ſome Queſtions for his better direction, and Monſieur *de Cleve*

who look'd earneſtly on Monſieur *de Nemours* while Madam *Martigues* was ſpeaking, fancy'd he knew what was his deſign: the queſtions he ask'd confirm'd him the more, ſo that he made no doubt but he intended to go ſee his Wife. Nor was he miſtaken; for Monſieur *de Nemours* was ſo ſet upon't, that having ſpent the Night in conſidering how to execute his deſign, he went betimes on the morrow to ask the King leave to go to *Paris* on a pretended occaſion.

Monſieur *de Cleve* queſtion'd not the occaſion of the Journey, but reſolv'd to ſatisfie himſelf of his Wifes Conduct, and continue no longer under an uncertainty ſo troubleſome: He had a deſire to go the ſame time Monſieur *de Nemours* ſet out, and hide himſelf where he might diſcover the ſucceſs of the Journey; but fearing his departure would be thought extraordinary, and Monſieur *de Nemours*, upon notice, might take other meaſures, he reſolv'd to truſt a Gentleman that belong'd to him, whoſe faithfulneſs and wit he was fully aſſur'd of: he acquainted him with the trouble he was in, and how virtuous his Wife had been till then; and order'd him to follow Monſieur *de Nemours*, watch him narrowly, and ſee whether he went to *Colonniers*, and whether he entred the Garden by Night.

The

The Gentleman, very capable of ſuch a Commiſſion, diſcharg'd it with a great deal of exactneſs: he follow'd Monſieur *de Nemours* to a Village within half a League of *Colonniers*, where Monſieur *de Nemours* made a halt; which the Gentleman eaſily gueſs'd was for no other end, but to ſtay there till Night. But he thought it beſt for him to paſs thro' the Village, and enter the Forreſt the way he thought Monſieur *de Nemours* muſt paſs. He took his Meaſures very right; for it was no ſooner Night, but he heard ſome walk, and though it were dark, he eaſily knew Monſieur *de Nemours*: He ſaw him go round the Garden to hearken if he could diſcover any Perſon, and ſpy out a place convenient to paſs over. There were double Pales, and very high, on purpoſe to prevent entrance, ſo that it was hard getting over; yet Monſieur *de Nemours* made a ſhift to get in, and was no ſooner entred the Garden, but he quickly knew where Madam *de Cleve* was; He ſaw a great Light in the Bower, the Windows all open, and ſlipping along by the Pales ſide, got cloſe to the Bower; you may imagine in what trouble & emotion he took his ſtation behind a Window which ſerv'd him conveniently to ſee what Madam *de Cleve* was doing. He ſaw ſhe was alone, but thought her Beauty ſo admirable, he

could ſcarce maſter the Tranſport it put him in. It was hot, and ſhe had nothing on her Head and her Neck, but her Hair hanging careleſly down. She was on a Bed of Repoſe, with ſeveral Baskets full of Ribands before her, out of which ſhe made choice of ſome; and he obſerv'd ſhe pick'd out the very Colours he wore at the Tourney. He could ſee her make them up into Knots for an *Indian* Cane, which had once been his, and he had given it his Siſter: Madam *de Cleve* took it from her, as if ſhe had never known it had been his: When ſhe had ty'd on the Knots, with a grace and ſweetneſs ſuitable to the delicacy of the Sentiments in her Heart, ſhe took a great Wax-Candle in her Hand, and went to the Table over againſt the Picture of the Siege of *Metz*, wherein was the Pourtraict of Monſieur *de Nemours*: She ſate her down, and fell a-looking on that Pourtraict with that attention and thoughtfulneſs, which could proceed only from a paſſionate Love.

'Tis impoſſible to expreſs the Sentiments of Monſieur *de Nemours* that moment; to ſee by Night, in the fineſt place of the world, a Perſon he ador'd; to ſee her and ſhe not know it, to ſee her wholly taken up with things relating to him, and the Paſſion ſhe hid from him, was a pleaſure no other Lover ever taſted or imagin'd. He

He was ſo tranſported he ſtood gazing at her, without conſidering how precious his time was; having bethought himſelf a little, he believ'd it beſt not to ſpeak to her till ſhe came into the Garden, where he might do it with more Safety at greater diſtance from her Women. Yet ſeeing ſhe continu'd in the Bower, he reſolv'd to enter: When about to do it, what Trouble was he in? how fearful to diſpleaſe her, and make her change her Countenance ſo full of ſweetneſs and love, into Looks full of anger and ſeverity!

Preſently he thought he had done very unwiſely (not to come ſee Madam *de Cleve*, but) to think of appearing to her: He look'd on it as an extravagant boldneſs, to ſurprize, at midnight, a Perſon to whom he never durſt declare his Paſſion for her: He could not ſee how he could pretend to Audience from her, but believ'd ſhe might juſtly be offended with him, for the danger he expos'd her to by the Accidents might happen. His courage quite fail'd him, and he was ſeveral times upon the point of returning without letting her ſee him: Yet puſh'd on with the deſire he had to ſpeak to her, and encouraged by the hopes given him by what he had newly ſeen, he advanc'd a few ſteps, but in ſuch diſorder, that a Scarf he wore catch'd

at the Window, and made a noiſe. Madam *de Cleve* turn'd about, and whether her Fancy was full of him, or that ſhe ſtood in a place ſo directly to the Light that ſhe might know him, ſhe thought it was he; and without the leaſt heſitation, or once looking towards him, went into the place where her Women were. She was ſo diſorder'd, that to conceal it from them, ſhe told them ſhe was ill: which ſhe did to give them employment about her, and him an opportunity of eſcaping unſeen. Reflecting on what was paſt, ſhe thought her ſelf deceiv'd, and that ſhe did but fancy ſhe had ſeen him: ſhe knew he was at *Chambort*, and could not perſwade her ſelf he would have undertaken ſo hazardous a Journey. She had a mind ſeveral times to return into the Garden, to ſee if any one were there; and perhaps ſhe no leſs deſir'd than fear'd, to find Monſieur *de Nemours* there: At laſt Reaſon prevail'd, and ſhe thought it more prudent to continue in doubt, than to run the hazard of clearing the matter; yet ſhe could not of a long time reſolve to quit a place ſhe thought him ſo near to, and it was almoſt day e're ſhe return'd to the Caſtle.

Monſieur *de Nemours* ſtaid in the Garden while there was any Light, in hopes of another ſight of Madam *de Cleve*, though he

was

was perſwaded ſhe knew him, and was gone out of purpoſe to ſhun him; but hearing the Doors lock'd, his hopes were at an end. He went to take Horſe near the place where Monſieur *de Cleve*'s Gentleman was watching him. This Gentleman follow'd him to the ſame Village where he left him in the Evening. Monſieur *de Nemours* reſolv'd to ſpend the reſt of the day there, and return at Night to *Colonniers*, to ſee if Madam *de Cleve* would have the cruelty to ſhun him, or not expoſe her ſelf to view. He was very glad to find himſelf ſo much in her thoughts, yet it could not but trouble him to ſee her ſo bent to avoid him.

Never was Paſſion ſo tender and violent as that of this Prince: He went under the Willows along a little Brook that ran behind the Houſe, where he hid himſelf, that no notice might be taken of him. He gave himſelf up to the tranſports of his Love, which were ſo vehement, he let fall ſome tears; not thoſe of pure grief, but mingled with the pleaſure and charms Love only is acquainted with.

He is now at leiſure to reflect on all the Actions of Madam *de Cleve*, ſince he had been in Love with her. What a modeſt rigour ſhe had always us'd him with, though ſhe lov'd him. *For 'tis certain*, ſays he, *ſhe loves me*, *I can-*

I cannot doubt of it: the deepeſt engagements, the higheſt favours, are not ſo infallible Evidences of it as thoſe I have ſeen; yet ſhe uſes me as if ſhe hated me. I hoped time would have produc'd in her ſome change in my Favour, but now I muſt not expect it; I find her ſtill upon her Guard againſt me and her ſelf: If ſhe did not love me, I would apply my ſelf to pleaſe her; but I pleaſe her, ſhe loves me, and yet hides it from me: What am I to expect? What change can I hope of my Fate? What, ſhall I have the Love of the moſt amiable Perſon in the World, and be under that exceſs of Paſſion that proceeds from the certainty of being lov'd by her, only to make me more ſenſible of being ill us'd? Let me ſee you love me, fair Princeſs, cries he, *declare to me your Sentiments, let me once in my Life be aſſur'd of them by you; I am content you ſhould reſume your rigour, and uſe me ever after with the ſeverity that ſo mortifies me: Look on me at leaſt with thoſe Eyes you look'd laſt Night on my Picture in my ſight. Can you look with ſo much kindneſs on my Picture, yet ſhun me ſo cruelly? What are you afraid of? You love me, and 'tis in vain to conceal it from me; you have, againſt your will, given me Evidences of it. I know my good Fortune, permit me to enjoy it, and do not make me unhappy. Is't poſſible* Madam *de Cleve ſhould love me,*

yo-

yet I be unhappy? How beautiful ſhe appear'd in the Night? How did I forbear throwing my ſelf at her Feet? Had I done it, perhaps the reſpect I expreſs'd for her would have kept her from ſhunning me: Yet peradventure ſhe did not know me, I trouble my ſelf more than I need: the ſight of a man at an hour ſo extraordinary would have frightned her. Theſe thoughts took up his time all Day, he wiſh'd impatiently for the Night; and aſſoon as it came, he went for *Colonniers*. Monſieur *de Cleve*'s Gentleman, being diſguis'd, that he might be leſs obſerv'd, follow'd him to the place he had follow'd him the Night before, and ſaw him enter the Garden again. Monſieur *de Nemours* quickly found Madam *de Cleve* had not expos'd her ſelf to a ſecond view, the Garden-Doors being all ſhut, he turn'd him every way about to diſcover light, but ſaw none.

Madam *de Cleve*, apprehending he might return, kept her Chamber, fearing ſhe might not ſtill have the power to ſhun him; and unwilling to expoſe her ſelf to the hazard of ſpeaking to him in a manner ſo unſuitable to her Conduct hitherto.

Monſieur *de Nemours*, though out of hopes of ſeeing her, could not reſolve to quit preſently a place ſhe frequented. He paſs'd that Night in the Garden, and had the

plea-

pleaſure of ſeeing the Objects ſhe beheld every day. It was Sun-riſing e're he thought of retiring, which he did at laſt for fear of being diſcover'd.

He had not the power to go for Court, without having ſeen Madam *de Cleve*. He went to his Siſters, the Ducheſs of *Mercœur*, at her Houſe near *Colonniers*: She was extreamly ſurpriz'd at her Brother's arrival, but he invented ſo probable a Pretence for his Journey, and order'd his buſineſs ſo handſomly, that ſhe made the firſt Propoſal of viſiting Madam *de Cleve*. This deſign was to be executed that very day, Monſieur *de Nemours* having told his Siſter, he would leave her at *Colonniers*, and go directly thence to the King. This he did in hopes ſhe would take her leave before his departure from *Colonniers*, and afford him an infallible opportunity of ſpeaking to Madam *de Cleve*.

At their arrival, ſhe was walking in the Garden: The Sight of Monſieur *de Nemours* troubled her not a little, and ſilenc'd all doubts of her having ſeen him the Night before: It anger'd her to find him guilty of ſo much boldneſs and impudence. He was heartily troubled to obſerve in her Countenance an Air of Coldneſs towards him. Their Diſcourſe was general, yet he had the Addreſs to ſhew ſo much Wit, ſo much Com-

plaiſance,

plaiſance, and admiration for Madam *de Cleve*, that he diſſipated in ſome meaſure the coldneſs ſhe had expreſs'd towards him at firſt.

His firſt fear being over, he ſeem'd very curious to ſee the Pavilion in the Foreſt: He ſpoke of it as the moſt pleaſant place in the World, and deſcrib'd it ſo particularly, that Madam *de Mercœur* told him, he muſt needs have been often there, to be ſo well acquainted with all the Beauties of it. *I do not think for all that*, ſays Madam *de Cleve*, *Monſieur* de Nemours *has ever been there: it has been finiſh'd but a while ſince. 'Tis not long ſince I have been there*, ſays he, looking on her; *and I cannot tell whether I have not reaſon to be glad you have forgot ſeeing me there.* Madam *de Mercœur* was ſo taken up with viewing the beauty of the Gardens, ſhe minded not what her Brother ſaid. Madam *de Cleve* bluſh'd, and with her Eyes to the Ground, without looking on Monſieur *de Nemours*, *I do not remember*, ſays ſhe, *I ever ſaw you there; and if you were ever there, it was without my knowledge. 'Tis true, Madam*, ſays he, *I was there without order, and paſs'd there the moſt cruel, as well as the moſt pleaſant moments of my Life.*

Madam *de Cleve* underſtood very well what he ſaid, but made him no anſwer: Her care

was

was to prevent Madam *de Mercœur's* going into the Bower where Monſieur *de Nemours's* Picture was, which ſhe had no mind ſhould be ſeen. She kept her in diſcourſe, and the time paſs'd away ſo inſenſibly, that Madam *de Mercœur* began to talk of going homewards: But when Madam *de Cleve* ſaw Monſieur *de Nemours* and his Siſter were not to go together, ſhe quickly gueſs'd what ſhe might be expos'd to, and was in the ſame ſtrait ſhe had been in at *Paris*, and made uſe of the ſame expedient: The fear ſhe had this Viſit might confirm her Husband's ſuſpicions, contributed much to the Reſolution ſhe took. That Monſieur *de Nemours* might not continue alone with her, ſhe told Madam *de Mercœur* ſhe would bring her as far as the edge of the Foreſt, and order'd her Coach to be made ready. Monſieur *de Nemours* turn'd pale as Aſhes at the rigour of Madam *de Cleve*. Madam *de Mercœur* ask'd him if he were ill? He look'd on Madam *de Cleve* (though no Body perceiv'd it) and convinc'd her by his looks, his Ilneſs was a pure effect of his Deſpair. However, there was no Remedy but he muſt leave her in his Siſters Company, without daring to follow her; and having told his Siſter he would return to Court directly from *Colonniers*, there was no going back with her. He went for *Paris*,

and

and thence on the Morrow for *Chambort*.

Monſieur *de Cleve*'s Gentleman had obſerv'd him all this while. He follow'd him to *Paris*, and when he found Monſieur *de Nemours* was gone for *Chambort*, he took Poſt to get thither before him, and give account of his Journey. His Maſter expected his Return with impatience, as if the happineſs or unhappineſs of his Life depended upon it.

Aſſoon as he ſaw him, he gather'd from his Countenance and his Silence, he had no good News for him: He continu'd ſome time aſtoniſh'd with his Face dejected, and not able to ſpeak to him; at laſt he made ſigns with his hand he ſhould withdraw. *Go*, ſays he, *I know what you have to ſay to me; but I have not the power to hear it. I cannot inform you any thing*, ſays the Gentleman, *on which to ground a ſure Judgment. 'Tis true, Monſieur* de Nemours *went two Nights ſucceſſively into the Garden in the Foreſt, and the Day after he was at* Colonniers *with the Ducheſs of* Mercœur. *'Tis enough*, replies Monſieur *de Cleve*; *'tis enough*, making ſigns to him to withdraw; *I need no further diſcovery*. The Gentleman was forc'd to leave his Maſter abandon'd to his Deſpair, which was perhaps the moſt violent of any hath been known: few men of his Courage, and

ſo

ſo deeply in love as he, having felt the ſame time the grief caus'd by the unfaithfulneſs of a Miſtreſs, and the ſame occaſion'd by being deceiv'd by a Wife.

His trouble was ſo great, it preſently caſt him into a Fever; and with ſuch ill Symptoms, it was thought very dangerous. Madam *de Cleve* was inform'd of it, and came away in all haſte to him. When ſhe arriv'd he was worſe: Beſides, ſhe found him in ſuch a ſtrangeneſs and coldneſs for her, ſhe was equally ſurpriz'd and afflicted at it: She ſaw it was a pain to him to receive the Services ſhe did him in his Sickneſs, but ſhe imputed it to his Malady.

When ſhe was come to the Court at *Blois*, Monſieur *de Nemours* could not forbear expreſſing his joy at her being in the ſame place where he was: He endeavour'd to ſee her, and went every day to Monſieur *de Cleve*'s, under pretence of enquiring after his health, but all to no purpoſe; ſhe ſtirr'd not out of her Husband's Chamber, and was ſorry at the heart for the condition he was in. It madded Monſieur *de Nemours* to ſee her ſo afflicted, as an Evidence of her kindneſs for Monſieur *de Cleve*, and a dangerous diverſion for the affection ſhe had for Monſieur *de Nemours*. But Monſieur *de Cleve* was ſick to that extremity, it gave him new hopes:

He

He ſaw it very probable Madam *de Cleve* ſhould be ſhortly at liberty to follow her inclination, and that he might expect ſome durable pleaſure and happineſs for the future. But theſe thoughts were too full of trouble and tranſport to laſt, and the fear of further misfortune, by being fruſtrated of his hopes, put them quite out of his Head.

Monſieur *de Cleve* the mean time was almoſt given up by the Phyſicians. One Morning (having had a very ill Night) he ſaid he would reſt; Madam *de Cleve* alone continu'd with him in the Chamber, and inſtead of taking any Repoſe, thought him very reſtleſs. She fell on her Knees by his Bedſide, and though Monſieur *de Cleve* had ſet up a reſolution never to acquaint her with the violent diſpleaſure he had conceiv'd againſt her, yet the care ſhe took of him, and her great affliction (which he could not but ſometimes think real, as at other times he look'd on it as an Evidence of diſſimulation and perfidiouſneſs) diſtracted him ſo violently with contrary Sentiments, that it was not in his power not to give them vent.

You ſhed many tears, Madam, ſays he, *for a Death you are the cauſe of, and cannot give you the trouble you pretend to be in. I am no longer in a condition to reproach you,* adds he, with a Voice weakned with ſickneſs and

grief; *but I die with the cruel and tormenting diſpleaſure you occaſion'd me: Was it neceſſary an Action ſo extraordinary as that you told me of at* Colonniers *ſhould have Conſequences ſo very unſuitable? Why would you declare to me your Paſſion for Monſieur* de Nemours, *if your Vertue could hold out no longer to reſiſt it? I lov'd you to that extremity, I would have been glad to have been deceiv'd, I confeſs it to my ſhame: I have lamented my loſs of that falſe repoſe you robb'd me of; why did you not leave me in that quiet blindneſs ſo many Husbands live in? Peradventure I had never known you had been in love with Monſieur* de Nemours: *I ſhall die,* ſays he, *but know, you have made Death welcome and pleaſing to me; and having depriv'd me of the eſteem and tenderneſs I had for you, you have render'd my Life a trouble, I cannot but abhor it: What ſhould I live for,* continues he, *to ſpend my days with a Perſon I have lov'd ſo extreamly, and as cruelly been deceiv'd by, or to live apart from the ſame perſon, and to break out openly into violences ſo oppoſite to my humor and the love I had for you? a love greater than it appear'd to you;* Madam, *I hid a great part of it from you, for fear of being troubleſome to you, and forfeiting your Eſteem by Actions and Expreſſions of it not becoming a Husband. In a word, I deſerv'd your Affection more than*

once;

once; yet I die without regret, ſince I could not have it, nor can deſire it any longer. Adieu, Madam: *you will one day be ſorry for a Man that lov'd you with a true and honeſt Paſſion: You will feel the ſmart of your Engagements, and know the difference between being lov'd as I lov'd you, and their love, who pretending affection for you, ſeek only the honour of ſeducing you; But my Death will ſet you at liberty, and you may without a Crime make Monſieur* de Nemours *happy. What matters it what happens when I am no more? Muſt I have the weakneſs to trouble my Head with thoſe things?*

Madam *de Cleve* was ſo far from imagining her Husband ſuſpected her, ſhe underſtood not what he meant, and fancied only he reproach'd her for the Inclination ſhe had for Monſieur *de Nemours*. At laſt, awak'd on the ſudden; 'A Crime, *ſays ſhe*, I am a ſtran-'ger to the thoughts of it; the ſevereſt Ver-'tue could not have preſcrib'd any Conduct 'but that I have follow'd; I never did any 'thing but I wiſh'd you a Witneſs of it: 'Could you have wiſh'd me a Witneſs; *re-'plies he* (*looking on her with diſdain*) the 'Nights you ſpent with Monſieur *de Ne-'mours*? Ah, Madam, is it you I ſpeak of 'when I ſpeak of a Lady that hath ſpent 'Nights with a Man not her Husband! No,

'Sir, *ſays ſhe*, I am not the Perſon you ſpeak 'of; I never ſpent a Night nor a moment 'with Monſieur *de Nemours*; he never ſaw me in private, I never endur'd he ſhould do 'it, I never gave him the hearing, I would 'take all the Oaths——No more, Madam, 'I pray, *ſays he*, a falſe Oath, or a Confeſſion, 'would perhaps trouble me alike. Madam *de Cleve* had not the power to anſwer, her tears and her grief took away her Speech: Striving at laſt, 'Look on me, *ſays ſhe*, at 'leaſt give me the hearing; were it only my 'Concern, I would bear your Reproaches, 'but your Life is in the caſe: Hear me for 'your own ſake; I am ſo innocent, it is im-'poſſible but I ſhall convince you of the 'Truth. Would to God you could perſwade 'me to it, *cries he*, but what is't you can ſay? 'Hath not Monſieur *de Nemours* been at *Co-'lonniers* with his Siſter? Had he not ſpent 'the two Nights before with you in the Fo-'reſt-Garden? If that be my Crime, *replies 'ſhe*, I can eaſily juſtifie my ſelf: I do not de-'ſire you ſhould take my word; ask all your 'Domeſticks, and they will tell you whether 'I went into the Garden the Night before 'Monſieur *de Nemours* came to *Colonniers*; 'and whether the Night before that, I went 'not out of the Garden two hours ſooner 'than ordinary: She told him, ſhe thought

ſhe

ſhe had ſeen one in the Garden, and confeſs'd ſhe believ'd it was Monſieur *de Nemours*. She ſpoke with that confidence, and truth, though improbable, is naturally ſo perſwaſive, that Monſieur *de Cleve* was almoſt convinc'd of her Innocence: *I cannot tell*, ſays he, *whether I ought to believe you; but I find my ſelf ſo near Death, I would not know any thing ſhould make me unwilling to die; you have convinc'd me too late, yet it will ever be a comfort to me, to go away with a thought of your being ſtill worthy the Eſteem I have had for you: Let me intreat you, I may be aſſur'd of this further comfort, that my Memory ſhall be dear to you; and that if it had been in your power, you would have had for me the kindneſs you have for another.* He would have gone on, but was ſo weak, his Speech fail'd him. Madam *de Cleve* call'd in the Phyſicians, who found him at the point of Death; yet he languiſh'd ſome days, and dy'd at laſt with admirable Conſtancy.

Madam *de Cleve* was ſo afflicted, ſhe was almoſt beſide her ſelf. The Queen came to ſee her, and took her into a Convent, yet ſhe was not ſenſible of it: her Siſters-in-Law brought her back to *Paris*, when ſhe was not yet in a condition to give an account of her grief: But when ſhe began to have the power

to conſider what a Husband ſhe had loſt, that ſhe had been the cauſe of his death, and by a Paſſion ſhe had had for another, the horrour ſhe had for her ſelf, and for Monſieur *de Nemours*, ſurpaſſes expreſſion.

Monſieur *de Nemours* at firſt durſt pay her no other Reſpects but what decency requir'd: He knew her too well to think any other would be acceptable, and found afterwards he muſt obſerve the ſame Conduct a very long time.

A Servant of his told him, that Monſieur *de Cleve*'s Gentleman, being his intimate Friend, and lamenting to him the loſs of his Maſter, ſaid to him, that Monſieur *de Nemours*'s Journey to *Colonniers* had caus'd his death. Monſieur *de Nemours* was extreamly ſurpriz'd at the Diſcourſe; yet after ſome reflection, he could gueſs partly at the truth of it, and judg'd preſently what Madam *de Cleve* would think of him, and what a diſtance it would occaſion between them, if ſhe once believ'd her Husband's diſtemper proceeded from his jealouſie of him: He thought it not beſt to put her in mind ſo quickly of his Name, and ſtuck to that reſolution, tho' it went againſt the heart of him.

He took a journey to *Paris*, and could not forbear calling at her Gate to ask how ſhe did: He was told ſhe admitted no Viſit, and

had commanded they ſhould not trouble her with an account of any that came to ſee her; an Order given perhaps on purpoſe to prevent her hearing of Monſieur *de Nemours*: but he was too deeply in love to live abſolutely depriv'd of the ſight of her, and reſolv'd to find means, how difficult ſoever, to get out of a condition he thought ſo intolerable.

Madam *de Cleve* afflicted her ſelf beyond Reaſon; the Death of her Husband, and caus'd by her, a Husband dying with ſuch tenderneſs for her, ſtill ran in her mind, ſhe could not forbear reflecting every moment on the duty ſhe ought him, and condemning her ſelf ſhe had not had the affection for him he deſerv'd, as if it had depended on her power: All the comfort ſhe had, was to know ſhe lamented the loſs of him as his Merit requir'd, and was reſolv'd the reſt of her life to do nothing but what, had he liv'd, he would have been certainly pleas'd with.

She had often been thinking how he came to know Monſieur *de Nemours* had been at *Colonniers*: She could not ſuſpect he had told him; yet if he had, ſhe valu'd it little, ſhe thought her ſelf ſo perfectly cur'd of the paſſion ſhe had had for him: but ſhe was griev'd at the heart to think him the cauſe of her Husband's Death, and was troubled at the

thought of the fear Monſieur *de Cleve* had expreſs'd at his Death ſhe would marry him: But theſe griefs were drown'd all together in that of the loſs of her Husband, which was ſo great, ſhe ſeem'd to have no other.

After ſeveral Months the violence of her affliction began to abate, and ſhe fell into a ſtate of Sadneſs and Melancholy, being ſeiz'd with a pining and languiſhing Grief. Madam *de Martigues* made a journy to *Paris*, and during her ſtay there, viſited her often; ſhe entertain'd her with diſcourſe of the Court, and the Paſſages there; and though Madam *de Cleve* appear'd unconcern'd, yet Madam *de Martigues* continu'd that Diſcourſe, in hopes to divert her.

She told her news of the *Vidame*, of Monſieur *de Guiſe*, and all others any way remarkable for their Perſons or Merit. As for Monſieur *de Nemours*, ſays ſhe, I cannot tell whether buſineſs hath not diſpoſſeſs'd his heart of the Gallantry he was ſo much addicted to: ſure I am he is not gay and jovial as he us'd to be, and he ſeems not to affect the company of Ladies; he goes often to *Paris*, and I believe is there now. Madam *de Cleve* was ſo ſurpriz'd at the name of *Nemours*, that ſhe bluſh'd; But ſhe chang'd the Diſcourſe, and Madam *de Martigues* perceiv'd not the concern ſhe was in.

The

The morrow Madam *de Cleve* being in ſearch of Buſineſs ſuitable to her condition, went to a Neighbour's houſe, who was famous for having a particular Excellency in weaving of Silks, and ſhe deſign'd to have ſome done to her fancy. Having ſeen ſeveral pieces of his work, ſhe ſpy'd a Chamber-door where ſhe thought there were more Silks, and ſpoke to them to open it: The Maſter anſwer'd he had not the Key, and that the Chamber was taken by a man who came at certain hours of the day to take the Proſpect and Platform of the fair Houſes and Gardens to be ſeen from his Windows. He is, adds he, the handſomeſt man I ever ſaw, and looks not like one that works for his living; whenever he comes, I obſerve he looks ſtill towards the Houſes and Gardens, but I can never ſee him work.

Madam *de Cleve* heard this diſcourſe very attentively; what Madam *de Martigues* had told her (that Monſieur *de Nemours* was now and then at *Paris*) ſhe apply'd in her fancy to that handſom man coming ſo near her Lodging, and grew up into an Idea of Monſieur *de Nemours*, labouring for a ſight of her, which gave her a confus'd trouble which ſhe knew not the cauſe of: ſhe went towards the Windows to ſee where they look'd, and found they fac'd the Garden and her Apartment.

When

When ſhe went to her Chamber, ſhe could eaſily ſee the Window where ſhe was told that man us'd to ſtand in for taking his Proſpect. The thought that it was Monſieur *de Nemours* produc'd a great alteration in her: ſhe preſently loſt that melancholy repoſe ſhe had begun to enjoy, and fell into great diſquiet and diſturbance of Spirit: Not able to ſtay at home, ſhe went to take the Air in a Garden in the Suburbs, where ſhe hop'd to be alone: At her Arrival ſhe thought ſhe was not deceiv'd, and walk'd a pretty while without ſeeing the appearance of any one.

Having croſs'd a little Wilderneſs, ſhe perceiv'd at the end of a Walk, in the further part of the Garden, a kind of a Bower open on all ſides, and made towards it. When ſhe came near, ſhe ſaw a man laid on the Bank, who ſeem'd ſunk into deep meditation, and upon ſtricter view appear'd to be Monſieur *de Nemours*: ſhe ſtopt immediately, but her people who waited on her made ſome noiſe, which rouz'd Monſieur *de Nemours* out of the ſtudy he was in. He to avoid the Company he thought was coming towards him, ſtarted out of his place, without ſo much as looking about who had made the noiſe, and turn'd away into an Alley, having made a low Reverence, which hinder'd him to ſee thoſe he ſaluted.

Had

Had he known whom he avoided, how quickly would he have return'd? But he went on along the Alley, & Madam *de Cleve* ſaw him go out at a back-door, where his Coach waited for him. What an effect produc'd this ſight in the heart of Madam *de Cleve*? what Paſſions did it raiſe there? what a flame did it kindle out of the Embers of Love? and with what violence it burnt? She went and ſat her down in the place Monſieur *de Nemours* was newly riſen from; her fancy immediately repreſented him the moſt amiable Perſon in the World, and one who had long lov'd her with a paſſion full of reſpect and fidelity, ſlighting all for her, reſpectful even to his torment, labouring to ſee her without a thought of being ſeen by her, quitting the Court (whoſe Darling he was) to come and look on the Walls where ſhe had inclos'd her ſelf, and ſpend his melancholy hours in places where he had no hopes to meet her. In a word, a man who deſerv'd love for the manner of his Engagement, and for whom ſhe had an inclination ſo violent, ſhe could not have choſen but have lov'd him, though he had not lov'd her; beſides, a man of high Quality, and ſuitable to hers: All the obſtacles from Duty or Vertue were now remov'd; and of their former Eſtate, there remain'd now only the paſſion Monſieur

de

de Nemours had for her, and the Paſſion ſhe had for Monſieur *de Nemours*.

Theſe Idea's were all new (her affliction for the death of Monſieur *de Cleve*, having ſo taken her up, that ſhe had not of a long time entertain'd a thought of Monſieur *de Nemours*, but) at the ſight of him they crouded into her Head and her Heart.

But having taken her fill of theſe thoughts, when ſhe remembred that the man ſhe look'd upon as a fit Husband for her, was the ſame ſhe had lov'd in her late Husband's life, and had been the cauſe of his death, who as he was dying, expreſs'd a fear ſhe would marry him, it ſo ſhock'd the ſeverity of her Vertue, ſhe thought it equally criminal to marry Monſieur *de Nemours*, now her Husband was dead, as it was to love him while he liv'd. She yielded her ſelf up to theſe Reflections ſo pernicious to her happineſs, and fortify'd them with many Reaſons that concern'd her repoſe, and the inconveniences ſhe foreſaw would attend her Marriage with Monſieur *de Nemours*. At laſt, after two hours ſtay in the place where ſhe was, ſhe return'd home, under a perſwaſion ſhe was to avoid the ſight of him, as a thing abſolutely contrary to her Duty.

Yet this perſwaſion being a pure effect of her Reaſon and Vertue, maſter'd not her affection:

ſection: Her heart was ſtill for Monſieur *de Nemours*, inclining to him with that violence, it brought her into a condition to be pity'd, having quite robb'd her of her repoſe; never had ſhe Nights more reſtleſs and tormenting. In the morning, the firſt ſtep ſhe made, was to ſee if any one were at the Window that look'd towards her Apartment; ſhe went, ſhe ſaw Monſieur *de Nemours*, and return'd with that haſte, he had reaſon to judge ſhe knew him. He had long wiſh'd ſhe might take notice of his being there, ſince his Paſſion had put him upon finding that way of ſeeing her; and when he was out of hopes of that pleaſure, his courſe was to go muſe in the Garden where ſhe found him.

Tir'd at laſt with a condition ſo unhappy and uncertain, he reſolv'd to try ſome way of knowing his Fortune: 'What would I 'ſtay for, *ſaid he*, I have known long enough 'ſhe loves me; ſhe is at liberty, and hath 'now no Duty to plead againſt me: why 'ſhould I be reduc'd to ſee her, without be-'ing ſeen by her, and ſpeaking to her? Is it 'poſſible Love ſhould ſo abſolutely take away 'my Reaſon and my Courage, and make me 'differ ſo much from what I have been in my 'other Amours? 'Twas fit I ſhould have ex-'preſt a reſpect for the grief ſhe was under,

'but

'but I expreſs it too long, and give her time 'to Maſter the Inclination ſhe had for me.

After theſe Reflections, he thought of the means of ſeeing her; he thought he had no reaſon to conceal his paſſion any longer from the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, he reſolv'd to tell him of it, and the deſign he had for his Neece.

The *Vidame* was then at *Paris*, the Town being very full of company who came to fit their Equipage to attend the King, who was going to conduct the Queen of *Spain*. Monſieur *de Nemours* went to the *Vidame*'s, and made an ingenuous Confeſſion of what he had till then conceal'd from him, except only Madam *de Cleve*'s inclinations for him, which he would not own he knew.

The *Vidame* receiv'd all he ſaid with a great deal of Joy, and aſſur'd him, that before he knew his mind, he had often thought (ſince Madam *de Cleve* had been a Widow) ſhe was the only Lady worthy of him. Monſieur *de Nemours* pray'd him to help him to the ſpeech of her, and let him know the ſame time how he found her diſpos'd.

The *Vidame* propos'd to bring him to her Houſe; Monſieur *de Nemours* thought it might offend her, who had not yet admitted any Viſit. They agreed the *Vidame* ſhould pray her to come to his houſe, on ſome pre-

tence

tence or other, and that Monſieur *de Nemours* ſhould come to them by a Back-ſtair, that no notice might be taken of it. Madam *de Cleve* came, the *Vidame* went to receive her, and led her into a great Cloſet at the end of his Apartment: A while after Monſieur *de Nemours* came in, as by chance: Madam *de Cleve* was extreamly ſurpriz'd to ſee him; ſhe bluſh'd, and endeavour'd to hide it. The *Vidame* ſpoke of other matters, and went out as if he had been to give order about ſomething. He pray'd Madam *de Cleve* to uſe no Ceremony at his Houſe, and told her, he would return preſently.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Sentiments of Monſieur *de Nemours*, and Madam *de Cleve*, ſeeing themſelves alone, and in a condition to ſpeak to one another, as they had never been before. Both continu'd ſilent a while: At length, *Will you pardon the* Vidame, *Madam*, *ſays Monſieur* de Nemours, *that he hath given me an opportunity of ſpeaking to you, which you have always ſo cruelly deny'd me? I ought not to pardon him*, reply'd ſhe *for having forgot the condition I am in, and how much he expoſes my Reputation by this proceeding.* Having ſaid ſo, ſhe would have gone away; Monſieur *de Nemours* ſtaid her, and ſaid, *Fear nothing, Madam, there's no danger at all, no body living but the* Vidame *knows*

I am here. But hear me, Madam, hear, if not out of any kindneſs you have for me, yet for your own ſake, that you may be rid of the extravagancies I ſhall infallibly run into, through a Paſſion I can no longer maſter.

Madam *de Cleve* yielded for once to the inclination ſhe had for Monſieur *de Nemours*, and looking on him with eyes full of kindneſs and charms: 'But what is't you hope for, 'ſays ſhe, from the complaiſance you deſire of 'me? you will perhaps repent you have ob-'tain'd it, and I ſhall certainly repent I have 'granted it: You deſerve better fortune than 'you have hitherto had, or can have for the 'future, unleſs you ſeek it elſewhere. I ſeek 'it elſewhere, Madam, *ſays he*, is there any 'other happineſs to be found but in your 'Love? Though I never ſpoke of it before, 'Madam, yet I could not believe you igno-'rant of my Paſſion, nor imagine but you 'knew it the trueſt and the moſt violent that 'ever was or will be: what trials hath it 'been proof againſt that you know not of? 'what trials have you put it to by your Ri-'gour?

'You are minded to hear me ſpeak, and I 'am reſolv'd to do it, *anſwers Madam* de 'Cleve, and with that ſincerity and clearneſs 'you ſhall rarely meet with in thoſe of my 'Sex; I will not tell you I have not had that

'incli-

'inclination for you, you have had for me; 'perhaps, ſhould I ſay it, you would not be-'lieve it: I will confeſs to you, I have not on-'ly been ſenſible of yours for me, but as ſen-'ſible of it as you could wiſh: And were 'you ſenſible of it, Madam, yet not affected 'with it at all? May I preſume to ask, whe-'ther it made not ſome impreſſion upon you? 'You may judge of that by my Conduct, 'ſays ſhe; but I would know what you 'thought of it? I muſt be in a happier con-'dition than I am, *ſays he*, before I dare an-'ſwer you; all I can tell you, is, I heartily 'wiſh'd you had not confeſt to Monſieur *de* '*Cleve* what you hid from me, and that you 'would have conceal'd from him what you 'made appear to me: How came you to 'know, *replies ſhe bluſhing*, that I confeſt any 'thing to Monſieur *de Cleve*? I knew it from 'your ſelf, Madam, *ſays he*: but that you 'may pardon my boldneſs in liſtning to 'your Diſcourſe: I appeal to your memory, 'whether I made ill uſe of what I heard, 'whether my hopes were rais'd by it in the 'leaſt, or whether I had any greater bold-'neſs to ſpeak to you.

He began to give her an account how he heard her diſcourſe with Monſieur *de Cleve*, but ſhe interrupted him, ſaying, 'No more 'of that, I ſee how you came to be ſo well in-

'form'd: I thought you knew it too well, 'when the Queen-Dauphin told me the ad-'venture which ſhe had learnt from thoſe 'you had made acquainted with it.

Monſieur *de Nemours* gave her a particular Relation of it: 'You may ſpare your Ex-'cuſes, *ſays ſhe*, you have my pardon long 'ſince, though you gave me no reaſon for it: 'but ſince I have told you what I deſign'd to 'conceal from you while I liv'd, I will con-'feſs to you, you have inſpir'd me with Sen-'timents I was altogether a ſtranger to till I 'ſaw you: and ſo far from imagining my-'ſelf capable of them, that the ſurprize 'heightned the trouble that always attends 'them. I am the leſs aſham'd to make you 'this confeſſion, becauſe it is made at a time 'I can do it without crime, and that you 'have obſerv'd my Conduct was contrary 'to my affection.

'Can you believe, Madam, *ſays he, throw-'ing himſelf at her feet*, but I ſhall die here 'in a tranſport of joy? I have told you no-'thing, *ſays ſhe ſmiling*, but what you knew 'too well before: Ah Madam, what a diffe-'rence there is between learning it by 'chance, and knowing it from your ſelf, and 'ſeeing withal you are willing I ſhould 'know it: 'Tis true, *replies ſhe*, I am willing 'you ſhould know it, and I find pleaſure in

'telling

'telling it you; yet I cannot tell but I may 'tell it you more for my own ſake, than 'yours; for when all is done, you are not to 'expect any effect ſuitable to the confeſſion 'I have made: I am reſolv'd to follow the ſe-'vereſt Rules my Duty preſcribes: You are 'at liberty, Madam, *ſays he*, and under no 'obligation of Duty, or if under any (if I 'may be allow'd to ſay ſo) 'tis in your power 'to make it your duty to preſerve thoſe Sen-'timents you have had for me: My duty, '*replies ſhe*, forbids me ever to think of any 'man, but particularly of you, for Reaſons 'unknown to you: They may be unknown 'to me, Madam, *ſays he*, but they cannot be 'good; I believe Monſieur *de Cleve* thought 'me more happy than I was, and that you 'had approv'd thoſe extravagancies my paſ-'ſion put me upon without your conſent: 'Let us talk no more of that Adventure, *an-'ſwers ſhe*, I cannot endure the thoughts of 'it, I am aſham'd of it; and the conſequences 'have been ſo fatal, it grieves me at the 'heart: 'tis but too true you were the cauſe 'of Monſieur *de Cleve*'s death, the ſuſpicions 'your inconſiderate Conduct rais'd in him, 'coſt him his life, no leſs than if you had ta-'ken it from him with your own hands: 'Conſider what I ought to have done, had 'you two come to the extremity of a Duel,

'and he had been kill'd; 'tis not the ſame
'thing in the eye of the World, but in mine
'there's no difference, ſince I know 'tis you
'have been the cauſe of his death, and on
'my account: Ah Madam, *ſays he*, what a
'ſhadow of duty do you raiſe againſt my
'happineſs? ſhall a vain and groundleſs fancy
'hinder you to render a man happy, whom
'you have no unkindneſs for? what, have I
'had ſome ground to hope I might paſs my
'life with you? hath my Fate led me to love
'the moſt eſtimable Perſon in the World?
'have I obſerv'd in her all that can make a
'Miſtreſs adorable? has ſhe had no unkindneſs
'for me? have I found in her Conduct no-
'thing but what I would deſire in my Wife?
'(for Madam, you are perhaps the ſole per-
'ſon in whom theſe two things have con-
'curr'd, to the degree they are in you; they
'that marry Miſtreſſes who have lov'd them,
'cannot but fear they may uſe the like Con-
'duct towards others they have done to-
'wards them; but in you, Madam, I can
'fear nothing, I ſee nothing in you but mat-
'ter of admiration) have I had a proſpect of
'ſo much felicity for no other end, but to ſee
'it obſtructed by you? Ah Madam, you for-
'get you have diſtinguiſh'd me from the reſt
'of men, or rather you have not diſtinguiſh'd
'me, you have deceiv'd your ſelf, I have flat-
'ter'd my ſelf. 'You

'You have not flatter'd your ſelf, *ſays ſhe*, 'the Reaſons of my duty would perhaps not 'appear ſo ſtrong to me, had I not made that 'diſtinction of which you ſeem to doubt; 'and 'tis it gives me a Proſpect of the unfor- 'tunate Conſequences of a nearer Engage- 'ment with you. I have nothing to anſwer, 'Madam, *replies he*, when you tell me you 'are afraid of unfortunate Conſequences; 'but I confeſs, after all you have been pleas'd 'to ſay to me, I did not expect from you ſo 'cruel a Reaſon. It is ſo far from being in- 'tended any way offenſive to you, *anſwers 'ſhe*, I had much ado to tell it you. Alas, 'Madam, *ſays he*, how can you imagine me 'ſo vain, to flatter my ſelf with any thing 'you ſhall ſay to me, having heard what you 'have already told me. I will ſpeak to you 'again, *anſwers ſhe*, with the ſame ſincerity 'as before, and without thoſe Reſerves and 'Niceties I ought to have in my firſt Diſ- 'courſe to you of this kind; but I conjure 'you hear me without interruption.

'I think my ſelf oblig'd to give the affe- 'ction you have for me the poor recompence 'of letting you ſee what my Sentiments are: 'This probably Will be the only time of my 'life I ſhall do it in; yet I cannot without 'bluſhing confeſs to you, that the certainty of being no more lov'd by you, as I am, ap-

'pears to me ſo dreadful a misfortune, that 'had I not invincible Reaſons, grounded on 'my Duty, I doubt very much whether it 'would be in my power to expoſe my ſelf to 'that unhappineſs. I know you are free, and 'that I am ſo, and that the condition of 'things is ſuch, that the Publick perhaps 'ſhould have no cauſe to blame you or me, 'ſhould we be engag'd to one another for 'ever. But are men us'd to continue their af-'fection during thoſe long Engagements? 'Or am I to expect a Miracle in my favour? 'And ſhall I put my ſelf in a condition to ſee 'that paſſion at an end, in which I place all 'my felicity? Monſieur *de Cleve* was perhaps 'the only man in the World capable to pre-'ſerve and maintain a paſſion for his Wife; 'it was my ill fate I was not able to reap the 'advantage of that happineſs; and perhaps 'his paſſion had not laſted, but that he found 'I had none, but I ſhould not have the ſame 'means to preſerve yours: I believe you owe 'your Conſtancy to the Obſtacles you have 'met with; you ſaw enough to engage you 'to encounter and overcome them, and my 'actions againſt my will, or what you learnt 'by chance, gave you too great hopes to be 'diſcourag'd.

'Ah Madam, ſays Monſieur *de Nemours*, 'I am not able to keep the ſilence you com-

'manded

'manded me; you do me too much injuſtice, and make it appear too clearly, you 'are far from being prepoſſeſt in my favour: 'I confeſs, *ſays ſhe*, my Paſſions may lead me, 'but they cannot blind me; nothing can 'hinder me to know you have a natural diſpoſition to Gallantry, and all the qualities 'requiſite to give you ſucceſs; you have already been in love with ſeveral, and you 'will be ſo again: I ſhould be no longer ſhe 'you plac'd your happineſs in, I ſhould ſee 'you as much for another as you had been 'for me: this would mortally grieve me, and 'I am not ſure I could ſave my ſelf from the 'torment of Jealouſie: I have ſaid already 'too much to conceal from you, that you 'have made me know what Jealouſie is, 'and that it tormented me ſo cruelly the 'night the Queen gave me Madam *de Themines* Letter, which it was ſaid was addreſt 'to you, that I have to this moment an Idea 'of it, makes me believe it the greateſt of 'evils: There's not a woman, but out of 'vanity or itclination hath a mind to engage 'you; there are very few but you pleaſe; 'my experience would make me believe 'there is not any but it is in your power to 'pleaſe: I ſhould think you always in love, 'and belov'd, and I ſhould not be often miſtaken; yet in this caſe, what remedy for

'me but patience; I queſtion much whe-
'ther I ſhould dare complain; a Lover may
'be reproach'd, but ſhall a Husband be ſo,
'for no other cauſe, but that he loves one no
'longer? Could I uſe my ſelf to bear a miſ-
'fortune of this Nature, ſhould it ever be in
'my power to bear that of imagining I ſaw
'Monſieur *de Cleve* every hour accuſe you of
'his Death, and reproach me I had lov'd you,
'had marry'd you, and make me ſenſible
'of the difference between his kindneſs and
'yours? 'Tis impoſſible for me to overcome
'the ſtrength of theſe Reaſons; I muſt con-
'tinue in the condition I am in, and the reſo-
'lution I have taken never to alter it.

'Ha, do you think you can do it, Madam,
'cries Monſieur *de Nemours*; do you believe
'you can hold that reſolution againſt a man
'that adores you, and hath the happineſs to
'pleaſe you? 'Tis more difficult than you
'think, Madam, to reſiſt that which pleaſes
'and loves us; you have done it by an un-
'parallell'd ſeverity of Vertue, but that Ver-
'tue no longer oppoſes your affections, and I
'hope you will follow your inclination,
'though againſt your will: I know, *ſays ſhe*,
'there's nothing more difficult than what I
'undertake, I miſtruſt my own ſtrength in
'the midſt of my Reaſons: the duty I owe
'the memory of Monſieur *de Cleve*, would

'be

'be too weak, if not ſupported by Reaſons 'drawn from the concern of my Repoſe, and 'the intereſt of my repoſe hath need of ſup-'port from Reaſons grounded on my duty to 'his memory: yet though I diſtruſt my ſelf, 'I believe I ſhall never overcome my ſcru-'ples, nor have I any hopes to overcome the 'inclination I have for you; it will make 'me unhappy, and I muſt deny my ſelf the 'ſight of you, how hard ſoever I ſtrain for't. 'I conjure you by all the power I have over 'you, never more ſeek an occaſion to ſee 'me: I am in a Condition makes that Cri-'minal, which were allowable another time; 'Decency forbids me all Commerce with 'you. Monſieur *de Nemours* threw himſelf at her feet, and by his words and his tears, expreſs'd the tendereſt and livelieſt paſſion that ever heart was affected with: Madam *de Cleve* was not inſenſible, and with eyes ſwell'd with tears, *why muſt it be*, cries ſhe, *that I ſhould charge you with the Death of Monſieur* de Cleve? *why did not my firſt Acquaintance with you begin ſince I have been at liberty, or why did I not know you before I was ingag'd? why did Fate ſeparate us by ſuch invincible Obſtacles? There is no Obſtacle at all Madam*, replies he, *you, and you only obſtruct all my happineſs; you impoſe upon your ſelf a Law which neither Vertue nor Reaſon require you*

to

to do: 'Tis true, ſays ſhe, *I ſacrifice much to a Duty which ſubſiſts only in my imagination; have patience, and expect what time may produce; Monſieur* de Cleve *is but newly dead; the ſad Object is ſo near, and ſo freſh, it cannot as yet but dazle my eye-ſight, I ſee not things clearly and diſtinctly as before; the mean time enjoy the pleaſure to know you have gain'd the Heart of a Perſon who would never have lov'd any man had ſhe not ſeen you: Believe the Sentiments I have for you will laſt for ever, and whatever becomes of me, they will ſtill be the ſame. Farewel,* ſays ſhe, *I am aſham'd of this Diſcourſe; I am willing you ſhould give the* Vidame *an account of it, and I pray you to do it.*

It was not in his power to ſtay her any longer: As ſhe was going out, ſhe found the *Vidame* in the next Room; he ſaw her ſo troubled he durſt not ſpeak to her, and led her into her Coach without ſaying a word to her. He came back to Monſieur *de Nemours*, who was ſo full of Joy, of Grief, of Aſtoniſhment, of Admiration, of all thoſe Affections that attend a paſſion full of hope and of fear, that he had not the uſe of his Reaſon. It was a long time e're the *Vidame* could get from him an account of their Diſcourſe: He had it at laſt, and (ſetting Love aſide) Monſ. *de Chartres* no leſs admir'd the Vertue,

Vertue, the Wit and Merit of Madam *de Cleve*, than Monſieur *de Nemours* did: They conſider'd what he was reaſonably to hope for; and as fearful as his Love made him, he agreed with the *Vidame* it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould hold long in that reſolution; yet they thought it neceſſary to obey her Orders, leſt if the Publick ſhould take notice of his inclination for her, and ſhe ſhould declare her ſelf, and enter into Engagements before the World, which ſhe would afterwards ſtick to, for fear it ſhould be thought ſhe lov'd him in her Husband's Life-time.

Monſieur *de Nemours* reſolv'd to follow the King, without ſo much as endeavouring to have ſight of Madam *de Cleve*, from the uſual place, before he went. He pray'd the *Vidame* to ſpeak to her in his favour: What an infinite number of Reaſons did he furniſh him with to perſwade her againſt her Scruples? The *Vidame* thought he would never make an end, having made it late in the night before he ended his Diſcourſe.

As for Madam *de Cleve*, it was a matter ſo new to her, to have been out of the reſtraint ſhe had impos'd on her ſelf, to have endur'd the firſt Declaration of Love ever made to her, and to have declar'd her ſelf to be in Love, that ſhe ſcarce knew her ſelf: ſhe was ama-

amaz'd at what ſhe had done, ſhe repented it, ſhe was glad of it, all her thoughts were full of trouble and paſſion: ſhe examin'd again the Reaſons of her duty which obſtructed her happineſs; ſhe was ſorry to find them ſo ſtrong, and repented ſhe had made them out ſo clear to Monſieur *de Nemours*, though the firſt moment ſhe ſaw him in the Garden, ſhe preſently had a thought of marrying him, but that thought had not made ſuch impreſſion as the Diſcourſe had ſince with him; and ſometimes ſhe could not comprehend how ſhe could be unhappy in marrying him: She could have wiſh'd with all her heart ſhe had had no grounds for her paſt Scruples, nor future: At other times, Reaſon and her Duty ſhew'd her ſo many things to the contrary, that carry'd her violently into a reſolution not to marry again, nor ever to ſee Monſieur *de Nemours*; yet this was a reſolution hard to be eſtabliſh'd in a Heart ſo mov'd as hers, and ſo newly abandon'd to the Charms of Love. At laſt, to be at ſome eaſe, ſhe thought it was not yet neceſſary to force her ſelf to take theſe violent reſolutions: She had in decency a long time to conſider of it; yet ſhe was fully reſolv'd to hold no further correſpondence with Monſieur *de Nemours*. The *Vidame* came to ſee her, and ſerv'd Monſieur

de

de Nemours with all the wit and induſtry imaginable; but he could not perſwade her to alter her Conduct, nor to revoke her rigorous Orders to Monſieur *de Nemours* not to ſee her. She told the *Vidame* her Deſign was not to alter her condition; that ſhe knew ſhe ſhould meet with ſome difficulty in putting it in Execution, but hop'd ſhe ſhould be able to do it. She made him ſo ſenſible how much ſhe was concern'd at the Opinion of Monſieur *de Nemours* having caus'd the death of her Husband, and how fully ſhe was convinc'd it was againſt her duty to marry him, that the *Vidame* was afraid it would be very difficult to take away thoſe impreſſions. He did not acquaint Monſieur *de Nemours* with his Apprehenſions, but gave him an account of their Diſcourſe, and all the hopes a man who is belov'd can reaſonably have. They went away on the morrow to meet the King. The *Vidame* writ to Madam *de Cleve*, at the requeſt of Monſieur *de Nemours*, to ſpeak in his behalf: In a ſecond Letter from the *Vidame* to her, Monſieur *de Nemours* writ a Line or two with his own hand; but Madam *de Cleve* reſolv'd to obſerve ſtrictly the rules ſhe had preſcrib'd her ſelf, and fearing the accidents Letters are ſubject to, writ to the *Vidame* ſhe would not receive any more Letters from

from him, if he continu'd to mention Monſieur *de Nemours*; and added ſuch Aſſeverations, that Monſieur *de Nemours* made it his requeſt to the *Vidame*, not to name him any more.

The Court went to conduct the Queen of *Spain* as far as *Poitou*; Madam *de Cleve* continu'd at home: the more diſtant ſhe was from Monſieur *de Nemours*, and every thing that might put her in mind of him, the more ſhe remembred Monſieur *de Cleve*, whoſe memory ſhe made it her buſineſs to honour The Reaſons for her not marrying Monſieur *de Nemours*, appear'd very ſtrong on the account of her Duty, but altogether invincible, when ſhe conſulted her Repoſe: The Opinion ſhe had, Marriage would put an end to his Love, and the torments of Jealouſie be the infallible Conſequent, gave her the proſpect of inevitable unhappineſs if ſhe conſented to his deſires: On the other ſide, ſhe thought it impoſſible to refuſe (if he were preſent) the moſt amiable Man in the world, who lov'd her, and whom ſhe lov'd, and to refuſe him in a thing that ſhock'd neither Virtue nor Honour; ſhe thought nothing but abſence and diſtance could give her the power to do it; ſhe found ſhe ſtood in need of it, not only to maintain her reſolution to be

be no further engag'd, but to keep her from ſeeing Monſieur *de Nemours*: ſhe reſolv'd to take a long Journey to paſs away the time ſhe was oblig'd in decency to live retir'd: the large Poſſeſſions in Lands ſhe had toward the *Pyrenees*, ſhe thought the moſt proper place ſhe could pick out. She ſet out a few days before the Court return'd, and writ at parting to the *Vidame*, to conjure him not to think of once enquiring after her, nor writing to her.

Monſieur *de Nemours* was more troubled at this Journey, than another would have been at the Death of his Miſtreſs: the thought of being depriv'd a long time of the ſight of Madam *de Cleve* griev'd him extreamly, and the more in that it happen'd when he had lately enjoy'd the pleaſure of ſeeing her, and ſeeing her affected with his Paſſion; his affliction increas'd daily. Madam *de Cleve* was no ſooner arriv'd at her Houſe near the *Pyrenees*, but ſhe fell deſperately ill. The news was brought to Court: Monſieur *de Nemours* was inconſolable, his Grief proceeded to Deſpair and Extravagance: The *Vidame* had much ado to make him forbear ſhewing his Paſſion in publick, and was ſcarce able to keep him from going in Perſon to enquire how ſhe did. The Kindneſs and

near

near Relation between her and the *Vidame*, was a very good Pretence to ſend ſeveral Couriers to her. At laſt they brought certain News ſhe was out of that extremity of danger ſhe had been in, but had ſtill a languiſhing malady that took away the hopes of Life.

This gave her a ſight of Death, both near and at diſtance, and repreſented to her the things of this world quite otherwiſe than they appear to thoſe in health. The neceſſity of dying ſhe ſaw her ſelf ſo near to, wean'd her from the World; and her Malady was ſo lingring, it accuſtom'd her to it, and made it habitual; yet when ſhe was a little recover'd, ſhe found Mr. *de Nemours* was not quite defac'd out of her heart; but to defend her ſelf againſt him, ſhe call'd to her aid all the Reaſons ſhe thought ſhe had againſt marrying again. After long conflict, ſhe ſubdu'd the Relicks of that Paſſion, which had been weakned by the Sentiments ſhe had in her ſickneſs; the thoughts of death having reproach'd her with the memory of Monſieur *de Cleve*, and being agreeable to her duty, made deep impreſſion in her heart. She ſaw clearly the Vanity of the Paſſions and Engagements of the World, her weakneſs of Body contributed much to her Con-

[redacted]cy;

ſtancy; yet being ſenſible what power opportunity hath over the ſageſt reſolutions, ſhe was unwilling to hazard the Breach of thoſe ſhe had taken, by returning into any place where ſhe might ſee him ſhe lov'd. Under pretence of changing the Air, ſhe retir'd into a Religious Houſe, without declaring a ſetled reſolution of quitting the Court.

At the firſt News of it, Monſieur *de Nemours* felt the weight of her Retreat, and ſaw the importance of it. He believ'd preſently his hopes were at an end, but omitted not any thing that might oblige her to return to Court: He prevail'd with the Queen to write; he made the *Vidame* not only write but go to her, but all to no purpoſe: the *Vidame* ſaw her, but ſhe told him ſhe had ſetled her reſolution. Yet he was of opinion ſhe would not return to Court. At laſt Monſieur *de Nemours* went himſelf to her, under pretence of going to the Waters; ſhe was extreamly ſurpriz'd & troubled at the news of his coming; ſhe ſent him word by a perſon of Merit, whom ſhe lov'd, that ſhe deſir'd him not to take it ill if ſhe did not expoſe her ſelf to the danger of ſeeing him, and deſtroying by his preſence thoſe ſentiments ſhe was in duty oblig'd to preſerve: that ſhe deſir'd he

ſhould know ſhe found it both againſt her Duty and repoſe, to yield to the inclination ſhe had to be his, and that therefore all things elſe in the world were become ſo indifferent to her, ſhe had renounc'd them for ever, and taken her leave of the World; that her thoughts were wholly employ'd about the things of another life; but as to this, ſhe deſir'd nothing elſe, but to ſee him ſo diſpos'd as ſhe was.

Monſieur *de Nemours* was like to have dy'd in the preſence of her who brought him the News: Madam *de Cleve* had not only abſolutely forbidden her to carry any Meſſage from him, but to give her account of their Diſcourſe upon her delivering him the Meſſage from Madam *de Cleve*: thus was Monſieur *de Nemours* forc'd to part oppreſt with the heavieſt Grief a man is capable of, who hath loſt all hopes of ever ſeeing again a Perſon he lov'd, not only with the moſt violent, but the moſt natural and beſt grounded Paſſion that ever was. Yet he was not ſo diſcourag'd, but he us'd all Means imaginable to induce her to alter her deſign: Atlaſt, after ſeveral years, Time and Abſence abated his Grief, and extinguiſh'd his Flame: Madam *de Cleve* liv'd a Life that took away all

all appearance ſhe would ever return to Court: One part of the year ſhe ſpent in the Religious Houſe, and the other part at her own, but retir'd and employ'd conſtantly in Exerciſes more holy than the ſevereſt Covents can pretend to: Her Life, though ſhort, having left us a multitude of Examples of inimitable Vertues.

FINIS.

Some BOOKS Printed for *R. Bentley.*

Folio.

1. *Beaumont's* and *Fletcher's* Plays in one Volume, containing 51 Plays.
2. Mr. *William Shakespear's* Plays in one Volume.
3. *Towerson's* Works compleat in one Volume.
4. Dr. *Allestry's* Sermons in one Volume.
5. Dr. *Comber's* Works, the four Parts in one Volume.
6. The *Council* of *Trent*; By Father *Paolo.*
7. *Toriano's Italian* Dictionary.
8. Mr. *Milton's* Paradice loft, with 13 Copper Cuts finely engraven, to expreſs the whole Poem.
9. *Milton's* Paradice Regain'd; in the ſame Volume, Paper and Print, to bind with it.

10. *Fodina Regalis*; or, the History of the Laws of Mines. By Sir *John Pettus*.
11. Bishop *Brownrig*'s Sermons.

Books in Quarto.

1. The Burnt Child dreads the Fire.
2. A Treatise of our Sanguinary Laws against *Papists*.
3. Dr. *Whitby*'s Answer to *S. Cressy*.
4. Mr. *Nathanael Lee*'s Plays in one Volume.
5. Mr. *Thomas Otway*'s Plays in one Volume.

Books in Octavo.

1. Dr. *Whitby*, Of Idolatry.
2. Dr. *Whitby*, Of Host-Worship.
3. The Life of the Marshal *Turenne*.
4. The Secret History of the House of *Medicis*.
5. *Cornelius Agrippa*, Of the Vanity of Arts and Sciences.
6. *Mauger*'s French Grammar. *Edit.* 13.
7. *Lipsius*, Of Constancy.
8. *Agiates*, Queen of *Sparta*.
9. *Nicerotis*.
10. Plurality of Worlds, Translated by Mr. *Glanvil*.

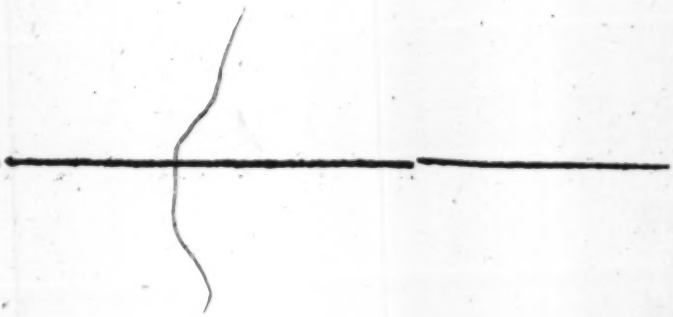
11. *Boylo*'s Art of Poetry; Translated by Mr. *Soames*.
12. Poems and Songs, By Mr. *Cuts*.
13. Sir *James Chamberlain*'s Poems.
14. Mr. *Coppinger*'s Poems.
15. Madam *Colonna*'s Memoirs.
16. *Hudibras* compleat, in Three Parts.
17. *Seneca*'s Morals; By Sir *Roger L'Estrange*.
18. *Comber*'s Companion to the Altar.
19. *Godfrey* of *Boloign*; A Poem.
20. *Plato*'s Apology of *Socrates*.
21. Natural History of the Passions.

Books in Duodecimo.

1. Present State of *England*.
2. Enter into thy Closet.
3. Moral Essays, in Four Volumes.
4. A perfect School of Instructions for the Officers of the Mouth.
5. A Prospect of Humane Misery.
6. Vanity of Honour, Wealth and Pleasure.
7. Bishop *Andrews*'s Devotions.
8. *Covent-Garden* Drollery.
9. *Zelinda*; A Romance.
10. Happy Slave.
11. *Hatige*, or the King of *Tameran*.
12. *Homais* Queen of *Tunis*.

13. Triumphs of Love.
14. Obliging Miſtreſs.
15. Unfortunate Hero.
16. Counteſs of *Salisbury*.
17. Count *Teckely*.
18. *Eſſex* and *Elizabeth*.
19. The Pilgrim.
20. The Empire betray'd, by whom, and how.
21. The Character of Love.
22. Don *Henrick*.
23. Princeſs of *Fez*.
24. *Marce Chriſtianiſſimus*.
25. Gallant Ladies; in two Parts.
26. Victorious Lovers.
27. Love in a Nunnery.
28. Duke of *Lorain*.
29. Minority of St. *Lewis*.
30. Queen of *Majorca*.
31. Count *de Soyſons*.
32. *Clytie*.
33. Dialogues of the Dead; in Two Parts.
34. *Neapolitan*; or, the Defender of his Miſtreſs.
35. Inſtructions for a young Nobleman.
36. Five Love-Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier.
37. Five Love-Letters from the Cavalier in Anſwer to the Nun's.

38. *Religio Laici*, in a Letter to Mr. *Dryden.*
39. Count *Gabalis.*
40. The chaſt *Seraglion.*
41. Rules of Civility.
42. The Extravagant Poet.
43. New Diſorders of Love.
44 *Ottoman* Gallantry; or, The Life of the *Baſſa* of *Buda.*





UMI